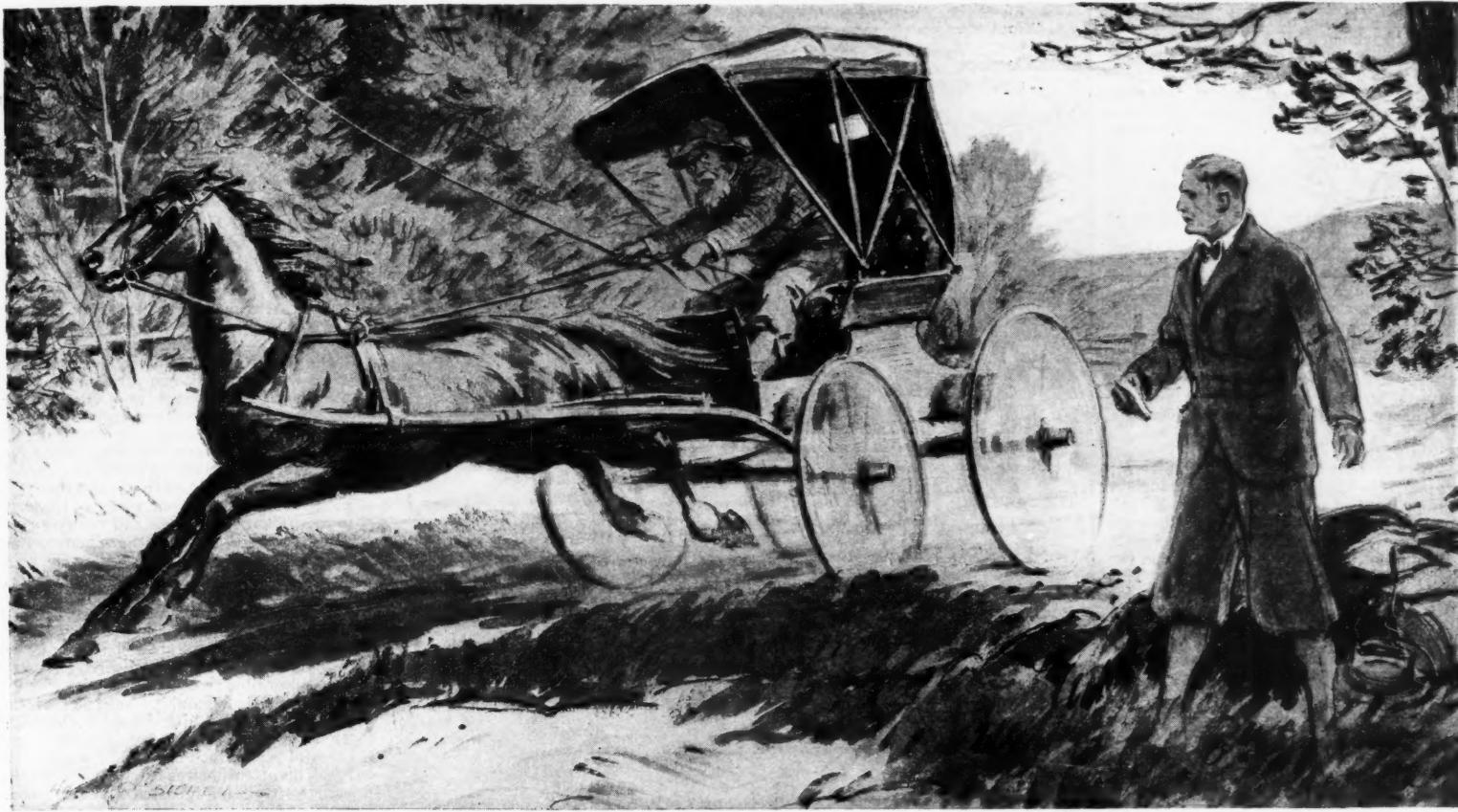


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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The buggy was lurching on its springs, and the old man was bending forward from his hips, driving with both hands and straight arms. The stranger got quickly to his feet, fearing that it was a runaway. (Page 159)

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

A Full-length Book Complete in This Issue

By *Theodore Goodridge Roberts*

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

Up and down went the long Canadian road, between walls of forest. It crossed brooks on short bridges of gray timber, and these brooks were the color of tea without milk. The road was good, though neglected. It had been well built, but there was no blinking the fact that it led through a wilderness.

Up and down and round the shady curves walked a tall man in gray clothes, with a pack on his back, a haversack on his left hip, and a stout stick in his left hand. He was not a young man, but he walked fast and strongly. Now and then, crossing a brook, he stood gazing down into the eddies, as if he could see the trout that were lying in its depths.

Toward noon, having met no one for many miles, he saw a man coming down a hill in front of him.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where I am?" asked the man in gray, very politely.

The other, much his junior in years, looked him over with round brown eyes of a peculiarly furtive and elfin expression, and then spoke in a high-pitched voice.

"I'm Jingle Tomson," he said, shooting a glance from under drooping eyelids. "I jingle my money—when I has any. Once I had three dollars, all in dimes. I walk all over the earth with this pole for to ease me along. There's folks who won't start a weddin' nor a burial nor a barn-raisin' without Jingle Tomson's there to give 'em luck. I got a fiddle, too."

"Very interesting," returned the man in gray, with his polite smile. "And where did you say we are now?"

"On the Ordnance Road. Any fool knows that."

"I've been on this road since yesterday. Doesn't it get me somewhere?"

"You're gettin' into the Red Mooly

country. Where d'ye expect to git to?"

"I'm just walking. I'm foot-free. What do you mean by Red Mooly country?"

"Reckon you know what a mooly is?"

The man in gray shook his head.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jingle. "Babies know that. It's a cow with no horns. They're all like that hereabouts, clear to Dipper Crick and past it—cows an' bulls an' everything. There ain't a pair of horns among a hundred of 'em."

"Pulled cattle, we call them," returned the other. "Never heard the word mooly before. They must be Aberdeen-Angus blood, or Galloway."

But the queer fellow stood leaning on his long pole—at least eight feet it was, and peeled—and he had clearly lost interest in hornless cattle.

"I jingle my money—when I has any," he said.

The man in gray handed over half a dozen small coins which Tomson instantly sank into a pocket and jingled. Then, smiling his crooked smile, he turned and shuffled on his way, pushing himself along with his pole like a man poling a canoe. The tall stranger looked after his odd figure for a few minutes, then smiled, and sat down on a hummock to eat lunch from

his haversack. Jingle passed from his mind.

His attention was soon distracted by the sound, so unfamiliar nowadays, of hoofs swiftly approaching. A few seconds later a horse and buggy, with a gray-whiskered driver, appeared around a bushy elbow in the road.

The horse, a sorrel, was running. The buggy was lurching on its springs, and the old man was bending forward from his hips, driving with both hands and straight arms. The stranger got quickly to his feet, fearing that it was a runaway; but a closer view of the driver's face showed him his mistake. As the running horse and swaying vehicle tore past him, a question was yelled which he did not catch. He shook his head, and waved an arm apologetically. Horse and buggy dipped from sight, at full speed, beyond the next bulge in the road.

"I wonder what he asked me?" the man in gray asked himself, still standing and staring along the road.

Instantly he heard a splintering and crashing, and a jolted yell of consternation and rage; and then the sorrel horse reappeared on the farther slope, still running, but now unaccompanied by either buggy or driver. With a flash of heels and a flap of torn harness, the sorrel

disappeared around a curve in the road.

"Well, I'll soon know what he wants unless his neck is broken," remarked the stranger.

Leaving his meal of cheese and bread on a flat stone, he hastened to the abrupt dip in which the horse had parted company from the driver. The buggy caught his eye instantly, as did a mossy boulder at the edge of the ditch beside the road. This boulder, obviously, had wrecked the vehicle. Its body and hood and three wheels sagged haphazard into the ditch; the fourth wheel, with several splintered spokes, lay in the middle of the road. The shafts, with breeching straps still in place, and the cross-bar torn into splinters, lay just beyond the little culvert at the bottom of the hollow.

"A direct hit," mused the man in gray. "But where has the johnny with the white whiskers gone to?"

AFTER a short search he found the driver in the middle of a tangle of wild raspberry canes with his head against an old stump, unconscious. He was an elderly man of robust and forceful appearance, large of skull, and broad of shoulder. Though clothed only in a collarless shirt of checked cotton, with homespun trousers and cowhide boots, he seemed to be a prosperous man. Applications of cold water from the spring trickling under the culvert brought him back to consciousness. He groaned, blinked his eyes and sat up.

"Must have hit somethin'," he said. "Must have been a rock."

"Your wheel hit a rock, but your head hit a stump," said the other.

The old man felt his head with apprehensive fingers. "Good thing for Amos Tumbly 'twan't tother way round. Did ye see a couple in a light wagon behind a span of blacks with white stars and stockings?"



"No, I haven't seen anything like that."
"How long ye been on this here Ordnance Road?"

"All yesterday and today."

"They must have turned off on the Mast Road. If I was the cussin' kind, I'd sure do some cussin' now—but I ain't. The durned tricky young lopsided no-account son of a worthless, drunken, poverty-struck good-for-nothin' loafer! Sneaked out by the Mast Road, hey! If all those Smiths had one neck, an' I had my hands on it, I'd twist it, by the jumpin' hackmatack!"

"You sound cross," remarked the stranger. "You were in pursuit of that couple, I take it, when this happened. Smiths, you said. There are thousands of families of Smiths in the world, many of them highly honorable and scores of them distinguished. What have these particular Smiths done to you, may I ask—and who are they? And who are you?"

"Who's yerself?"

"Forbes is my name. But if you intend to be ill-mannered, I'll move on."

"Now don't be tetchy, Mister. Maybe your own manners would have got a jolt if you'd been in my place. Help me home, and I won't forget your kindness. It ain't over five miles from here. I'll hitch another hoss to another rig and chase 'em out the Mast Road. They got a long start; but that's a chancey track, with half the bridges and culverts washed out. And I'll take my partridge gun, which I clean overlooked this time."

"Why are you chasing them?"

"Because they're headin' for a minister, to get married—that's why. No granddaughter of mine'll marry one of them Smiths if I can stop it! An' her brought up in my own house ain't sent away two years to boardin' school!"

"I am not at all sure that you are in the right of this matter," said Forbes. "This young Smith may be a very good fellow, for all I know. You sound too vindictive to please me; and I can't help suspecting that there is a good deal to be said on the other side."

"D'y'e know the Smiths of Dipper Creek?"
"I'm a stranger in this country."

"Then quit your preachin' and let's be gettin' along."

Forbes gave Amos Tumbly a hand-up. The old man swayed on his feet for a few seconds, then stumbled through the raspberry canes and across the ditch and sank to his hands and knees on the road. There he stuck, too dizzy to rise, using extraordinary language for a person not of the "cussin' kind." Forbes bandaged his bumped and cut brow with a wet handkerchief and again assisted him to his feet. They stepped off, Tumbly steadying himself by Forbes's arm. Upon reaching the spot where the sandwiches and cheese and bread were spread, Forbes detached himself from the old man long enough to return the provisions to his haversack.

"Leave it be!" cried Tumbly. "Forget the food! I'm in a hurry. I'll see that you get better victuals nor that when we get home."

He simply wasted his breath. The stranger, paying no more attention to him than if he had been in the next county, replaced the food carefully in the haversack, item by item. Enraged and unsupported, the old man stumbled on his way—but not far. Again he lost his balance and sank to his hands and knees; and once more Forbes helped him to his feet.

Their progress was slow. Amos Tumbly leaned heavily on his companion's arm and used language sadly out of character with his white whiskers. Forbes maintained a silence which grew grimmer and grimmer. It was quite evident that he disliked both his employment and his companion. But Tumbly, intent on reaching home and hitching up another horse and resuming his pursuit of young Smith and his granddaughter, saw nothing of this. They came abreast of a rough, extensive clearing, dotted with big blackstumps and hornless cattle. Less than half a mile beyond this was another clearing, smaller and evidently newer and graced with a small log

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cabin. Amos Tumbly halted and sat down.

"Nick Goodin's got a sorter hoss an' rig," he said; and then he gave his low opinion of Goodin.

"What has he done to you?" asked Forbes, in a tone of distaste.

"He's went fishin', blast him!" replied the old man. "If he hadn't,—if he warn't a worthless cumberer of the earth,—nigh as



*A moment later Forbes and the moose calf entered the kitchen of the no-account Smiths
(Page 186)*

worthless as them Smiths—he could gimme a lift the rest of the way home."

"How do you know that he has gone fishing?"

"Thar'd be smoke at the chimney if he hadn't. When he ain't fishin' or gunnin' he's cookin' and feedin' his face. But the hoss would be somewhere handy, an' the rig's behind the barn. You go take a look. Even if ye was fifteen minutes findin' him an' hitchin' up, we'd gain time an' save my poor head."

Forbes seated himself at the roadside.
"Ain't ye goin'?" cried Tumbly, glaring.
"No."

"Maybe five dollars would put some snap into your legs."

"Perhaps—into one leg. But I should be sorry to kick a man with a broken head—particularly an old man."

While Tumbly raved, Forbes sat in silence. At last they resumed their journey, on foot. The old man was in a smoking rage, which increased the vertigo caused by the injury to his head. He staggered and reeled, and Forbes had difficulty in keeping him on his feet. They passed new clearings and more polled cattle, meadows ripe for the mowers, fields of buckwheat and potatoes and heading oats.

Old Amos Tumbly's home and farmstead stood within twenty-five yards of the road. The house had wings and eaves, narrow verandas with jumcrack ornamentations, and lightning-rods. Its walls were white, and its roofs were bright blue. One wing, with large windows, was obviously a store. An unroofed platform ran across its front, and hitching-posts stood along the outer edge of the platform; packages of dates and chewing-gum and tea were displayed in the windows. This wing was also a post office, as stated on a tin sign beside the door. The barns stood in line with the house and not far from it. They were large and in good repair. There was not a tree of any sort near enough to cast so much as a hand-breadth of shade on any roof or wall. The front fence was of wire. The gates were queer objects of iron and wire.

Arrived, Amos Tumbly leaned on the little gate, turned his head and eyed Forbes with a most offensive look of insolent triumph and boastful pride. But Forbes did not notice it, for all his attention was fixed on the unlovely premises. He gazed aghast at the electric-blue roofs, at the jigsaw ornaments of the verandas and the dreary windows of the shop.

"This here's my home," bragged the old man.

"I'm sorry for you," said Forbes.
"Are you crazy?" cried Tumbly. "I reckon you're a fool!"

"It is only a matter of taste, after all," said Forbes, as if speaking to himself. "One has taste, or one hasn't. But how is it that people who live in such beautiful country do not learn about good taste from nature?"

The door of the shop opened and a stout old woman looked out.

"Is that yourself, Amos?" she called.
"Where's the boys?" returned the old man, scorning her question.

"They went back to the field right after dinner. But what happened to you, Amos? Where's Jerry and the buggy?"

"Had a smash-up. Jerry'll be back by suppertime. I'm back to hitch Star into the light wagon. They went out the Mast Road, I reckon."

"Who ye got with ye there, Amos?"

"A tramp I run across on the road—a stranger to these parts—but he ain't with me no longer," answered Tumbly; and he passed through the little gate and shut it behind him with a bang. He moved toward the house unsteadily; the woman advanced to meet him. They entered the house together.

Forbes crossed the road, sat down in the shade of a young spruce and ate bread and cheese and two wedges of pie from his haversack. A bay horse and a light wagon, with Amos Tumbly on the seat, appeared round the end of the barn and approached the big gate. Forbes adjusted pack and haversack, crossed the

road and began to push open the gate. "Leave it be!" cried the driver. "I don't want no help from you nor your likes. Drop it! Clear out! An' ye hang round here when I'm gone, the lady'll riddle ye with buckshot."

Forbes continued to push the gate inwards. "That would be a most unladylike proceeding," he said.

"Stand clear!" cried Tumbly, as soon as the opening was wide enough for the passage of the wagon. He flourished his whip, and the horse pranced forward with tossing head and rippling muscles. It was a spirited animal.

FORBES stepped back against the open gate, but only for a second. As the light wagon came abreast of him, he jumped inward and upward and landed on the seat beside the astonished and infuriated driver. The springs jounced, the old man yelled an angry protest, and the bay horse threw himself into a spanking trot and made the turn to the right on two wheels. They flew a hundred yards before the lively animal was pulled down to a dancing walk.

"Get down!" ordered Tumbly, his voice choked with emotion. "Get out! I don't want ye!"

"Drive on," said Forbes. "Out this Mast Road you spoke of. I am interested in it."

"I'll chuck you out!"

"Don't be foolish. Two like you couldn't do that. I'm going with you."

Tumbly twisted sidewise and attempted to strike Forbes with the heavy butt of the whip. His wrist was seized in a grip like a vise. He struggled for several seconds, and his face above the whiskers went from crimson to purple; and then, with a yelp, he let the whip fall from nerveless fingers. His wrist was instantly released.

"Now behave yourself, and drive on," said Forbes, calmly.

The old man did not speak immediately. Forbes could almost feel him considering the situation. He stared straight to the front, his eyes darkening and lighting and darkening again, quite evidently weighing the chances of success of an immediate renewal of the attack. He decided against it, nodded without a word and let the eager horse step out again. He soon turned off to the right into a rough track almost choked by brush. Here he did some clever driving, but before long was forced by the rough ground to pull the horse down to a walk. Presently, while crossing a damp patch in the mossy track, the driver said: "Look-a that. That's hoof-prints of a span of horses."

Forbes looked; and just then Tumbly gave him a violent push and, at the same moment, sent the horse forward with a jump and a jerk. The stranger bounced slightly and slid to the end of the seat; that was all.

"You silly ass!" he exclaimed. "You futile duffer! Did you really hope to catch me napping? Did you really think that I wouldn't be expecting some trick of that sort?"

The driver said nothing. He became intent upon controlling the action and direction of the horse. Forbes shifted back into his original position. The old and neglected road did not improve. It was full of humps and holes, roots and pits and outcrops of rock. It called for careful and skillful driving, which the old man supplied. The wagon springs had a hard time of it; and at every severe bump Forbes took a firm hold of the top of the driver's homespun trousers with his strong right hand. If he should fall out, it would not be alone. Thus time passed, and slow and difficult miles were left behind. At last a culvert was reached that demanded repairing before it could be crossed without risking a wheel or two. The rotted poles had collapsed completely, probably under the weight of the passage of the eloping couple.

"Thar lays a stick will fix it," said old Tumbly, pointing to a small log, sadly weathered, prone beside the track. "You jump out an' snap her into the hole, Mister—an' thank'e kindly."

Forbes smiled. "Not I—but thank you all the same for the 'mister' and the general politeness of the tone of your request," he replied. "I am interested in your granddaugh-

ter and young Smith, and it is my intention to remain with you until you either overtake them or give up the chase. I suggest that you do the jumping and snapping yourself."

"D've reckon I'd drive off without ye—acrost that hole?"

"Yes, I believe you would do that very thing, even at the risk of a second smash-up."

"An' maybe ye cal'late to do the same by me?"

"Don't worry about that. I have no intention of leaving you before I see the result of this expedition; and I am not a horse thief."

The old man believed him, though he did

"I don't perceive any sign of wreckage, or anything to suggest that you have them," said Forbes. "There is nothing here to indicate an accident to an unprejudiced mind. My idea is that they have unhitched their horses and ridden forward so as to make better time."

Tumbly gave him a poisonous look, but said nothing. They pulled the deserted wagon out of the way and drove slowly on. A few hundred yards beyond, they came to a stream of considerable size with jagged gray timbers on both banks showing where a bridge had once been.

"We got to find a fordin' place," said the

them vainly as they disappeared on their wet horses. But the young man had merely laughed at Amos, over his shoulder, shouting that he and Molly had been married two hours before by Parson Lamb.

Even then, old Amos would have pursued them on foot, and he was actually plunging into the stream in order to swim across after them when Forbes held him back. Not until the young Smiths had a safe lead on their homeward journey did Forbes relax his grasp on Amos Tumbly's arm. Old Tumbly then assured Forbes of his bitter and undying enmity and warned him to get out of the Red Mooly country at once, or remain at peril of his life—to all of which Forbes replied with a patient smile and a wave of his hand.

"Very interesting," he said to himself, after the old man had driven away. "Old Amos is a poisonous fellow, but he has an attractive-looking granddaughter, and Smith seems to be a good sort. Altogether, the situation is interesting. I wonder when I'll run across it again?"

He went for a swim in the swift stream, rejoicing in its clear, cold water; and while he dressed after it he continued to think about the young couple whom he had saved from a peppering with buckshot and a bombardment from the .45 caliber revolver. Forbes had nothing of importance to do at once. He could wander where he pleased. Having completed his dressing, he did a queer thing. With his clasp knife, he scraped away the greater part of the letters that were painted on his pack and his haversack, leaving only the one word "Forbes." He scraped deep and clean. Then, after refreshing himself with hot tea boiled over a small fire of driftwood on the pebbles, he decided to go on to Mill Corners, instead of back-tracking the Mast Road, on which the hotly vindictive Amos Tumbly would be awaiting him in a shooting mood. He therefore crossed the swift stream on a raft built of driftwood, and plodded ahead into the village of Mill Corners.

It was dusk when he arrived there, and he walked up to a farmhouse. Light shone from its windows, and the scent of boiling coffee and frying pancakes issued from the open door of the kitchen. Forbes found an elderly woman and a girl inside, where the supper table was spread with a checkered cloth and set with blue and white crockery.

"I can see you don't belong to these parts," said the elderly woman, after greetings. "I'll be pleased to have you stop to supper. Christabel, set another place."

Soon the whole family, whose name was Couch, were sitting around the table. They showed great curiosity about the stranger. He looked rich enough to drive. Why should he be on foot? Why should any man but a peddler tote a pack along country roads? He remarked that he hoped to spend the night with Parson Lamb.

"Parson's got life insurance," said old Mr. Couch. "So if you cal'late on sellin' insurance to him, you're wastin' time."

Forbes smilingly admitted that he had no such idea.

"Maybe you figger on fixin' up the parsonage with radio?"

"I don't figure on anything like that," returned Forbes. "I am just taking a walk in the country."

"Like Jingle Tomson!" chuckled the youngest Couch boy.

At that the whole family laughed.

"I met Jingle on the road this morning," said Forbes. "After that I met Amos Tumbly."

"Old Amos?" asked Couch, with a glint in his eye.

"Yes, he was old enough. White whiskers."

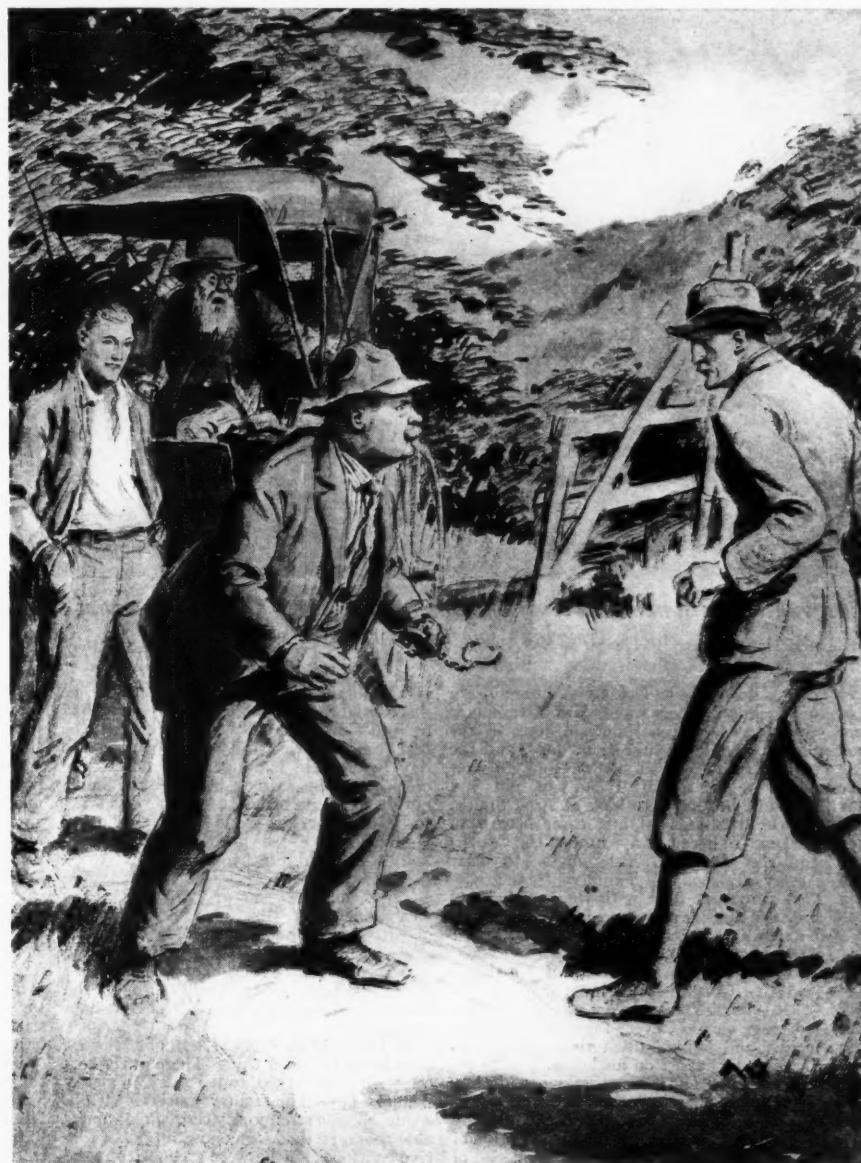
"Be you any kin to him?"

"Not that I have ever heard about. I can't imagine such a thing."

"Well, you favor somebody I've seen," said the old woman. "I can't just give a name to him—but it isn't any one of those Tumblys."

"I see the likeness, too, but I can't place it either," remarked her husband. "Maybe you were born somewhere hereabouts, Misster?"

"No. This is my first visit to the Red Mooly country."



Silt took two quick steps toward Forbes. "Put them on," Forbes said. "I didn't know that you were a coward." (Page 190)

not say so; and, as there was nothing else for it, he descended from his seat and with angry grunts rolled the log into the broken culvert.

In places the old ruin of a road was overrun with young alders and firs, some of which had been chopped out very recently. For hundreds of yards the young brush scraped the horse's girths and swished along the body of the wagon. There were spots where big blowdowns had lain across the track and had been cut out that very day.

"You say this young Smith is no good, and yet he has left signs along this road which suggest both energy and determination," said Forbes.

Amos Tumbly sneered and snarled.

They had been more than two hours on their slow and laborious way when the old man suddenly drew rein and pointed ahead. His eyes flashed exultantly.

"Look-a that!" he exclaimed. "Thar's one of his signs—the wagon. An' she's a wreck. We've got 'em!"

Forbes looked at the deserted vehicle, which stood fair in the middle of the track.

old man, after a few preliminary expressions of displeasure.

"But here they come, if I'm not mistaken."

Down the opposite bank came a young man and a young woman, each astride an unsaddled but fully harnessed horse. At that sight, Tumbly made a queer hissing sound through his teeth and reached his right hand behind him into the back of the wagon.

"It's all right!" cried Forbes to the young riders. "I kicked his shotgun out."

The old man swore and pulled a big revolver from his hip pocket.

"None of that!" exclaimed Forbes, moving swiftly; the revolver jumped into the air, and the old man yelled with pain.

CHAPTER TWO

The No-account Smiths

HALF an hour later, Forbes stood alone beside the bridgeless stream. The young couple had gone away after a few words of thanks to him—while Amos Tumbly, gnashing his teeth, had reviled



Mrs. Tumbly uttered a terrified squawk, then sank into a chair and burst out crying. "Come along out of this before I drag ye out!" ordered Amos, crouching low in his rage. (Page 192)

Then Forbes told about his experiences during the day, including the pursuit of young Smith and the girl. The Couches were highly interested. They forced more food upon him.

"I'd give a dollar to have been there to see it—but I wouldn't be in your boots for fifty dollars, Mr. Forbes!" exclaimed the head of the family. "That old lynx isn't often crossed. And today three people give him the laugh—one of them a Smith, one his own granddaughter, and tother a greenhorn in boy's pants!"

This was a reference to the stranger's knickerbockers.

"He's a real bad man to cross," continued old Couch. "He'll never forget nor forgive. But it's all right for you, seeing you can walk right out by way of the Corners. You're safe, Mr. Forbes—but I'm sorry for young Archer Smith, aye, and for the girl."

"Is his name Archer?" asked Forbes.

"That's his name, same as his grandpa. His father's name is Jim. Jim is no-account, and maybe worse than that. But there ain't no vice in old Arch nor in young Arch. The young feller went to the war and done fine. He's smart enough when he has to be. But Jim! Why, if Jim Smith was only a mite lazier than he be, he wouldn't have the gumption to raise his knife high enough to feed himself."

"Young Archer Smith didn't seem lazy today," commented Forbes.

"Oh, he's what you might call happy-go-lucky. He's spry enough when it comes to tracking moose, but he don't overheat himself at the everyday run of farm work. He'll work hard at huntin'—run a mile for a shot at a partridge, with the roof of the henhouse fallin' in, at the same time. But he ain't like Jim—he's honest."

"But how will they live? How will young Archer Smith support his pretty wife?"

"Like Injuns, that's how they live—Injuns in a big white man's house. Fences down, windy glass out, shingles off. But they're well mannered—all but old Archer. When he gets his mad up, he brags and talks and cusses worse than old Amos Tumbly. But maybe there's more truth in the things he tells than folks give him credit for."

"What are the things he tells?" asked Forbes.

"All about his great-grandpa," Couch answered. "He tells how the old man built the big house, and built it twice as big as it

stands now—for half of it was burned down over a hundred years ago. And he tells how there was over ten thousand acres in the Smith place in them ancient days, and the stables full of blood horses—and all that might be so, for all I can say, but you wouldn't believe it to look at Arch Smith. All the families that first came here have died out or went away, except the Smiths and the Tumblys. You ought to hear Archer talk about the Tumblys! He tells how they came out here with the Smiths, and how the first Tumbly was boot-cleaner and bottle-washer to the first Smith. That makes Amos rave and blow lather, I can tell you."

"And I shouldn't wonder but it's true," said Mrs. Couch.

"It sure riles Amos to hear it—with him a mortgage on most every farm in two settlements, and lookin' upon those Smiths as lower than the dirt on his boots."

Forbes asked no more questions; and when the Couches offered him shelter for the night he gratefully accepted it. But in the morning he surprised them by stating his intention of going back along the Mast Road, instead of leaving by way of Mill Corners.

"If I was you," said old Mr. Couch, "I wouldn't go back by the way you came—not for the price of a farm I wouldn't. You don't know that old lynx, Amos Tumbly. He'd set a spring gun for you, just as lief as not."

Forbes thanked Mr. Couch for his warning, but showed no desire to act upon it.

"Have it your own way," remarked the old man. "But if you be so sot on goin' back to the Ordnance Road and lookin' at the tumble-down Smith house, go by way of the creek. It's longer than by the road you came in on, but you can fish all the way—and it'll be healthier!"

THIS suggestion of fishing appealed to Forbes, and after leaving the settlement he turned to his left and followed along the top of the bank. Meadows and oat fields marched with him for several miles. Then the woods, of big second-growth spruce and fir, closed in upon him and shouldered him down to the rocky edge of the stream. The water was low, but there were ripples and eddies that appealed to his fisherman's eye. At last temptation overcame him, and he stopped and jointed the trout rod which he carried in his haversack.

It was late afternoon before Forbes felt

like going on. Then, with great surprise, he discovered that by fishing the stream he had arrived slowly at the very place where he had seen the bride and bridegroom on the day before. He had not known that the creek was Dipper Creek, on which the Smith family lived, according to Mr. Couch's description. Now, how could he find the house? Unjointing his rod, he looked about for somebody who could direct him.

A sharp brief sound, the unmistakable clang of thin steel on stone, brought Forbes to a sudden halt. He stood listening for ten or fifteen seconds. The noise was not repeated. So he walked briskly through the underbrush in the direction of the sound. He did not call, but looked keenly through the bushes to discover the man or woman whom he had heard.

In the reddish evening twilight, Forbes soon beheld a queer thing. There in the forest, with back turned, toiled a man in a gray flannel shirt. This fellow worked with a spade, cutting strenuously through innumerable roots. He had, somehow, an air of furtive caution, as if he were anxious to make no noise. Forbes stood carefully behind a large tree, because it seemed to him there was something sinister in this strange activity.

When the man turned around, Forbes could see that he was middle-aged, tall, thin and colorless. His face was weak, and his whiskers waved feebly around it. His eyes suggested a poor mind and a poorer spirit. His nose, however, was high and straight.

Soon the man decided that his hole was large enough. He lifted a dark object from the bushes and dropped it in. This Forbes recognized for a moose hide, fresh and raw. Then the man pushed the head of a moose into the hole with his feet, and then spaded soil and moss back into place, and stamped them down. Sighing loudly, he cleaned his spade with a handful of fern, put it on his shoulder and moved off. Four strides hid him from Forbes's sight in the close green brush.

Forbes backed away cautiously, and resumed his journey, thinking harshly and scornfully of the fellow he had seen. A breaker of game laws is a mean creature. The only excuse for it is imminent starvation—so what was the excuse of this man who had just now buried head and hide within a few miles of a prosperous settlement?

By this time night had fallen; and Forbes stumbled among mossy boulders, splashed into pools and ripples, and blundered through underbrush.

Considering the noise he made and the poor light it was not surprising that he was mistaken for a cow moose by a lost and lonely and hungry moose calf. But Forbes was both startled and surprised to hear a frantic bleat and a sudden scramble in the bushes beside him, after which he received a push that almost knocked him off his feet. But he made a quick recovery. He was nothing of a coward, and as little of a fool—and as soon as his hand fell on the hairy hide of the calf he took in the truth.

For hours, after that, he blundered on his way. The moose calf was still with him, and still hungry, attached by an improvised halter and two yards of rope which Forbes stumbled into by the stream. The antics of the young animal delayed him considerably, although it was only too eager to keep near him.

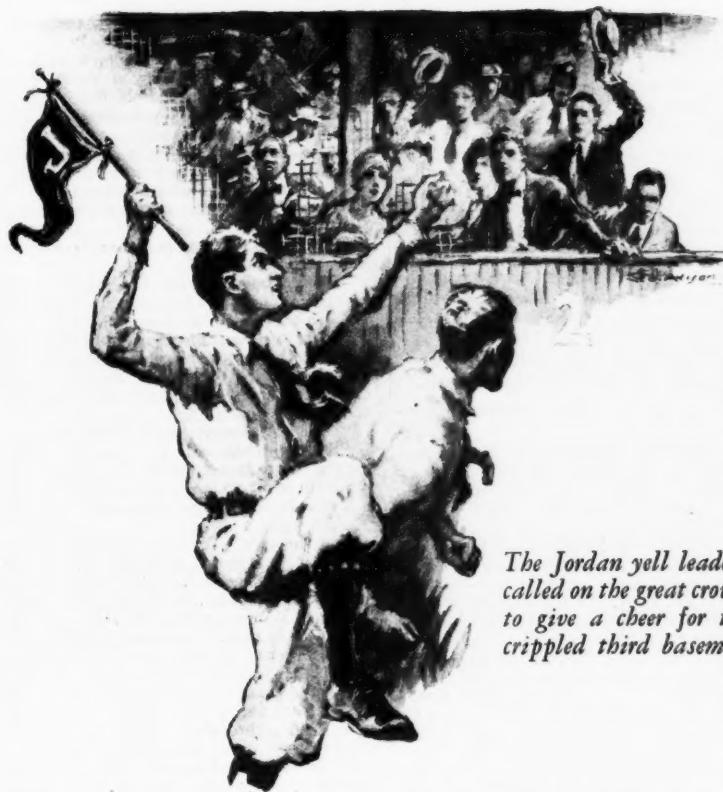
At last Forbes saw a gleam of lamp-light from a lower window in a house. It was the old Smith house, he felt sure. He heard yelps and barks in front of him. He was in a large clearing from which the stumps had not been extracted, nor had the final burning been done. In a pile of charred butts he found a fire-scarred stick of maple, of about the thickness of his wrist and four feet long. He picked this up and continued to advance. Personally, he was fearless of dogs by night or by day, but he felt keenly apprehensive on account of his helpless companion. Therefore, he shouted at the oncoming dogs in a voice which instantly cooled the ardor of all the pack except one. The biggest and stupidest dog increased his pace with a throaty roar and sprang back at Forbes's legs.

The starlight was not brilliant, but the man's sight was keen. He had warned the dog. Now he had no compunction in bringing down his maple club full and hard on the big dog's ribs. The animal sprang back with a yelping howl of dismay and protest.

Forbes continued to walk forward, driving the dogs ahead of him. The moose calf crowded against his legs in fright. A door hinge creaked from the house, and a voice challenged: "Who's there?"

Forbes recognized the voice as that of the young man who had escaped from Tumbly.

"I am a friend," he said. "You saw me [CONTINUED ON PAGE 186]



The Jordan yell leaders called on the great crowd to give a cheer for the crippled third baseman

THIS big White went into the bag riding high, but Elliott tried to block him off," Les Moore explained. "White hooked for the bag with one foot, and the spikes of his other shoe jammed into Elliott's right ankle. Smashed it over, and against the bag. Broke it in two. We had to carry Elliott off the field. Well, that break was the break in the game, too. Coach put little Simpson on third, but he's no third baseman. And before the game was over he had to yank him, and try Naftzger. Between them, they made enough mistakes to lose us the game. But if we ever get a chance to put the bee on this big burly White—"

"He was only getting even with us for what we did to him in that Tippecanoe game last fall," interrupted Billy Armstrong. "Remember what our old fireman did to him for two touchdowns?"

"There's not much chance to get even with him," said Jimmy Byers. "I think he's a senior, and the game here with Tippecanoe Friday is his last. Besides, he's bad medicine. Better let him alone." Jimmy, the fireman-quarterback to whom Billy referred, ignored the remark and the laughter that followed Billy's allusion.

"Maybe so, but if that big tramp ever comes sliding into me at the plate the way he went into Elliott, I'm going to dive over his feet and land on his head with my fists and all my weight," muttered Les.

Moore, who had won the regular job as catcher on the Jordan Varsity baseball team, was sitting on the front porch of the Alpha Omega house with the others of the Big Four. They, with several fraternity brothers, were listening to his account of the defeat at Tippecanoe on the day before.

"That's no way to play ball," Jimmy protested. "Leave the rough stuff to the other fellow. Protect yourself—"

"I'll tell the world I'll protect myself," Les growled.

Luncheon was finished, and the boys were loafing for a few minutes before going to laboratories and classes at one o'clock. The warm sunshine of late May filtered down upon them through the branches of a big maple tree. It was a lazy afternoon. Conversation lapsed, and then there came a shout from within the house.

"Call for Doggy Byers," yelled a freshman. "Telephone for the fireman!"

"Who's the girl, Jimmy?" queried one of the boys as Byers rose.

"Oh, fireman, save my child!" called another.

It was an old story now, and the boys, especially Les, Billy and big Jake Hilligoss, grinned silently as they recalled how Byers, after saving the Tippecanoe game by outguessing the huge White, had been carried off the field out of his head, talking about putting out a fire.

"Byers speaking," said Jimmy, in the telephone booth.

"This is Stillson calling, Byers," came a voice over the wire. "I want to get you to come out and help us through this last ball game, Friday."

"Why, Mr. Stillson, I don't see how I could help," said Jimmy. "Haven't played ball at all this spring, and—"

"I need a third baseman, badly, and I'll take a chance on you," interrupted the baseball coach. He was a new man, and Jimmy hardly knew him.

"Besides, Coach Phillips did not want me to play baseball this year," Jim continued. "Made me go out for track, instead."

"Well, track's over, and this is only one game," insisted Stillson. "Phillips would not mind that. I'll answer for him. The boys tell me you held down the bag for the rhinies last year. We've got to do something. Won't you come over to the gym?"

"I could do that much, of course," Jimmy laughed, hesitantly. "But I don't know about—"

"Come on over, when Moore comes, and we talk about it," urged Stillson.

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Thanks, that's fine," said the baseball coach. Jimmy hung up the receiver and went back out to the porch, wondering what he should do.

"Les, did you and Billy sic the baseball coach on me?" he demanded.

"I didn't," spoke up Billy, with a grin. "I'm only a third-string pitcher, and he wouldn't pay any attention to me."

"Well, I guess I'm guilty," Les admitted. "But I didn't—aw, the only thing I told him was that you're a better man on third than anybody we've got, including Elliott."

"That's a hot line," protested Jimmy. "Makes it tough on me, if I play."

"If you play?" echoed Les. "Say, you wouldn't throw us down?"

"Well, Coach Phillips told me not to play ball this year," Jimmy explained. "But I told Mr. Stillson I'd come over and see him."

JIMMY, who loved the game, itched to get a ball in his hands, even while he felt that he should respect the wishes of the football coach. An hour later, after ransacking his trunk to find his old glove with the hole in the palm, Jim accompanied Les to the gymnasium and talked with the baseball coach.

"I'd like to play," said Jimmy, "but I'd hate to get in bad with Mr. Phillips. I played football for him last fall and got hurt several times. He thinks I'm brittle, I guess, because he told me not to play ball this spring. Afraid I'd get hurt, though I never got as much as a bruised hand in baseball."

"Well, I wouldn't ask you to run the risk," Coach Stillson explained, "if we had no

FIRST AT THIRD

BY Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON

chance. But we can beat Tippecanoe, I'm positive; and if we do, it will give us a tie for the Conference championship. Seems to me that is worth trying for. So I've written to Phillips and explained things to him. I'm sure it will be all right with him. And you can be careful, of course."

"I'll go out," Jimmy promised, "but if he says for me to drop it—"

"Don't worry, for he won't," said Stillson. "He was afraid of a whole season of baseball practice and games, but three days' practice and one game—never mind. He'd like to see us tie for the championship, and he'll say it is the thing for you to do."

Jimmy drew an outfit of baseball togs and joined the Varsity squad for the day's workout. He enjoyed the practice and threw himself into it with reckless abandon, scouting the idea that too much activity would leave him sore. The next day he was stiff and his muscles ached. His arm hurt, but he worked hard again and before practice ended had driven the soreness out of his frame. On Thursday he took over the task at third base and practiced for an hour at the bag. In a little while he had accustomed himself to the speed of the ball, the twist of its hop as it came to him, and the distance he had to peg it to first base. In batting practice he did not feel so much at home, for it takes days and days to train the eye and time the swing for fast-ball and curve pitching.

But when he went out on Friday for the big game against Tippecanoe, he felt as if he had been playing baseball all season long. Only the tenderness of his hands reminded him that baseball was still new to him. He wished the game might hurry up and start.

"Byers," called Mr. Stillson to him just as the squad was about ready to leave the dressing-room for the field. "Come here, please." And when Jimmy, his glove in his hand, approached, he continued: "I have a telegram from Mr. Phillips. He says it is agreeable to him if you play this one game, but for me to tell you that you must absolutely take no chances. Keep your shirt on, he says, and stay out of trouble. What does he mean by that?"

"I think he knows some of the Tippecanoe football men are on the baseball team," said Jimmy, slowly. "We beat them last fall, and maybe he thinks there might be trouble because they were sore. But I'm not going to fight anybody. He must think I'm spoiling for a scrap."

"Well, there's only one bad actor on their team," said the coach. "His name is White, and he plays first base. He's the man who broke Elliott's ankle, sliding high into third. And he's a plug-ugly around first base when any runner gets on. Did he play football?"

"Yes, sir, he played tackle. One of their best men," Jim replied.

"Any trouble with him?"

"Well, he crashed me twice," Jimmy grinned. He remembered the first crashing, but had no recollection of the second because he went out of his head when White smashed into him.

"You had a row with him?" pursued Stillson.

"Well, not exactly, but he sort of blamed me for everything," Jimmy explained, slowly. "You see, I was playing quarter, and we made two touchdowns because we kind of outguessed him—or anyway, he made two mistakes and—"

"I see, I see," interrupted Stillson. "Well, you must understand this. We play baseball, and nothing else. White is twice your size, or thereabout, and I can hardly imagine that you would tackle him, even if you did want to square accounts for those two crashings. You're not to start anything with him—understand? And if he gets ugly with you, you're to avoid him."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy agreed. "I'll do that. But I'll try to take care of third base, too."

They said no more, but their thoughts ran along the same line. Third base, in a way, is the most important corner of the four on the diamond. It is the hardest to play, and the most difficult to defend against oncoming runners. Smart players fight to gain third base, because almost anything—a hit, error, sacrifice fly, passed ball, wild pitch—scores a

man from third. A third baseman must be king of his territory. He must dominate it as a bully rules his gang. In a word, if he is not first at third base, the third baseman might as well be on the bench for all the service he can render to his club. When Jimmy took the field he had resolved that he would hold the bag against any attack. And if White should come at him with spikes on his hands as well as his shoes, he would find some way to block him off.

"What's Coach got on his mind?" asked Les, on the way to the field. "Looks as if he might have been telling you how to play the whole game, from the time he took with you."

"Oh, he was afraid I'd pick a fight with White," Jimmy grinned. "And he was making me promise not to lick the big guy."

"Say, listen, you should worry about him," protested Les. "You won't start anything. And if he does, believe me, I'll be right there with you."

"Better bring a bat, because he's bigger than you are," laughed Jimmy.

"He could break you in two," Les retorted.

"Don't I know it? He did it, twice," said Jim, ruefully. "But I'll keep my eyes open."

THERE are a great many things that might be told of this baseball game between Jordan and Tippecanoe, for it was a wonderful struggle. Jordan, with a chance to tie for the championship, fought with everything she had. Tippecanoe could, by winning, tie with Jordan for second place in the Conference race. Any Jordan-Tippecanoe game is fraught with the bitter rivalry that always produces a keen struggle. When either is inspired by something more than the natural desire to win, the result is a battle fit to set before kings. This time both of them felt that way.

A story might be written on the catching of big Les Moore, whose good judgment, mighty voice and sterling throwing arm gave confidence to the Jordan defense. Another could be told of the pitching done by Hugh Schafer, a sturdy senior who, in his last effort for Jordan, gave a great exhibition of speed and courage. Schafer's fast ball and his baffling drop, wisely mixed, might be given credit for—but that is getting ahead of this present story. Again, the crafty pitching of the wiry Lamson, Tippecanoe's southpaw, might well be extolled in song. Jordan hitters, Jimmy first among them, rarely got a solid safe hit off his delivery.

But this story, such as it is, must be dedicated to the battle between Jimmy Byers and the hulking Buster White. For, despite all Jim's promises and the worrying of Coaches Stillson and Phillips, the two did have a battle.

When preliminary practice had been finished, and the two teams prepared to start the game, the Jordan yell leaders called on the great crowd of rooters to give a cheer for Elliott, the crippled third baseman. The rooters replied with a roar. Then they cheered for Jim Byers as he took his post at third base. And then, spotting the rangy White on the Tippecanoe bench, the crowd ignored the yell leaders and began taunting and gibing the first baseman. The story of his dirty work in the football game the preceding fall had got around the campus, and of course everybody knew White as the man who had crashed Elliott. Before the game was fairly under way, therefore, the hot-headed White was raging and smarting. He was so blind with anger his first time at bat, that, although a good hitter, he struck out.

From that moment on he was like a bear with a sore tooth and four sore paws. Jim Byers encountered him for the first time in the second inning, when, his first time at bat in a game since the preceding year, he could only roll a weak grounder to force a runner at second base.

"Only way you'll get on base today, kid," growled White, as Jimmy stopped at first.

"Tried to hit into a double play," grinned Jimmy.

"What for?"

"Afraid I'd get spiked if I had to stay around here," said Jim.

"I'll get spiked if you play a base, and stay too close to it," White muttered. He had returned the ball to the pitcher and was edging close beside Jimmy as the latter took a slight lead off first.

"I play third, the bag 'way over yonder, see?" Jimmy grinned and pointed.

"Say, I know the way, and I'll be there," growled White. He had scarcely looked at Byers, and Jimmy knew that he was not remembered from last fall's football feud.

But just then the pitcher delivered the ball, and the Jordan hitter lined out to the second baseman, ending the inning. In the first half of the third White failed to get on base because Jordan's center fielder made a great catch of a long fly from his bat. In the latter half, during a Jordan rally, Byers drew a base on balls.

"Say, haven't I seen you somewhere before?" asked White, eyeing him suddenly.

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "The last time I saw you, you were blind mad. Anyhow, you didn't see much of what was going on."

But that instant a Jordan hit went crackling to left, and Jimmy dug his spikes into the path toward second base.

His next encounter with the burly first sacker came in the first half of the sixth inning and gave him his first opportunity to revenge himself for the bruising punishment White gave him at football. Starting the inning, Jordan had a lead of two runs, having scored twice while holding Tippecanoe to a series of blanks. With one out, a Tippecanoe batter hit through short for a scratch single, and White went up to the plate.

"Get on once, and let's see you spike somebody," yelled a shrill voice from the Jordan stands.

White, angry and sullen, gripped his bat, took a mighty swing at the first ball and missed. Furious, he crashed the next one with all his might, and it left his bat on a line between center and right fields. Jordan outfielders, seeing a catch impossible, turned and sprinted after the ball, and White galloped for first. It looked like a certain home run, which would tie the score. Rounding second base, with the runner ahead of him already crossing the plate, he thought he had a home run. He swung outside the base line to give himself more room to turn third and, his head down, put on all his speed. The coacher in the third-base box frantically waved him on. And then Jimmy Byers, seeing the home run likely and knowing it would tie the score, went into action. He squatted at the inside corner of the bag, and anxiously stretched out his hands for the ball, as if to take it and tag the oncoming runner.

White, unable to look around, became bewildered. Who was right, the coacher or this little guy on the bag? He took no chances. Making a wild, sprawling leap, he hurled himself spikes first at the bag. At the same instant Jimmy leaped out of harm's way. The ball was on its way to the plate, to be smothered by big Les Moore an instant later.

"Hey, you poor fish, why'd you hit the

Commander Byrd's Own Story

WITH the North Pole still many miles in the distance and the barren wastes of snow and ice far below, I saw oil creeping along the pipe line—one of the most dreadful sights an aviator can know—"

You will find the rest of this breathless story, and many others as interesting and thrilling, in the first of a series of great articles written for you by Commander Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N., starting in *The Companion* next month. This will be called "The Last Great Challenge" and will tell you about the great career of the world-famous ex-

plore and aviator—of his epoch-making flights across the North Pole and the Atlantic Ocean, and how he is now planning to fly to the South Pole.

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dirt?" demanded the coacher. "Didn't I flag you on in?"

"Yeah, but I thought that guy was playin' the ball on me," growled White. He rose from the dust, angrily. "Saay, you," he muttered at Jim, "cut the comedy, will yuh?"

"Sure, since I've already cut out a run." And Jimmy laughed.

"Say, were you in that football game last fall?" demanded White, staring hard at Byers.

"Sure; you should know," said Jim. "You crashed me twice, once for each touchdown. Here," and he put his glove on his breastbone, "and here," pointing to his shoulder.

"Awwr," growled White, taking his place on the base line and facing home. "What you doin'—gettin' even?"

"Nope, just trying to save another ball game," Jimmy grinned.

"Shut up," growled White. "I'll get you yet, smart guy."

The next Tippecanoe hitter struck out, and the inning ended shortly with a popfly to the second baseman. Back at the Jordan bench, Coach Stillson patted Byers on the back.

"Quick thinking, boy," he said. "But remember what I said about White. Let him alone. He's bad medicine."

"Yes, he slides hard," Jim agreed. "That time, he overslid the bag. Looked as if he was sliding for the coacher's box instead of the bag. If he had hit me, he would have knocked me over the bleachers."

"Well, let him alone," Stillson warned again. "If you get tangled up with him, I'll never square things with Phillips."

Two innings more of tight, desperate baseball. Good pitching and steady, careful fielding offset threatened batting rallies on each side. And then the ninth inning opened, bringing with it the crisis of the battle between Byers and Buster White.

STARTING the ninth inning, Jordan still held a lead of two to one, and Tippecanoe was desperate. Schafer, with eight innings of perfect support back of him, opened confidently, the voices of Les Moore, Byers and the rest reassuring him. Buster White was the first Tippecanoe man at bat, and he went up to the plate with the jeers of Jordan rooters ringing in his ears. He had been razed for fanning and had been laughed at for sliding into third when the ball was

homeward bound. His coach had demanded that he do something to redeem himself.

"Better walk me," he muttered to Moore as he approached the plate. "Or I'll kill 'at old ball."

"Go ahead and kill it," Les retorted, squatting down to signal Schafer. "We want you on base, to see if you can spike anybody else—break any more ankles. Lay it down, old boy!" he yelled to his pitcher.

White swung on the first ball with all his strength, stepping forward as he did so. His advance enabled him to hit the ball, one of Schafer's drops, before it broke downward, but even so he hit it on top. Instead of getting it up for a ride, therefore, he skidded it off the infield grass and down over second base for a single. A fly ball hit as hard would have netted him the home run he lost on his last time at the plate. Leading off first, he let out a yell of defiance.

Jimmy and the other infielders moved closer toward the plate, to head off a possible sacrifice hit. White took a big lead. Tippecanoe's hitter, under orders, tried to bunt but failed, popping a miserable little fly into Schafer's hands. White scrambled back to first in safety. Schafer motioned his infielders back, rightly thinking Tippecanoe would not try another sacrifice. The next play, obviously, would be a stolen base.

White sprinted for second on the first pitch and, thanks to some clever interference against Moore by the hitter, stole the bag. Byers, standing at guard on third, watched the play closely.

"Overslid the bag again," he whispered to himself. And as play resumed, he watched White carefully. Schafer split the pan for the next hitter, who took a called strike. Answering Moore's signal, he laid a perfect drop through the heart of the plate on his next delivery, and the hitter, who had expected a waste ball, swung late and in vain. Jimmy, looking around at White anxiously, saw him edging closer and closer toward third. He thought he saw White acknowledge a signal, and he quickly called to Les for a conference. Les came out from behind the box, and motioned Schafer over toward third.

"Waste this one?" asked Schafer. "We've got two on him."

"Think White will try to steal this time," said Les, and Jimmy nodded.

"If he doesn't, he'll try it next time," said Jimmy. "Waste one, and if he doesn't try it waste another one. That will still leave you something to work on. And, Les—"

"For the love of Mike, keep out of the way of his spikes," urged Les, earnestly.

"I will," Jimmy agreed, somewhat nervously. "But, Les, when you throw down here, throw to the *outside* of the bag, will you? I'll be inside, but you throw outside, see?"

"I don't see, but I'll try it if you say so," said Les. "Anything to keep you out of his way. That guy'd commit murder. Give him the bag. That's better than letting him cut down."

"Sure; we'll work on the hitters," suggested Schafer.

"Nope, you waste 'em, for him to steal," insisted Jimmy. "And if you throw, Les, lay it down outside. I'll step over for it."

Moore, walking along with his head down, went back behind the plate, debating whether he would throw the ball at all. Why shoot down there and see his buddy, old Jim Byers, cut up?

"Let's go!" Jimmy heard White roaring.

Schafer pitched wide, and Jimmy jumped for the bag to be set for the play. But White made no effort to steal, so Les returned the ball slowly to Schafer. Once more Schafer pitched wide.

"On the way," White shouted, as he dug his spikes into the dirt and galloped for third base. Jimmy leaped for the bag again, his heart beating wildly. Would his play work? He heard White coming. He heard the ball *tunk* in Les's mitt. He bluffed at holding the inside corner of the bag, directly in White's path. Watching the ball as Les stepped across the plate and whipped it down, he felt the rush and whir of White's body as it came hurling through the air at him. At the same instant White flung himself feet foremost Jimmy leaped forward and across the base line, to snatch Moore's hard throw outside the bag.

"Got you," yelled White, as he crashed into the bag with a rush.

Even as he yelled, Jimmy had the ball and, turning quickly, dropped as hard as he could on the bag, rolling and shoving toward the coacher's box. Instead of landing on White, however, he hit the hard ground. Clutching the ball tightly, he felt for White and found him, outside the line.

"Overslid again," he thought, as he jabbed the big fellow with the ball, and then wrestled against him to keep him from scrambling back to the bag. If the umpire would only come—

"He's out!"

WELCOME relief! Jimmy scrambled to his feet. There was the old ball game, all sewed up! But deliver him from any more of these mad men!

"Robber!" White shouted, furiously. And as he leaped to his feet he struck Jimmy sharply in the back—whether to get Jim out of his way or to clear his path toward the umpire, Jimmy did not know, for he was busy recovering his balance. "I had that bag stole a mile," White yelled hotly, shaking his fist at the umpire.

"Yeah, and then you stole the coacher's box; and it looked as if you tried to steal the bleachers, the way you were goin'," replied the umpire.

"But he blocked me off there," shouted White.

"If that's all he did, you're lucky," grinned the umpire. "If you came at me the way you came at him, I'd break your neck." And he turned and left the scene.

"Yellow streak," snarled White, turning to Jimmy. "Left the bag when you saw me comin'. Yellow!"

"Sure, I left—but I came back," Jimmy grinned. He saw Les Moore approaching, mask in hand. "Wasn't worrying about you; just trying to save an old ball game."

"Yeah, tryin' some dirty stuff to get even—"

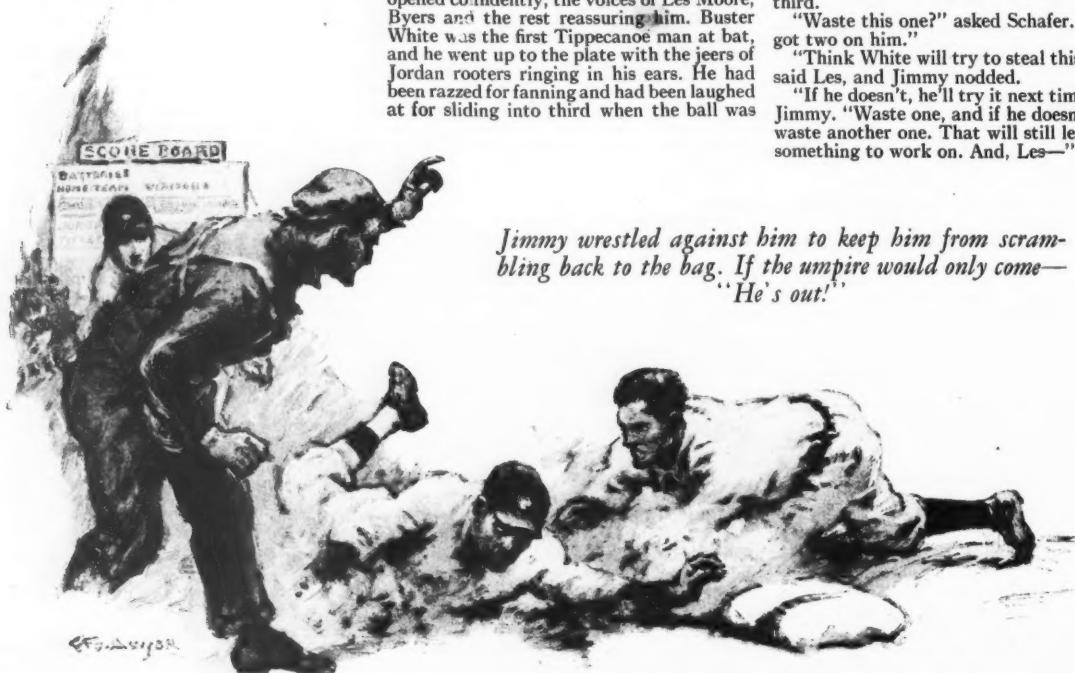
"Boy, I'll say he's more'n even," chuckled Les Moore, stepping in between the pair. "He's a mile ahead. Two touchdowns, two runs cut off—"

White could only growl as Les and Jimmy, side by side, faced him down. His coacher led him away. And Schafer struck out the last Tippecanoe hitter.

Coach Stillson complimented Jimmy for that last play, for he understood how the boy had planned it.

"But I'm glad this is the end of the season," he said. "You go back to Coach Phillips and play your football. I don't want your not taking chances," he laughed, "if that is what you call not taking chances. To me, it looked as if you were fooling with a buzz saw all afternoon!"

Jimmy only grinned and said he guessed maybe football was safer.



THE summer of 1916 was a perplexing time for us. I remember how unreal the great war in Europe seemed, as we read of it in the little San Isidro paper, and how unpleasantly real we found our own small family troubles, resulting from the encroachments of civilization on our hitherto remote and tranquil California ranch.

The Santa Brígida Ranch had belonged to my grandfather and my father after him; they were cattlemen born, who disliked farming and hated to see the country settle up. But nowadays motor cars sped north and south on the new state road that bordered our ten-mile stretch of beach, and the rich level mesas of the coast, which two generations of Seldens had refused to farm, had grown too valuable for grazing land. Three times in recent years our taxes had been raised, and, though the war had sent up the price of beef, my father realized at last that he was playing a losing game. He felt his grip on the old life slipping—perceived that he was faced with the disagreeable choice of farming or selling out.

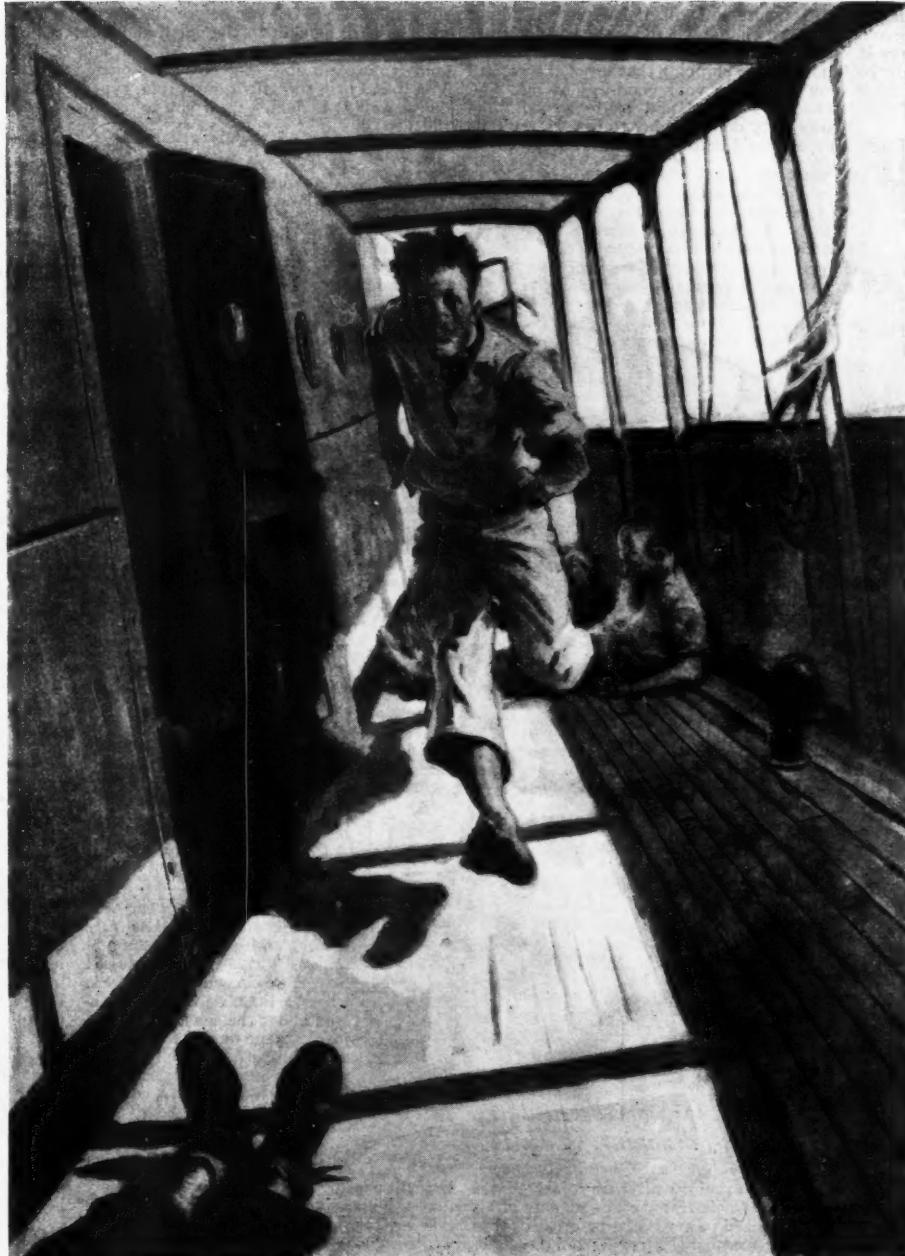
I had finished school in May, and passed my examinations for college, but I did not know whether I was to go to college or not. Many an evening that summer, in our long, dimly-lit living-room, we discussed this question and its bearing on our affairs. My mother argued that I should go to college at any cost. I disagreed, for I wanted to stay on the ranch, and I had suggested to my father that he turn over the management of the farming land to me, sell off some of his cattle, and keep only as many as the rough hills and the valleys of the interior would support. Several of our neighbors were planting lima beans,—a new crop in our part of the state,—and their success encouraged me to hope that I might do as well. And, though I scarcely dared confess it to my father, farming interested me more than the old rough-and-ready cattleman's work.

Lying in his rawhide chair under the smoke-blackened beams of a ceiling built in the days when time and labor were of no account, my father said little and maintained a judicial attitude. I suspected that he leaned to my side of the case, but that he did not like to urge me one way or the other. He was an American of the old breed—a lover of personal freedom and a hater of interference. Ben Selden was the best of neighbors, always ready to do more than his share; but if he had thoughts concerning the affairs of others, he kept them to himself and never offered unsolicited advice to them under any condition.

His brother—my Uncle Harry—was a trader in the South Seas; two years before, I had visited him and shared the adventures of a pearl-diving season on Iriatai, his island in the Tuamotu Group. Every letter from him pressed me to come south again, and my dream, disclosed to no one, was to give up the idea of college and to spend a year with my uncle as a kind of breathing-time between school and work. I had no intention of being a useless guest, for I understood something of his affairs and of the running of his schooner, and I had learned to speak the native tongue. But now, it appeared, my dream, like so many other dreams, was never to become reality. In early September, with the opening of the college term only a month ahead, my plans were still unsettled.

We were branding our calves that month—a time of hard riding in mountain gullies and remote brushy canyons frequented by cows and calves; days of dust and thirst and the smell of singed hide and burning hair; nights clamorous with the unceasing melancholy bawling of calves. We finished the work on a Saturday night.

I was perched on the top rail of the corral fence, tally-book in hand, dreaming. Now



But something happened while the skipper, who was no lightweight, was in midair. Doyle let go the line and rushed aft, stricken with terror. (Page 167)

THE DERELICT

A Great New Serial of Thrilling Adventure

By Charles Nordhoff

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

and then, in response to a shout from the dust and turmoil below, I jotted down a figure automatically, but my thoughts were far away. There is a saying that a man who has once lived in the South Seas can never be happy elsewhere; that sooner or later he is bound to return and end his days in the islands. There may be some truth in this idea; on that day, at least, I found it impossible to dismiss the South Pacific from my thoughts. For the time being, I had had enough of life at home; I longed for the remote peace and beauty of another world. I could close my eyes and see the long rollers tumbling and smoking on the reefs of Iriatai; see the bright blue ocean, swept by the trade wind, stretching far off to the horizon without land in sight;



hear the hum of the same wind in the tops of the palms that line the beach; and smell the odor of pandanus blossoms. I thought of the good friends I had made among the natives: of Fatu, the giant mate of Uncle Harry's schooner, of Marama, the brown boy with whom I had learned to dive for pearls; and I longed to see them once more and to sail among their islands—longed to return with an intensity that made me feel almost disloyal to my people and the ranch. A shout brought me back to the world of realities, a hoarse voice proclaiming: "One heifer!"

Our foreman, a stooping leathery man, who had spent most of his life in the saddle, was leaning over a big Hereford calf that bawled and struggled in the dust. A cloud of acrid

smoke hissed up as the brand made its indelible mark. Glancing up from the tally-book in my hand, I saw my father by the corral gate, astride his big roan horse. For the moment the look of worry was gone from his bearded face; there was a twinkle in his eyes as he watched the annual rite.

"The last, eh?"

The foreman straightened his back and turned, grinning. "Yes, sir."

My father made a sign to me and held out a slip of yellow paper. "They sent it from town," he explained.

It was a telegram, addressed to my father, from a San Francisco hotel. "Impossible come south," I read; "can you and Charlie run up soon as possible. Harry."

"Come," my father was saying; "there's still time to eat supper and drive to San Isidro to catch the night train."

LONG after the other occupants of our Pullman had gone to bed, we sat talking, while the train rumbled its way northward along the coast. We were puzzled, both of us. When had my uncle arrived? Why was it impossible to come south? I was too excited for sleep, and my father, usually the calmest of men, was plainly worried. Finally, as a refuge from fruitless speculations concerning Uncle Harry, we began to talk of home affairs, and before we turned in it was agreed that I was to give up the idea of college for good. My father fell in surprisingly with my farming scheme; he opened up his mind to me as he had never done before. "Times are changing," he said, "but I am too old to change. We must hang on to our land—I'm convinced of that. With the mesas assessed at twenty dollars an acre, they're taxing us out of existence as a cattle proposition. Farming's the only way out, and I'm glad you've got a taste for it, son. You can start in whenever you're ready. I'll help in every way I can. I'm depending on you, to tell the truth." For a man as reserved and taciturn as my father, this was saying a very great deal.

I suppose I must have slept an hour or two that night, though I woke in the first gray of dawn and lay in my berth watching the peaceful landscape of the Santa Clara Valley fit past. My father was silent during breakfast in the dining-car; he was reading a San Francisco paper, with its accounts of the great battle on the Somme.

The restaurant was still full of people at breakfast when we crossed the lobby of my uncle's hotel and asked for him at the desk. Three minutes later, the boy who had shown us to the elevator was knocking at one of a long row of doors stretching interminably down the corridor.

"Come in!" The familiar hearty voice rang out as though giving a command at sea. The room was darkened, but as I wrung Uncle Harry's hand I saw that his eyes were covered with goggles so dark that the glass was almost black, and that his face—usually brown as a Kanaka's—had faded to the pallor of a city man.

My father was shocked at this unexpected sight; he burst out: "For heaven's sake, what's wrong?"

Standing in the dim light, straight and wiry as an Indian, Uncle Harry smiled.

"Oh, I'm going to be all right," he said. "Don't worry, Ben—I'm not blind by a long shot. Jove! It's good to see you two again!"

At that moment a huge brown man stepped out of the shadows and seized my hand. It was Fatu, who had been mate of my uncle's schooner when I had sailed south with them, two years before. He saluted my father, and I heard his deep voice addressing me in the Maori tongue.

"So you have come," he said approvingly, "and come quickly! That is good. Seroni needs you. He has spent too many days in the sun, with the diving-canoes, and now he has the eye-sickness which you saw among the Tuamotu people. At first I feared that he was going blind."

"It started with conjunctivitis," Uncle Harry was explaining to my father; "a nuisance, but nothing serious. The old story—too much sun. I haven't been able to go on deck except at night. I saw the best man in town before I wired you, and he told me I was in for three or four months of treatment in a darkened room, and at least a year of smoked glasses, unless I wanted to ruin my eyes for good. Well, there's one bright side, anyhow—I'll be able to pay you a good long visit at the ranch as soon as the oculist is through with me. But sit down—I must explain the fix I'm in and why I asked you to come north. It was mighty good of you to come, by the way!"

"The war's at the bottom of it, of course. It's sent the price of copra out of sight and taken away nearly all the able-bodied men in our part of the world. The copra from Iriatai provides a good two-thirds of my income nowadays, but I've been busy with other things, and this trouble with my eyes has made me slack; nearly six months have gone by since I took away the last batch of labor. The island must be grown up with weeds, and coconuts sprouting all over the place! Somebody's got to hurry south, pick up all the odds and ends of labor obtainable, go to Iriatai, clean the plantations and make the copra. The young palms are in bearing now; there are at least a couple of hundred tons of copra lying around ready to be cut, and it's worth a hundred dollars a ton today!"

"The question is, who's to do the job? Down our way, every man worth his salt has gone to the war; if it weren't for my eyes I fancy I might volunteer myself. We'll be in it sooner or later—you can bank on that. Fatu here has four children, which lets him out, and I practically forced him to take advantage of his exemption."

The giant grinned. Like many natives, he understood more English than he would admit.

"Fatu's absolutely square,"

my uncle went on, "but he's the world's worst business man. I've taught him to navigate, and he's got his master's ticket, so he can take the Tara south. But I'm stumped for someone to go with him—to get the labor, keep the books, make the copra and sell it when it's made. You see what I'm driving at, Ben; Charlie's my only hope. Could he possibly get away for six or seven months?"

My father turned to me, smiling in the dark. He knew how I longed to visit the South Seas again.

"Of course he can get away!" he announced heartily. "I'd go myself if I could be of any use to you. He was planning to go to college this fall, but he told me last night that he'd dropped the idea. And there's no rush about getting home; he could stay down there a year if you needed him. The longer he stays the longer we'll have you on the ranch. What do you say, Charlie?"

My heart was beating so fast that I could only mutter some incoherent response, but my face must have betrayed my feelings, even in that dim light. My uncle's lips curved in a smile.

"Look at him, Ben," he said. "Hanged if I don't believe he wants to go!"

We talked till noon, discussing the future and finally swinging round to the war, as every conversation was apt to do in those days. When a man appeared with my uncle's lunch, my father and I went downstairs to the restaurant.

"I'll be sorry to see you go, Charlie," he said, after we had ordered our meal; "this is going to put off your start on the ranch. But Harry needs us, and there's only one thing to do. Don't worry about the farming—that can wait. I'll need time anyway to find the extra capital. What do you think: will you be able to make his copra, or whatever he calls the stuff? It's coconut, isn't it?"

"The meat of the coconut," I explained; "scraped out of the shell and dried in the sun. Yes, I think I can do the job—I'll try my hardest, anyhow."

"I'm sure you will. If I were you, I'd get together what you need for the trip and start within a day or two. I must go home tonight to look after shipping that lot of calves, and you can leave your good-bys to me. The schooner's loaded and ready to sail. She costs forty dollars a day to run, Harry tells me, so you'd better waste no time."

something else to tell you before we turn in: keep a sharp lookout to the north and east all the time you're on Iriatai. No, I'm not going to explain now—the story's too long. You'll find it in the safe in my cabin, typed out as well as I could. I want you to read it the first day out, get the story clearly in mind, and then stick the manuscript in the galley stove. A thousand to one it amounts to nothing at all. Anyhow, you'll enjoy the story, though I'm sure you'll laugh at your old uncle when you've finished it!"

He rose from his chair. "Bedtime," he announced. "Come and have breakfast with me in the morning."

THE next morning was a busy time for me. I had some shopping to do, for I needed clothing for the tropics, and there was no time to send for other things I had left at the ranch. A passport could be procured only from Washington, which would require two weeks' time, but my uncle settled this matter in a conversation by telephone with the French consul. Once my identity was established there was no difficulty in getting a consular letter, which permitted me to travel in French Oceania. I lunched from a tray in Uncle Harry's room, and before we had finished Fatu came in to announce that the Tara was cleared, and that he had engaged a tug for two o'clock. When I took my uncle's hand to say good-by, a bell-boy stood in the doorway, loaded with my belongings.

Uncle Harry squeezed my hand. "Good luck, old man!" he said.

Fatu was waiting in the taxi-cab. "Pier sixty-one," I told the driver, and presently, after a tedious drive down Market Street, we drew up on the dock, where a little crowd was gathered about the schooner's gangplank. Some of them were curious idlers; others were Kanakas, members of San Francisco's odd little South Sea colony, come to see the Tara off and to give her crew messages and gifts for friends in far-off islands.

The sight of the schooner brought a small lump to my throat. Like my uncle, I knew her qualities and loved her. She lay alongside the dock, shabby and weather-beaten as I had never seen her before. A gangplank slanted down sharply to her rail. I paid off the taxi-cab man, and as I turned to get my things aboard I saw a brawny young native, with flashing teeth and sparkling black eyes, spring ashore with what seemed a single bound. It was Marama, once the Tara's cabin-boy, and my friend and companion in many a scrape. He seized my hand in both his own, calling me by my native name.

"Tehare!" he exclaimed. "Fatu told me you were coming with us; I've been on the watch since daybreak!"

At that moment I felt myself seized by other hands. Ivi and Ofai, my uncle's sailors, had seen me from the forecastle; Fahuri was with them—the Tara's wrinkled, cynical and kindly native engineer. All were old friends; they gave me a feeling of home-coming rather than departure. Presently the last line was cast off; the tug's Diesel engine puffed and snorted; the hawser pulled taut; and the Tara moved away from the dock while the people ashore waved their hats and shouted their farewells.

We followed the tug out through the Golden Gate. The fog was rising in pearly billows above the city, disclosing glimpses of the brown sunlit hills across the bay. The Pacific, gray and ruffled by a light air from the northwest, heaved lazily outside the heads. Flocks of wildfowl, in lines and crescents which changed form with graceful undulations, moved southward swiftly under the fog; gulls with white breasts and slate-blue backs wheeled in the schooner's wake or crowded about bits of floating refuse, calling and quarreling with sounds like harsh wild laughter. The tug cast off. Aboard the Tara there were shouts in a foreign tongue; blocks creaked as the brown men of her crew swayed at the halysards. Her discolored sails rose, slatting gently, and bellied out

as she filled away on the starboard tack. I stood by the rail, watching the coast of California drop away astern. The breeze freshened; the fog became a drizzle and blotted out the land. My eyebrows were beaded with moisture when I went below.

In my uncle's cabin—now mine—I unpacked my bag and stowed my belongings in the locker under the berth. Then, using the combination I had memorized, I opened the safe, for I must confess that I felt an intense curiosity to read the manuscript Uncle Harry had left on board. With the thick folded sheet of paper in my hand, I stretched out luxuriously on the berth. Though it was only midafternoon, I remember that I lit the lamp swinging in gimbals at my side. The manuscript, full of errors, gave evidence of the difficulty my uncle had had in typing it, but there was no mistaking the curious story it told.

CHAPTER TWO

The Derelict

A BOUT six months ago (my uncle's story began) I had to beat south to Mangareva, in the Gambier Islands, at the end of the Tuamotu. I'd made a deal with a Chinese trader to pick up fifty tons of shell he had on hand, and, though the war had knocked the bottom out of the shell market, I'd promised to buy the stuff. The Gambiers are so remote and unimportant that they are seldom visited nowadays; there used to be a lot of diving there, but the patches of shell have been worked out. There's not a white man living in the group.

I stopped ashore in the village with old Ching Loy, and one evening while we were yarning on the veranda a native came up the path and asked to speak with me. He came from Akamaru, one of the beautiful little volcanic islands in the lagoon. There was a white man at his house, he said; a white man who had drifted on the reef a couple of weeks before, all alone in a small ship's boat. He was in bad shape from thirst and exposure; would I take pity on him and give him a passage north? The Kanaka said the man acted strangely; he believed he'd lost his mind through the hardships he'd undergone. I told him I'd pay him a visit and have a look at his guest before I committed myself.

We finished loading the shell next morning, and when the job was done I took the whaleboat and had the men pull me across the lagoon. The white man turned out to be an odd bit of human driftwood—a little shriveled, red-haired Irishman, with a dazed, wistful look in his eyes, and a broken arm he'd gotten when his boat turned over in the breakers. He stood up as well as he could and held out his undamaged hand.

"It's mighty glad I am to see you, sir," he said in a quavering voice. "Captain Selden, if I understand what these Kanakas have been sayin'?"

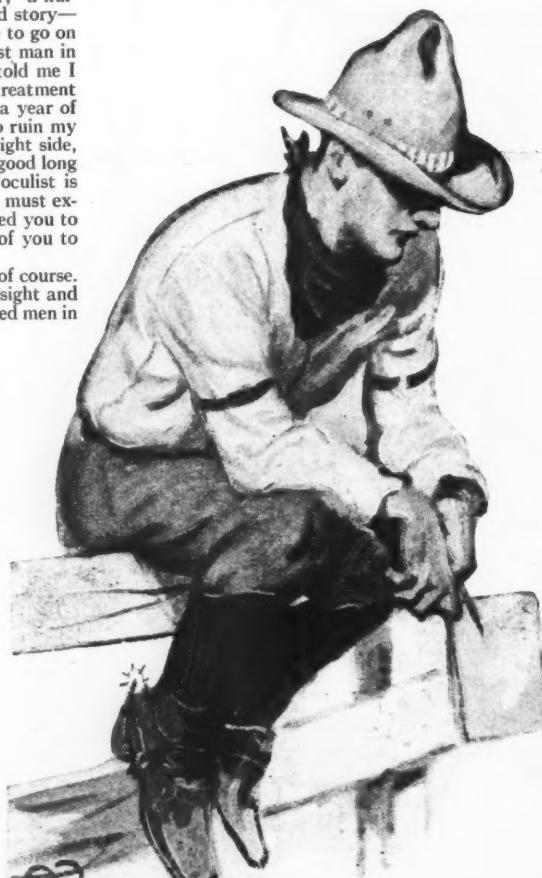
"That's right," I told him, seeing at once that I'd have to do what I could for the poor chap.

"Ah, sir, I can't tell you how good it is to see a white face," he went on; "not that these people ain't been kind to me—they couldn't have treated me better if I'd been the king himself! But I can't talk to them, and the Lord knows I want to talk! It might come back to me. D'you know, sir, I can't tell you me own name!" Suddenly he burst into tears.

While he was taking leave of his brown host, I strolled down to the beach, and there, lying half awash in the sun, I found the stove-in wreck of the boat that had brought my passenger to Akamaru. They had towed her across the lagoon, I suppose, hoping to patch her up, but she was too far gone for that. On her splintered transom I discovered what I was looking for—the half-obiterated letters of a ship's name, "Sumbawa," as nearly as I could make it out. The name meant nothing to me, but I stowed it away in the back of my mind.

We sailed the same night, and I put the Irishman to bed in the extra cabin. His arm was in a very bad way, all swollen and purple from the coral poisoning where he'd bashed it on the reef. He was running a nasty fever, too, and during the night he went into a delirium and began to shout. Some of the things he said made me sit up and listen. "I can't stand it no more!" he raved. "All alone and them dead bodies about! What's that? God help me! They're moving! Keep back! Don't touch me! Oh-h-h!"

Knocking about as I have for so many years, a man is bound to pick up a rough knowledge of doctoring. I got out my books and lancets and set to work. When the sick



I was perched on the top rail of the corral fence, tally-book in hand, dreaming. (Page 165)

man's arm was opened and the poisonous matter draining out, the fever went down. The natives had made a good job of setting the bone. Then, one morning when I was in his cabin, the past came back to him. It must have come in a kind of blinding flash; usually he was a great talker and he looked forward to my little visits, I know; but I noticed that he fell silent all at once, and when I glanced up at him I saw that the glazed look was gone from his eyes. He was staring at the coverlet thrown over his knees, with an expression intent, somber and far away.

"The truth!" I heard him whisper. "It's Jimmy Doyle I am—I remember it all now! Durban—the Sumbawa—the sickness, and me all alone with the dead!"

He looked at me, and I realized that he no longer knew who I was.

I explained to Doyle, very slowly and carefully, how I had come across him on Akamaru, and how the natives had found him by the stove-in boat on the reef. Little by little, in snatches, as the details came back to him, he told me his story. I wish I could set it down in his words—he had the gift of vivid narrative, full of color and touched with a flash of imagination here and there. But it was too fragmentary, too disjointed; it took me several days to get the whole of it straightened out and put together. So I'll have to tell it as best I can.

Sometime about the first of the year, Doyle found himself stranded in Durban, on the east coast of Africa—broke and out of a job—which we call "on the beach." He had been a fireman all his working life, but the glare of the fires had weakened his eyes so that he would have been glad of a chance to earn less money as a trimmer. Half-starved, and worn out from sleepless nights along the waterfront, he decided to enlist in the army, where he would be sure of three meals a day and some sort of a place to sleep; but they wouldn't let him join up—his eyes put him in Class C, and men in that class were not

wanted. Then he heard of a ship—the Sumbawa. She was a little two-thousand-ton freighter—a fine seaworthy little ship that had been trading in the East Indies. Now she was bound for Panama with a cargo of machinery. I fancy that only the scarcity of men got Doyle his trimmer's job.

Seafaring men have a curious instinct in matters of this kind; before the end of the first day out, everyone aboard the Sumbawa knew that there was something out of the ordinary about the voyage. Rumors flew from mouth to mouth, until the outbreak of a strange sickness turned their thoughts in another direction. Just what the sickness was I can't say. Doyle suspected that the food and water were poisoned and muttered darkly of German plots. He had his suspicions of a certain boarding-house keeper in Durban, he told me; a fellow who had refused to take him in "on tick," and who claimed to be a Scandinavian.

At any rate, the members of the ship's company began to sicken and die. The symptoms were cramps in the stomach and a splitting headache, Doyle said, and nothing in the skipper's medicine-kit did any good. On an average they died within thirty-six hours of the first pains. The first three or four to die were given a decent burial; after that they went too fast to be buried and lay about wherever death chanced to overtake them. Not a man escaped the sickness, and Doyle, who was the last to succumb, was the only one of the lot to recover. He attributed his escape to a barrel of rainwater he managed to fill during a thunderstorm.

His convalescence was very slow, mainly because he was afraid to eat the food on board. Sometimes he caught the fish which began to follow the vessel after her fires went out. The ship must have been a proper charnel-house, but her only living passenger was still too weak to think of heaving the bodies overboard. The weather was rough, with squalls of rain out of the northwest. Finally Doyle grew strong enough to take stock of

the fix he was in—horrible enough for any man. The horror grew on him; he thought that ghosts walked the deck by night, while he crouched in the shadows with chattering teeth. He made up his mind that his dead companions would leave him in peace if only he could manage to bury them, so one morning he rigged up a block and tackle arrangement and tried to hoist the skipper over the rail. Odd how he clung to the idea of precedence! But something happened while the skipper, who was no lightweight, was in midair. Doyle let go the line and rushed aft, stricken with terror. Clinging to the rail while he drew in long breaths of pure air (the drag of the Sumbawa's propeller made her drift stern to the wind), his eye fell on the captain's dinghy—a light four-oar boat slung from a pair of davits, aft. He knew that he could lower her single-handed, and in an instant he had decided to leave the ship. He had presence of mind enough to fill the boat's keg with rainwater, and not to forget his fishing gear. Working slowly and cautiously, he got the boat afloat at last, scrambled down one of the falls, cast off and pulled away with all his might. He hadn't an idea where he was or where he was bound—notching mattered except to escape from the horror of the Sumbawa. And that's all I ever got out of Doyle, for something must have snapped in his mind, overwrought by what he had been through.

So much for Doyle. I turned him over to the hospital in Papeete, but he died there a fortnight later.

NOW comes the second part of the yarn. The Regulus is a small British man-of-war that patrols our part of the Pacific. Her skipper, Commander Brixton, is a friend of mine, and one night, not long after Doyle's death, I had him out to dinner at my place. "Selden," he said, when the servant had filled our coffee cups and disappeared, "I've known you a long time, and I'm going to tell you something I've

kept pretty much to myself. You're always knocking 'bout the islands; there's a chance that you might come across what we're looking for, or get some word of her through the natives—a survivor, perhaps, or a bit of wreckage picked up on some lonely beach. It's this: A British steamer, the Sumbawa, sailed from Durban a long time ago. She was bound for Panama, and she's never been heard of since. The Admiralty would give a lot to have news of her. I'm not at liberty to tell you why, but this Sumbawa business has kept the cables hot right round the world!"

I let him finish before I spoke, and to say that he pricked up his ears at what I had to tell him is putting it very mildly indeed. He sprang up and began to stride about.

"Man!" he exclaimed. "This is tremendous! Mangareva, eh? I wonder how far that Irishman could have drifted in his boat? If he left the Sumbawa anywhere near the Gambier Group, she'd have edged over toward the South American coast, then north, and finally west with the counter-equatorial. Between you and me, I'm a made man if I can pick her up, and, by Jove! I'll not forget who gave me the tip!"

That was all Brixton said, and I couldn't press him, of course. But it was enough. The Regulus sailed a day or two later, and I had to push off for Iriatai, to fetch my copra and bring the labor back. While I was there I made a discovery that set me to speculating about the Sumbawa again.

The study of ocean currents has always been a hobby of mine. The main currents of the Pacific, like the Japanese current, the equatorial and the two counter-equatorials, are pretty well known nowadays, but there are any number of local currents and eddies still scarcely known at all. The Tuamotu Islands, where I do most of my trading, are a maze of unknown currents, and a knowledge of the way they set a vessel is important to every skipper who has the misfortune to make his living in that group. When I tell

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 184]



The tug cast off. Aboard the Tara there were shouts in a foreign tongue. Her discolored sails rose, slatting gently, and bellied out as she filled away on the starboard tack. (Page 166)

HER name was Blakeslee, Georgia M., and she sat next to K Blake in most of their freshman classes. She was tall and slight and very, very fair, and so lovely that K always had to smother a gasp of admiration when Blakeslee, Georgia M., stopped staring straight ahead of her in the funny, abstracted way she had and turned and smiled at her. Hers was no doll-baby smile that goes with mere prettiness. It was warm and gay and roguish and made you instantly forget that Georgia was the class, and some even said the college, beauty, and just like her for what she was under her peach-blown skin. Also it gave assurance that beneath her spun-gold, wavy hair there were brains of quality; for it wasn't a stupid smile. And yet, day after day, Georgia sat through her classes with that absent, far-away look on her face and when she was called on gave a start and said, "I don't know," with all the calmness and nonchalance in the world. Why, she acted, K reflected, watching her and wondering about her, as if she were goose enough to suppose that "I don't know" was the right answer!

Sometimes it seemed as if she had hypnotized the professors into agreeing with her. The younger ones (and nearly all the men) looked at her, met her wide, startled gray eyes, were confronted by the superior sort of pout mixed with a hint of an ironic smile that twisted her mouth into an extra becoming but certainly intelligent curve, and hastily substituted on their own faces a kindly, worried expression for the curt, annoyed one they had worn before. And then they rephrased and explained the questions they had asked, which surely must have been unfair or blind or unintelligible so to perplex this radiantly intelligent creature, until Miss Blakeslee had time to focus her excellent mind on the matter in hand and produce an answer.

It was not much of an answer sometimes, but the younger professors made the best and the most they could of it—especially Associate Professor Richard Harris, known to the frivolous among his pupils as Dashing Dick. He often managed to start a prolonged and exciting discussion apropos of one of Georgia Blakeslee's belated replies. K used to wonder whether he would have been interested if mouse-like Kate Carlisle had said the same things.

But she never voiced this feeling; that would have seemed disloyal. K loved beauty, and, sitting worshipfully beside the lovely Georgia, she instinctively adopted an attitude of protection. Foreseeing a question about to descend, she gave the beauty a timely nudge. When Georgia appeared in class without any writing utensil, she professed her precious fountain pen for the beauty's note-taking and used a stub of pencil herself; and when "writtens" were imminent she lent her own notes, painstakingly filled out and elucidated. Also, when she noticed that wide eyes, however starlike, and ironic smiles that hinted of polite scorn were merely exasperating Assistant Professor Belinda Emerson to the danger point, she dropped a warning in Georgia's shell-like ear:

"Belinda has an awful record for flunking people. Couldn't you sort of buck up and pay better attention in her class? They say she marks mostly on the expressions the girls wear when she's talking. She loves to be appreciated!"

After that the beauty sat through Belinda Emerson's class wearing an air of rapt attention that was almost comic in its intensity. K hoped that Belinda's lack of humor would prevent her perceiving the comic over-emphasis. She hoped, too, that Georgia was really listening. If not, what was she so absorbed in—what did she think about when she stared at far-off things so long and



Georgia was enveloped by a crowd of Yale and Harvard and Winsted youths. Several times she offered K one of the extra beaux for a Saturday dance or an afternoon stroll

MONDAY'S CHILD

By Margaret Warde

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

so intently? And why, if she didn't intend to do her college work, had she come to Harding?

None of these interesting questions was ever answered during the brief chats the two girls had before classes, and elsewhere K seldom saw Georgia. Or rather she often saw her, but always she was enveloped by a cloud of Yale and Harvard and Winsted youths, who came up to Harding as often as the law allowed and took humble turns at seeing Georgia—between times, at her bidding, making themselves agreeable to the other girls in her house. Several times, in return for the nudges and the notebooks no doubt, Georgia offered K one of the extra beaux for a Saturday dance or an afternoon stroll, but K was too eager in her explorations of Harding to care for such vicarious amusement.

Freshman year sped along on winged feet. Midyears were terrible of course; even with all her upper-class friends assuring her that it was just freshman folly to worry so, K was in something of a panic. Georgia M. Blakeslee borrowed all K's notebooks again, but she said she wasn't especially scared; she was pretty good at "writtens" when she had crammed well for them. Afterwards she confided to K that she'd got through.

"Oh, just barely, you know! I really ought to do better. I'm going to, only—" The dreamy look was back on her face. "I don't want to turn into a grind, now, do I?" she said, and settled back in placid, inattentive comfort to take a few desultory notes with K's pen.

AND then it was Easter, and then it was spring term. One afternoon in late May, K was hurrying through the corridor that led past the dean's office when Georgia M. Blakeslee burst out of the dean's door. Her eyes were big with fright; her peachblow cheeks were tear-stained; she had evidently been having a very trying interview.

"Oh, K Blake!" she cried, rushing blindly

away from the horrid place of her discomfiture. "Oh, please come somewhere and talk to me. I'm in a terrible mess. I've got to tell somebody—ask somebody—and oh, I'm sure you can think of something to do!"

"The dean says I may as well not come back next fall," explained Georgia, when, a few minutes later, the two girls were closeted in K's small single. "No, I haven't flunked anything, worse luck! If I had, I could make it up. But I've had the lowest passing grade in almost everything. You can't make up a low grade, but if you get enough of them it seems you're automatically dropped as undesirable. And the dean says that I've been talked over in faculty meeting, and no matter how well I do in final exams I'll have within two of the low-grade limit. And she says the way I'm going I'll be sure to get more than two more low grades in the first semester of sophomore year, so why bother to come back and be flunked out? But I can't leave college like that, K Blake. I just can't!"

"Then come back, and don't get the two more low grades," advised K swiftly. "You don't need to, you know. You've got brains."

"I suppose I have," sighed the beauty. "The dean says I have, but she goes by my intelligence test, and I never can see any sense in those things. And Dad says I have, only of course he's prejudiced. But if you really mean it, I'd have some hope."

"You'll have to study hard," warned K. "You've got to tell all those men to stay away and make them do it. And specially and most of all, you'd have to pay better attention. I've often wondered what you think about that takes your mind so entirely off classes."

"The dean knows what I think about," snapped Georgia indignantly. "She says I think too much about my looks." Georgia paused to consider the matter, and then her delightful smile swept the anger and perplexity from her face. "Well, I suppose maybe she's right. When you're—easy to look at—you naturally think sometimes of what

you might do—and be—with out any trouble but just looking the part—and then—you think maybe you'd better not try anything different and so spoil all the good times you're having already. And if your mother kept egging you on not to study too hard—" Georgia shrugged expressively.

"I don't understand all that," K told her sternly. "You'll have to learn to express yourself more clearly if you expect to stay on here."

Georgia sighed deeply. "As long ago as this morning I wasn't even sure that I wanted especially to stay on," she announced. "But I'd certainly be ashamed to face Dad and tell him I was practically expelled for being a dunce. Whatever happens to me, and whatever Mother thinks, I've got to stay here long enough and study hard enough to make good."

"Nothing will happen to you," declared K scornfully, "except that you'll have to settle down and work. And of course that's what your mother would want you to do—grit your teeth and double up your fists and go to it."

"Oh, no!" cried Georgia blandly. "Mother wouldn't want that at all. She'd say, 'Come right home, dear, and we'll see that you have a good time.' K, I'm going to tell you a disgraceful secret. My middle name is Monday. Oh, you know—'Monday's child is fair of face.' Yes, Mother named me pretty, and she likes me pretty,—pretty and popular,—and that's enough for her. She thinks too much education spoils girls—makes them unattractive—scare off the men."

"She ought to come up here on a Prom day or any pleasant Saturday," laughed K, "and see how fast college scares them off."

Georgia shrugged. "She'd say that some of the girls here haven't any attraction to spoil, and that some others aren't getting any great amount of education. And she'd warn me for the 'steenth time that headaches spoil your complexion, and eye-strain makes wrinkles, and—"

"Great hat!" cried K inelegantly. "Excuse me, Georgia, but aren't mothers strange at times? Now tell me what your father thinks."

"Dad? Oh, he lets Mother and me decide things mostly. But once in a great while he makes a suggestion, and I always take it if I possibly can, because Dad's such an old dear. This time he just said, 'Georgie, if all the finest girls in your school are scrambling to get to one of those colleges, I'd try it too. You've got time enough, and I'll manage to get you the money, because I believe it's worth while.' And—I live in a dull little town; so I thought I'd see how I liked college. I persuaded Mother that a little of it wouldn't do me any harm, and I came here. But now I see that I haven't played fair with Dad. He works so hard to get things for Mummin and me. Oh, I w-wish I hadn't been born pretty! It g-gets in your way so!"

K looked at the limp, teary figure and liked Georgia better than she ever had the triumphant beauty of the classroom.

And then she had an idea. "See here, if it's really that way," she began eagerly, "you don't need to be pretty—not especially anyhow. Just get an unbecoming bob and wear the wrong colors and too long skirts and have a shiny nose—"

"Like Laurette Thompson," put in Georgia with a teary chuckle. "Could I look as bad as that, do you think?"

"Well, nearly," said K amiably. "Only her glasses that slide down—"

"I could get some with window glass in them," gurgled Georgia delightedly, "and let them slide—"

"See here," warned K, "don't go into this thing as a play-acting stunt. Unless you mean business and work hard—"

"Oh, I understand that," agreed Georgia meekly and slipped off the couch. "I'm going

home to get ready for tomorrow: Dashing Dick at nine and Belinda at eleven. Probably I can't ward off any of those imminent low grades, but I can surprise them a little. Pinch me, will you, if you think I need it. I suppose I shan't have time to lose my looks before next fall."

In two weeks you cannot do much toward recouping a year's wasted opportunities. Georgia went home with one less low grade than the dean had predicted. She came back in the fall with her peachblow complexion badly sun-burned, her hair cropped unbecomingly close, and her clothes of a nondescript brown that took the shine out of her hair and put a sallowness into her complexion. But she was so alert and eager and enthusiastic that in K's opinion she was lovelier than ever.

"I've worked all summer," she told K breathlessly, "so I'd get in the habit—mornings on that special report for history that dear old Dashing Dick said I might do over; a swim and a game of tennis to keep me fit. And the rest of the time I helped Mother with her garden and drove Dad places, and generally tried to have the two old dears have a taste of the happy, easy time they've always given me. All the time, whatever I was doing, I practiced concentration and accuracy. I told Dad and Mother all about the mess I'm in, and Mother quite agreed that as long as I've started I mustn't make a failure here. So here goes! And of course it's all our little secret."

WHAT'S got into Georgia Blakeslee?" queried the girls in her house.

"She's lost all her beaux."

"She wouldn't go to the Saturday dance, not even with Ursula Craven's stunning brother."

"She says she's going in for swimming and scholarship. Can you beat that—from Georgia?"

"Will somebody please tell her that mode-brown isn't her color and a tight shingle isn't her cut?"

"Well, never mind the cut and the color; Georgia's a real girl. I like her."

"Which one do you like—then or now? And which one do you consider the real Georgia?"

K listened to the varying speculation and comment, and when she could she put in a good word for Georgia. Once in a while, too, she arranged for a walk or a tea with her. "It's fun," Georgia told her gallantly, "making that dean eat her words. It's fun thinking hard and rushing around and doing things, and not just looking. It certainly did get in my way—all that beauty business that first Mother and then you girls fed me up with. But all the same, K, I don't believe I could stand it if I didn't like what I see in the glass. I should just hate being homely."

"Lots of people have to stand it," said K somberly.

"Not you!" cried Georgia. "I love to watch you. Somehow your face always looks as if it were more alive than other people's."

"What—nonsense!" stammered K.

"Oh, but it does!" persisted Georgia. "It's because you really take in things—feel them; not just your own affairs, but other people's too, and the things you read about and think about. You take in a lot, and you give out a lot. That's living!"

K flushed. "Some day perhaps I'll be able to give something worth while, but now I suppose it's our business to take in as much as we can."

"It's certainly my business to do that," chuckled Georgia. "But I really think I'm out of the woods now, K. Belinda Emerson has asked me to tea; Dashing Dick confided to me that he sympathizes with me for being lazy but that he 'delights in my flashes of intelligence'; and the dean no longer puts on that thunderous old frown of hers when she sees me coming."

Georgia came back for her junior year with the assured reputation of being one of 1929's most brilliant members. She joined Drama Society that fall, tried out for their first set of plays, and made a hit in an appealing character part: a homely little orphan in a ragged dress and torn shoes.

"No blond, blue-eyed heroines for mine!" she told K, when the latter congratulated her. "I know how silly they usually are. In my frivolous youth I used to dream I'd go on the stage and be a leading lady, but now I see that

In the MAY Companion

OUR next number will be the biggest and finest of the whole year, so far. There will be a dozen splendid features, led by Commander Byrd's thrilling story of his plans to fly to the South Pole. If you missed the special announcement of this modern epic, turn now to page 164. Our full-length book in the May issue will be by the famous author, C. H. Claudy, who has entitled it "The Gold He Found" and has based it on his own boyhood adventures as prospector and pioneer in Alaska. By way of contrast, Harry Irving Shumway writes another uproarious story about Capt. Pen Freedom, who tells about navigating a camel under sail across the desert. Jimmy Byers gets a tryout by a major-league team; it is more than a tryout, being an ordeal! Charles Nordhoff continues his gripping serial, "The Derelict." Many other stories and features, including the Y. C. Lab, the G. Y. C., the Blue-ribbon List of good motion pictures, Now You Tell One, Nuts to Crack and the Children's Pages, will round out one of the most attractive and worth-while issues of The Companion ever published.

the real thrill comes from getting a part with a heart in it. That helps you to tell things and to understand."

"Oh, I wish I could really act!" sighed K. "I'm no good except in burlesques. Acting in a real play must be like having my beloved psychology made alive."

Georgia nodded. "But isn't living in a big college like Harding very much the same? To think how bored and dull I was here at first, except when the boys came to cheer me, and now I'm fascinated with the grand chance there is of knowing all kinds of girls."

All the year Georgia explored Harding as zestfully as K herself. She played hockey because the elfin witchery of Katie Barrow delighted her, and, as Katie ate, drank and slept hockey, you had to play it with her or never know her at all. She went on long, swift hikes with Lu Patterson, because the quick, swinging rhythm of Lu's life, so full of work and so bereft of the pleasures and luxuries that other girls wanted, struck her as tremendously efficient, and she wanted to discover how Lu did so much and was always so happy about it. She studied history with funny, bespectacled Laurette Thompson, partly because Laurette was a shark and read and remembered all the reference work, but more because she was curious about the mental processes of sharks and grinds. There was a third reason, too, that counted a little: Laurette loved to have Georgia come flashing into her dingy little room and showed it to Georgia, suddenly thoughtful of what others wanted, was eager to gratify her.

It was interesting to watch this girl, encouraged by an adoring mother to think only of her own advantages and her own pleasures, suddenly becoming conscious that giving pleasure was as satisfying as getting it. She could never acquire K's gift for keen, intuitive sympathy, and she hadn't K's instinct for emergency measures that made her so valuable in a crisis. But she wanted,

all at once, to be kind and friendly and helpful, and in her impulsive, hit-or-miss fashion she was. Many an unpopular, unprepossessing, overlooked girl at Harding treasured among her dearest memories of college days some little kindness that the splendid, popular Georgia Blakeslee had gone out of her way to do for her.

AND then the tragedy happened. She was walking down the long hill that led to the new skating rink. Ursula Craven and Joe Kent were behind her, all in single file because the path, through deep snow, was narrow. Children were sliding in the road. Georgia, who loved children, called out a challenging, "Gimme a ride!" to a crowd of small boys hauling a double ripper up a hill.

"Sure, come on!" one little chap shouted back. "I'll be up there pretty soon waiting," Georgia promised and took a running slide down the icy path.

"Come slide with me too," begged a little yellow-haired girl, toiling up the hill with her sled.

As she spoke, her eyes full on Georgia, a car shot out of a hidden driveway and down the road.

"Hey! Look out!" yelled the boys. The child stood still in the road, straight in the path of the car, which, with all brakes set, slid relentlessly forward. A minute more and Georgia had jumped to the rescue; the little girl was safe, sprawling, frightened and whimpering, in the soft snow. But in pushing her to safety Georgia had lost her balance and plunged headlong out on the icy road. There was another moment of awful suspense before the motorist succeeded in ditching his car and Joe Kent pulled Georgia, minus part of her coat and most of her skirt, out from between the front wheels.

"I'm not hurt—not run over," she said, struggling to her feet. "I'm all right except my clothes, and my face is—so stingy and wet." She brushed a hand across her left cheek, then stared at her glove, which was dyed bright crimson. A jagged cut down her cheek from eye to chin was bleeding terribly. "Oh, I've cut—my face!" she said in a queer, strained voice. "Don't tell Mother!" She toppled over in a dead faint.

At the hospital she lay very quiet, staring into space, asking for nothing, paying no attention to the notes and the flowers that were showered upon her.

"The cut's coming on fine," her nurse told her after a few days. "No danger of infection now. Don't you want to see some of your callers?"

Georgia shook her head.

"I know what you want," went on the nurse gayly. "You've been sort of shaken up, and you want your mother. Why not send—" "No!" cried Georgia. "No!" And she burst into a wild paroxysm of sobbing.

After that they let her alone and she lay quiet and listless, while, day after day, the cut healed and the dressings on her cheek grew smaller. Finally when there was really no excuse for her to stay longer in the hospital, her doctor decided that something must be done.

"Georgia," he began, "are you worrying about how much this scar is going to show? Let's face the music and look." Before Georgia could protest, he stuck a small mirror in front of her face.

Georgia lay quite still, taking a long, close look at her cheek. "Will it always be like that?" she asked finally.

The doctor put the mirror back in his pocket. "No," he said, "it won't show as much after a while. It will fade, and it will tend to disappear. But I'm afraid you'll always have something to show for your courage and quickness in rushing out to save that child."

"Yes," said Georgia, and lay still again.

The doctor waited a minute. "It's a mean time, Georgia," he said finally, "but you'll come through with it. You're enough of a girl for that, and your friends will help you. Seems as if I never knew a girl to have so many friends." He waved admiringly at all the flowers and at the great pile of unanswered letter on the table by Georgia's bed.

"I could stand it for myself," Georgia told him. "I had to choose what to do, and I chose, and I got—this. But my mother—my mother—" Her voice broke, and she turned her face to the wall.

"Your mother," the doctor repeated blithely, "is just as good a sport as her daughter. She's as proud as Punch of you, according to what I hear. Haven't you had a letter from your mother?"

"I haven't read it," gulped Georgia, "and I haven't written. She doesn't know."

"Certainly she knows," objected the doctor. "Harding College can't let its girls get any hard knocks and not see to it that their parents receive the true story. Somebody had to tell your mother, and that little K Blake went right to the dean and asked if she might do it, and the dean thought she might."

"Your parents are pretty proud of you, K says," went on the doctor. "She had a wire from your mother that she's been here twice to show you, though she knew you'd have something better. Today she had a paper from your town. Didn't you get one?"

Georgia nodded. "I haven't looked at it."

"Well, you get busy this very minute and see what they think of you out there," advised the doctor brusquely. "And you read your mother's letter. And by the time you've done that K Blake will walk in here and tell you some more. That's all my prescription for today. See that you swallow it!"

When K arrived Georgia was lying with her scarred cheek pillow on Mother's letter and the paper with the story of her bravery clutched tight in her hand. And inside the paper was the card from Dashing Dick Harris's American beauties, with a very nice remark about how he missed her.

"Aren't mothers wonderful at times?" she said, smiling at K. "And aren't fathers absurd? And isn't it lucky that my pioneering-to-California-in-the-fifties grandmother was named Munson, so I can still be Georgia M.? That's just luck, but all the rest, K, is thanks to you!"



She came back in the fall with her peachblow complexion badly sunburned, her hair cropped unbecomingly close, and her clothes of a nondescript brown



The family dining-room at Mount Vernon (Photo by Leet Bros.)

CHAPTER NINE The Widow Custis

IN the old Bruton Church, at Williamsburg, said to be the oldest church building in the United States in which worship now is conducted, and has been from the beginning, are many reminders of colonial days, running back to Pocahontas, and among the rest is a tomb with a double inscription:

Hic jacet
Rolandus Jones, Clericus
filius Rolandi Jones, Clerici.

There lies Roland Jones, minister, son of Roland Jones, also a minister, and both of them ministers of that church. The older Roland Jones was great-grandfather and his son was great-grandfather of Martha Dandridge. She was the daughter of Col. John Dandridge, a planter, of New Kent, and his wife, Frances Jones, granddaughter of the younger Roland. So much for her family, which was a good one, even as families are reckoned in Virginia.

Martha was the eldest in a large family. She was born June 2, 1731. She was a little woman, such as a big man admires. She had hazel eyes and light-brown hair. In due time she married a wealthy planter, Daniel Parke Custis. After a few years of married life he died, leaving her with two children, a son named John Parke Custis and a daughter named Martha, whom the family called Patsy.

George Washington had recovered his health, and another expedition was forming against Fort Duquesne. Washington was on his way to the capital at Williamsburg and, coming to the Pamunkey, or York, River, was easily induced to halt for a short visit to Major Chamberlayne, who lived there. There George Washington met Martha Dandridge Custis.

The only wonder of it is that they had not met before. He was a popular young man, and she was a popular young widow. They moved in the same circle of society. That circle was not large, and it is easy to imagine circumstances under which they might earlier have met. But apparently up to that time they had remained strangers. Washington went on to Williamsburg and presented a report which was expected of him. He was back before very long, visiting the young Mrs. Custis, and before long it was known that they were engaged to be married.

But Washington had another touch of military life before him. He accompanied the command that undertook the final expedition against the French in the Pittsburgh region.

The power of France in the new world was crumbling. To the north the British were slowly gaining. There was not very much fighting, but France was unable to give sustained support to her forces far back in the woods, and the British were slowly taking over their rude and frail fortifications. On November 28, 1758, George Washington was able to write to Gov. Francis Fauquier, who had succeeded Dinwiddie, that the French had abandoned Fort Duquesne, and that it was now in possession of the colonial troops.

Still he remained with the troops, for the war was not yet officially ended. Again he was taken sick. After a time, however, he returned home and completely recovered.

George Washington had

almost reached the age of twenty-seven when on January 6, 1759, he married Martha Custis. She was not a brilliant woman, but was gracious, attractive, and lovable. That she was rich was probably no disadvantage in Washington's eyes. According

to Virginia law, her property became his. He was well landed already, but she brought him a greatly increased acreage, and about three hundred slaves. Col. George Washington was now a landed gentleman with a home and a wife and a family of two stepchildren. To the sorrow of both himself and Martha, they had no children of their own. His wife brought a family tradition and an established social position. She was eight months older than her husband, but still young and charming.

It was a great day in Old Virginia when Col. George Washington was married to Mistress Martha Dandridge Custis. The wedding took place in St. Peter's Church, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Peter Mossom, according to the rites of the established church. Governor Fauquier was there in almost royal robes, and every one else was there who ought to be.

For three months they lived at the bride's home and made many visits and were much feted and banqueted. There was mirth and



(Above) The well-known Chappell portrait of Martha Washington. (Right) The western elevation of Mount Vernon. (Below) The kitchen at Mount Vernon, restored with many objects used by the Washington family (Photos by Leet Bros.)



DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

The Life of Washington

By William E. Barton, D. D.

there was music; there was feasting and much dancing. Then Col. and Mrs. George Washington established themselves in the colonel's own home, at Mount Vernon on the Potomac.

CHAPTER TEN

A Country Gentleman

FOR sixteen years following his marriage the life of George Washington was that of the typical Virginia planter. His affairs were conducted on a larger scale than those of other planters, because he had more money and more land than most of them, and also more practical sagacity and business ability. He and Martha furnished their large house in what was deemed appropriate style, and they lived the comfortable life of colonial gentry. It was not a life of idleness for either of them. Martha was an excellent housekeeper, and she had all the care that went with her position.

As for Colonel Washington, he rose, winter or summer, at daybreak. During a considerable portion of the year, this was about four o'clock. He did not disturb Martha or any of the household, but ate his simple breakfast of hoecake and honey and tea.

After breakfast, he mounted his horse and rode about his plantations. After a ride of two or three hours he returned, changed his clothing and ate a second breakfast, usually with ham and eggs as well as corn bread. This meal he often shared with the family.

Again he was in the saddle, riding to another plantation, or overseeing the erection of a mill or a barn, and returning for luncheon at two o'clock. In the afternoon he visited with guests, of whom there were many; and in the afternoon also he attended to his correspondence.

He liked games and often played with guests in the evening. He enjoyed music, but he himself was not a musician. Although his day began early, he did not always retire early. He slept well, and a short night gave him such rest as he needed.

Martha knew how to obtain from him what she wanted. She took firm hold of a button of his coat, and held to it while she looked up at him. His grave face relaxed when she teased him for what she desired, and if she ever failed we do not know of it.

He carried the purse for the family,

precision. He was careful in his expenditures and watchful of his receipts. But neither Martha nor her children ever found him otherwise than liberal in his expenditures for them. If George Washington gained a fortune by marrying her, she lost nothing by marrying him. His bookkeeping shows that Martha was well provided for.

Few of the Virginia country churches held service every Sunday. It was the custom for



Candlesticks and porcelain used by Washington at Mount Vernon (Photo by Leet Bros.)

one, two, three, or four churches to engage the services of a minister each for one Sunday in the month. To this day, not only in Virginia but quite generally in Kentucky and Tennessee, one Sunday in the month is all that any one denomination expects in the way of church service in country districts. The Methodists may hold a service on the first Sunday in the month, the Baptists on the second. On the third Sunday the Presbyterians may conduct worship, and the Disciples on the fourth. If there is an unoccupied Sunday, it may be spent at home, or in a longer ride to a service elsewhere, and in a visit to relatives on the way. In colonial Virginia the churches were of the then established church; that is, the Episcopal.

George Washington attended church, as his diary shows, about once a month and on special occasions. On the day the Boston Port Bill went into effect he fasted all day. When he did not go to church, he wrote letters and spent the day quietly. He was a vestryman in the nearby Pohick church, and later also in the larger church at Alexandria, and he contributed to the support of other churches.

Washington was never a great reader. His life was an outdoor life. He did not spend many of his spare hours in his library. But he had books, and he used them. He was what would now be called a scientific farmer. He did not content himself with farming as it always had been conducted. He wrote to England to order a book containing "the best System now extant of Agriculture." He learned of a small octavo volume with some such title as "A New System of Agriculture, or a Speedy Way to Grow Rich," and he ordered it from London. He asked also for "a book lately published, done by various hands, but chiefly collected from the papers of Mr. Hale." But he did not want to buy this book if there was a better one; he wanted the best. Accordingly he said, "If this is known to be the best, pray send it, but not if any other is in high esteem."

He made long notes of his readings from Tull's "Horseshoeing Husbandry," Dunham's "A Practical Treatise on Husbandry," "The Farmer's Compleat Guide," Home's "The Gentleman Farmer," and other books. It is interesting to observe that these notes were made rather steadily between his marriage and the Revolution. Then

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 197]



As fast as the pines arrived from Uncle Jim's pasture we set them in the holes and tramped down the earth about them

THE BEST DAY'S WORK I EVER DID

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

THIS goes back to the time when Arbor Day, although not a new idea, had not been so generally established by law in the states.

It is a fact, however, that from time immemorial the students at Bowdoin and certain other colleges had celebrated what was called Tree Day, every spring, when with much pomp and a tremendous fanfare each class in turn made an excursion into the country in quest of a young tree for planting on the campus, in the name and for the future honor and glory of that class. But I am now speaking of Arbor Day proper as observed a quarter of a century ago in the interests of forestry and home adornment.

The present writer was among the thousands to whom the call to plant at least one tree made good its appeal. "Yes, I will take two hours for it and plant a tree," I said, "and maybe years hence I shall sit and take my ease in the shade of it."

Arbor Day for that year had been appointed by public proclamation and was to be on the following Tuesday.

Then came the question of the species of tree. "Shall it be a sugar maple or a beech, the 'parent of printing types,' or a linden over which the bees will hum in spring, or a sturdy, long-lived oak with its annual crop of acorns? No, for all deciduous trees look bare and dead during the greater part of the year; no, it must be an evergreen; yes, a pine, a noble white pine, which will even outlive an oak."

Everybody knows how an idea will expand and grow in the mind when once, like a seed, it has found lodgment and taken root. An idea, indeed, is not a little like a tree. Before night that day I had determined to plant five pines instead of one. "Why not? The more the 'better.'" And before the second evening my plan had grown to include the planting of fifty young pines.

At my small place at Norway Lake—where I had moved after leaving our old farm—I had a piece of rocky waste land, nearly two acres in extent, good for little except to help hold the world together. Thinking of this, I finally resolved to take all Arbor Day, hire four or five neighbors, and set that two acres of waste land wholly to young pines.

But where were all those seedling pines to come from? For there were few state nurseries then.

A neighbor living next me keeps—or kept at that time—a dairy herd. His pasture adjoins mine. To the north of it stands a grove of white pine; and three or four years previously had come a cone year when pine seed goes broadcast, though mostly south of the parent trees. It fell and took root in my neighbor's pasture, in consequence of which he had a jungle of young pines now three or four feet tall; and I knew that this good neighbor wished to be rid of them.

So I went to see him and found him busy wheeling stove-wood to his wood-house.

"Uncle Jim," I said after the usual amenities, "that pasture of yours is a sight this spring, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I've got to mow it all over with a bush scythe."

"No good," said I. "Those little pines will come right up again from the root."

"I suppose they will," he admitted.

"What will you give me to root them up for you?" I asked.

"I'll give ye ten dollars!" he exclaimed.

"Not enough," I said. "It will be a tough job."

actually cost me all told in cash only seven dollars and a half.

Having set out young pines on waste land, a man can go off about his other business and forget all about them. They will take care of themselves and need no further attention. In fact, the less you do to them the better—except in one particular. Within the last fifteen years, a few pines in New England have begun to suffer somewhat from what is called pine rust, or pine blister, caused by a parasite which begins life upon currant and gooseberry bushes and goes from these to pine. Pines standing at a distance of three hundred yards from currant and gooseberry shrubbery are not, so far as has been observed, reached by this pest. It is therefore necessary to root up the currants and gooseberries contiguous to young pine forests. The pest damages young pines mostly; older, larger trees are not much affected by it. Thoughts of it therefore need not deter us from planting pine.

For several years thereafter my little plantation of trees did not grow very fast. Some time had to elapse before they became well rerooted in new ground. Meanwhile I was away from home much of the time, engrossed by other matters, and, indeed, scarcely gave them second thought. By the fifth year, however, I noticed that they were looking much larger, and that the entire two acres had taken on a fine dark-green aspect, which quite concealed the bare rocks and knolls. I chanced one day to pass Uncle Jim, who was leaning on a gate by the roadside, gazing across at them.

"Don't they look fine!" I exclaimed. "There will soon be a handsome stand of pine over yonder."

The old man turned and gave me a look of something more than suspicion. "Huh!" he grunted. "I ought to have got ten cents apiece for those pines."

Really the mere sight of that thrifty dark-green grove much more than repays me for the small sum expended to put it there, particularly in winter.

It is less to this sentimental side of that day's work, a quarter of a century ago, that I am now calling attention, than to another side which I find appeals strongly to my neighbors and fellow townsmen; namely, the money side. A few days ago I happened to see one of the local lumbermen who operate sawmills at the foot of our lake, leaning over the same roadside gate where Uncle Jim had stood, and he, too, had his eye fixed on those pines. I guessed he was going to call on me, and he did.

"Want to sell that stand of pine over there?" he asked. I thought I should like to hear what this destroyer of forests thought of my woodland, and so said, "Perhaps, if I could get my price."

"How much do you figure?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "there are four hundred and fifty-one pines there. I suppose they will make about a hundred thousand of lumber. Some of it will turn out clear pine boards worth seventy dollars a thousand feet, and even knotty pine is now worth thirty dollars. So what would you give for it on the stump?"

"What do you say to three thousand dollars and allow me five years in which to cut and get it off?" he suggested. That meant of course that he wanted to let it stand and grow there for five seasons more.

"With that proviso, the price would be five thousand dollars!" I said—and I have been quaking in my boots ever since for fear he may take me up.

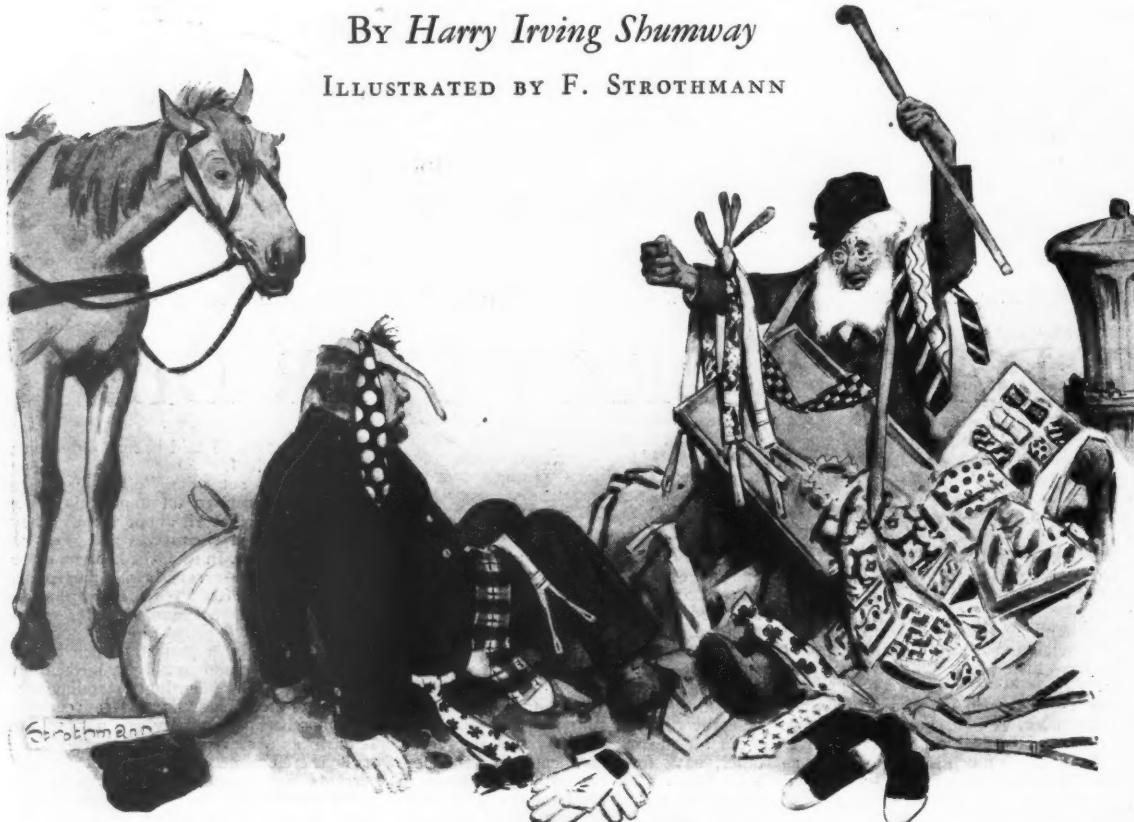


The old man turned and gave me a look of something more than suspicion

THE POOR LITTLE RICH ISLAND

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



I ran kerplunk right into a little old peddler with a tray of dry goods hangin' from his shoulders. We both upset in the mud

ONE of the boys of the Hammer and Chisel Club had a new ring, a birthday present, and everyone in the club headquarters in the Freedom barn was admiring it, including Capt. Pen Freedom.

"A mighty pretty ring," he said, squinting approvingly at it with his one good blue eye. "And gold, too."

"Fourteen karat!" proudly explained Larry Dodd, the owner.

"Sho! Looks more like the real thing than this old relic on my finger—which is pure twenty-four karat gold. Looks like brass, don't it? Just heft it."

The boys examined it with interest. It was just a plain band, worn to a dull luster, but it was the genuine high-karat gold, as he had said.

"That's all I have to remind me of one of the strangest voyages I ever took," observed the Captain. "It seems powerful strange, and sometimes I almost doubt it myself, but it's—"

"The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" squawked Napoleon, the gorgeous parrot, whose cage hung above them in the workshop.

IT all started with my meetin' a queer sort of character (began Captain Pen).

One day this man called at my home, where I was restin', and said he wanted to see me on business. I didn't care much for Mr. Jonas Winterby, which was his name; he sort of acted on me like a—toad. "I wonder if you'd take a job for me," he began. "I've heard you were honest, sober and a good navigator. Could you navigate a forty-two-foot yawl to a place—well, a place out in the Atlantic Ocean?"

"I could, if I had to—and the elements didn't oppose the notion too hard. But why not a big boat—"

"I have my own reasons," he says. "I'll pay you two hundred dollars a month, but you've got to swear you'll never tell a livin' soul what we—find."

Mysterious—and I thought hard for about two seconds, and said yes. I was a regular turtle in those days for snappin' at things. "What have I got to be secret about?"

"You must know sometime—so I'll tell you now. This boat is in the East River, New York. We are going to an island—I'll

tell you just where later, but it's off the coast of Guiana. And the thing you're to keep your mouth shut about is—treasure!"

I signed up, and right away we began gettin' the boat ready. It seemed like an awful little craft for such a trip, but I had my suspicions of why he wanted it that way: a small crew. His secret would be safer with fewer to share it. As it turned out, we were all there was to that crew, just Jonas and me.

My spirits ran high the day we were to shove off; I'm always chipper on an occasion like that. I remember I was runnin' down the street to the wharf, whistlin' and gay, and, turnin' a corner, I ran kerplunk right into a little old peddler with a tray of dry goods hangin' from his shoulders. We both upset in the mud, showered with a bouquet of suspenders, neckties, wristers, colored handkerchiefs and such gay odds and ends. What language he spoke I don't know—but he showered me with that too. It must have been awful.

Well, he ran on terrible; I'd ruined him and wrecked his whole business. I fished in my pocket and yanked out a bill, all I had. It was a ten-dollar note.

"I'll buy your whole box, Mr. Wana-maker. I'm in a hurry!"

He shoved the whole tray at me, took the ten-dollar bill and vanished—and there I was, a regular merchant in two minutes. I stuffed the whole caboodle in my sea bag and hustled to the boat.

We shoved off, and in a few hours we were breezin' along the Jersey coast. All the while the Winterby man was takin' a lot of interest in navigatin'. He learned to handle the boat himself; and he learned to use the compass and how to find our position. What he wanted to know all these things for had me puzzled—but I found out later.

One day he sent me back into the dinghy to bail out after a hard rain. While I was busy, I felt something fall into the boat and turned around. It was my sea bag. The Winterby man had cut me loose—adrift on the ocean and in a fourteen-foot boat. He never said a word—just sailed away. And that was the last I ever saw of him. He knew he was near enough to the spot where the treasure was to be found—and he'd learned to handle the boat himself.

A tough situation! I could row—but to what? There wasn't a bit of land in sight

anywhere, and we'd come a long way from the coast. But nothin' is gained by sittin' still and thinkin'. I flipped a coin. "Which-ever way the gold eagle points, I'll steer for that!" Southeast he landed, and so southeast I set my course.

It looked pretty discouragin', but I kept goin', singin' songs to myself to keep cheered up. The next mornin' I woke to find fog everywhere; couldn't see twenty feet ahead. I'd been almost glad to see anything show up—dangerous or not.

I drifted and rowed all day, the fog never liftin'. Then I began to notice somethin' different. I was in a powerful current, and that current not only had urgent business ahead but was also hoppin' up and down like a camel's humps.

Then *whush-crunch!* The little boat was lifted in the air and plunged down on a beach. I was a mighty tickled sailor to drag my boat up on that shore. It was getting dark fast. I was so tired I just flopped down to sleep, not knowin' nor carin' what I'd landed on.

But the next mornin'! The sun was up, and the fog had vanished. There was not a sight of anything around but rocks, rocks, rocks. Not a tree or a bit of green anywhere. I started to explore, goin' up the gradual ascent of rocks. It fooled me; the climb was a good mile and goin' up all the time. I came to the top of the rocky hill and looked around and says to myself, loud and joyous, "Pen, you ain't an ijot at all. Hurray for me!"

There in front of me, down in a wide crater, was the handsomest little city you ever saw, all shiny and pretty. I started down into town so fast I stubbed my toe on a rock and fell. Boys, do you know what that rock was? Gold! Solid gold!

I looked around and began to get the idea of why the city shimmered so in the sunlight.

There was gold everywhere!

"Pen," I says to myself, sittin' there, nursin' my stubbed toe, "Pen, you're too precipitous—rushin' into an aristocratic city with no necktie around your silly neck and your hair all tousled."

I dug into my stock of goods in the sea bag and selected a beautiful tie. It was a lovely one, bright red with emerald-green polka dots the size of June freckles all over it—and all made up accurate. It snapped around my neck with a rubber band. Might

as well make it a real holiday, said I; so I added a pair of baby-blue silk armlets around my arms and a pair of pink worsted wristers. Last, but not least, I hitched on a pair of silk suspenders—purple with forget-me-nots all entwined up and down on 'em. Boys, I was a picture as I strutted down into town.

Main Street wasn't so very long, but it sure was expensive; silver pavin' blocks all the way—and the curbs were of gold. Little cottages set back from the street, made of onyx, but trimmed with gold. But not a tree or blade of grass anywhere. Nothing but rocks and gold and silver.

The first man I met was a policeman—you can always tell a policeman no matter where you land. He was dark, but, oh, his uniform! It was made of fine woven silver, trimmed with gold; even his shoes were of woven silver with gold buttons. He swung a beautiful billy of engraved silver. His eyes just popped out of his head when I got near him.

I tried English on him, but he didn't understand—so I spoke a little Spanish, which he did know.

"My name is Penhallow Freedom, from the United States, and my boat just crashed on your beach. Where am I?"

"Misery Island!"

"Misery Island—with all this gold and silver! Misery? Well, I never!"

"Yes, that's all there is here. Nothing but that—and a lot of rubies, emeralds, pearls, pearls!"

"Rubies! Emeralds!" I gasped.

"Si, Señor. You are standing with one foot on a big emerald now. Permit me. They are a nuisance, cluttering up our walks and roads—but there are so many of them it's hard to keep them swept off. What a beautiful necktie! *Caramba!* It is cloth!" he shrieked.

This was getting stranger every minute. Was he crazy, or was I dreaming? Kicking emeralds out of the way! And now his eyes were sticking out of his head at my twenty-five-cent tie! I took it off.

"Here, I'll give you this tie, seein' you're so wild about it."

He dropped his billy and shook like a leaf with joy.

"Oh, Señor, this is too much. I cannot take it. It is so beautiful—such heavenly colors and such texture—smooth."

"Sure, it's silk—near-silk anyway." I dug in my bag and brought out another one for my own neck. It was a rich orange with purple half-moons and pansies all over it. He choked with some sort of emotion when he saw it. Then he gurgled, "Oh, Señor—so much beauty—I am faint with its loveliness."

A queer policeman. He strapped the necktie around his neck, and no peacock was ever half so pleased with himself. I opened the bag and let him look inside. "I've got a whole lot of this stuff."

Quick as a shot, he closed the bag, clapped his hand over my mouth and gazed about us, scared.

"Careful, Señor!" he whispered. "Such wealth is unbelievable. We must go at once to the bank. Come. No time can be lost. Hurry."

Now I knew I was on a crazy island. This queer policeman grabbed my arm and began trotting me down the street. I could have resisted, but somehow I got the idea he meant all right. He'd said "bank" and "vault," and that sounded right enough.

THE bank was a poor-lookin' buildin'—made of nothin' but solid gold! The big bars at the windows—which had no glass—were solid gold, two inches thick. So was the floor inside. The policeman led me in.

"I will take you to the president himself," he said, leading me back of a gold railing.

There was a dignified-looking man sitting at a desk. He had on a gold Prince Albert coat, and his trousers were silver, striped with gold, all woven. His shoes were of fine woven gold.

"Pardon me," he said, rising and coming near as soon as he saw me. "*Caramba!* What an exquisite necktie! May I touch it? Ah, what texture!"

Even the bank president was crazy. These people needed humorin', I could see that. So I tried him with a pair of suspenders from my sea bag.

"Many happy returns of the day!" I said, bowing. "I present these to you as a token of my esteem."

"For me!" he cried, bowing graceful.

"Oh, this is too much. I couldn't accept such an expensive gift."

"Excuse me," I said, "but will you tell me why these ties and suspenders seem so valuable to you—and you're kickin' around gold and emeralds?"

He seemed surprised. "Gold! Why that's the commonest thing here. Emeralds are just—pebbles underfoot. But this cloth—so soft, so slippery!"

"That's silk. Don't you have any cloth here?"

"None whatever. Cloth is wealth untold. There is none. Nothing grows on Misery Island, as you can see."

"Well, what is the standard of wealth?" I asked.

"Beans!"

"Beans?"

"There is a small patch of semi-fertile ground on the island, the only piece that can be cultivated. Under a strong guard various beans are grown which are used for money, as they are the only thing of value. The Lima bean is the highest in value—this bank has a capital stock of fifty thousand Lima beans. Next comes red kidney beans, then the yellow-eye beans, and finally the small white bean."

"What do you eat here?" I asked. "Bean soup?"

"We live entirely on fish and a very nourishing sea moss. Sometimes we have had tea—when a boat comes to grief on these rocks."

"Oh, so boats do come?"

"Only when they are wrecked. We are off the path of ships—and fog covers these frightful rocks most of the time. And again nobody knows it is inhabited, because the city cannot be seen from the ocean. The thousands of ledges offshore keep boats miles away from us. We are doomed to stay here—because there is no wood to build a boat from."

The policeman spoke up. "Honorable President, this is the richest man in the world. If he will permit you to look in his bag—it should be in the vault."

I opened the bag, and the president staggered back. "Lock the door, Sancho!" he yelled.

I stood by and let my stock speak for itself. Funny—I was gettin' proud of it myself, too. The president insisted on cataloguing it, and then it would go into the vault under a guard.

Forty neckties, twenty-three pairs of suspenders, thirty pairs of armlets and thirty-seven colored silk handkerchiefs—that was what I had left. The president nodded his head over it and insisted on shaking hands.

"There is no doubt of it. You are the richest man we have ever met. Welcome to Misery Island. Will you honor us by becoming a director in the bank?"

The bank was made of solid gold. The big bars at the windows were two inches thick. A policeman led me in

He fingered my stock in trade and finally held up a pair of green silk suspenders with little patches of Scotch plaid on 'em.

"Chaste but rich," he said. "These will make your holdings equal to those of any of the other directors. We will meet today and elect—but that is only a matter of form."

FROM that minute I became a social lion in spite of myself. The very clothes I had on, which were just sailor things, made everybody stare in amazement and envy. Nobody had any real cloth on the island.

And for the first time in my life I entered society. The next day I got an invitation to tea from the leader of Misery Island society, Mrs. T. Chotes-Shrewsbury, a lady who had been washed ashore from a wreck twenty years before. She lived in a big onyx and gold mansion in the best section and had a lot of servants and everything. Husband I found out was worth twenty thousand Lima beans!

I went to tea, and of course I carried gifts—a pair of pink silk suspenders for Mr. Chotes-Shrewsbury and a purple silk handkerchief for his wife. We met under a canopy on the big gold veranda. The canopy had a familiar look. It should have—it was part of an old mainsail! I suppose by Misery Island standards it was a priceless tapestry.

Well, we had a great time, drinkin' tea and eatin' muffins made out of sea moss. The tea was served in the only set of china on the island. The poor folks had to eat off mere gold dishes, but the Chotes-Shrewsburys had real china. It said S. S. Blenuria on every piece, too.

I found out where they got their fire to cook with. Seems the whole crater was hot a few feet below the surface, and all you had to do was dig a shaft and get all the heat you wanted.

When society takes you up there's no time to breathe. They made so much of me I wanted to do something for them. They were entirely without outdoor sports, so I laid out a seven-hole golf course on the dunes at one end of town. Clubs I had to make out of some old pieces of wood that had drifted in. They didn't have any rubber, so for balls we had to use pearls! They grew pretty big in those waters. It was a pretty rich sight to see Penhallow Freedom putting a fat pearl into a silver hole with a gold putter!

In three weeks I got so used to seein' gold and precious stones around that I didn't pay any attention to 'em. I began to see why they called it Misery Island. The real enjoyable things of life were missing.

I wasn't goin' to spend the rest of my life on an island where the only things were gold and jewels! The boat I came in was no craft to put to sea in. One day I had an idea of something that would make a forty-foot

yawl. If steel ships would float, why not gold?

With the proceeds of the sale of a couple of neckties I got a goldsmith to turn me out some strong gold plates. I designed my boat on a big scale and cut the plates to pattern and bent them. We drilled holes and secured the plates with white-hot rivets.

Next came the mast. I'd compromise on hulls if I had to, but I hope I'm a good enough navigator to know better'n to use a gold mast. Wood I had to have. The only stick in the city stood in the main square; it had been a real mast once, but it now was the official flagpole. I offered to buy it, and at first the city government wouldn't hear to it. But when I pointed out that they didn't have any flag to fly on it I got it for three neckties and two pairs of suspenders.

And then came the sail. Yes, you guessed it—Mrs. Chotes-Shrewsbury's piazza awning. I knew I couldn't buy that—so I used a little diplomacy. I called one day,

"Mrs. Chotes-

Shrewsbury," I said to her, "of course you've heard of my gold boat."

"Indeed I have," she said. "It is a very wonderful thing to do. Clever man."

"Thank you." I bowed. "There will be a great launching next week—the only one Misery Island ever had. But two things are left—the boat has no name, and I have no sponsor to christen it."

She looked interested. I went on.

"Might I be so bold as to name it the Helen Chotes-Shrewsbury?" Helen was the lady's name.

"Why—I am honored," she said. I bowed some more.

"And, generous lady, would you further honor me and my boat by christening it?"

"I should be only too proud and delighted," Mrs. Chotes-Shrewsbury replied.

I heaved a terrible sigh. We were sitting on the piazza at the time, and my eyes sort of drifted up to that awning.

"We can launch her—but I don't know what'll happen after that. We haven't any sail." All the time I was havin' sights and lookin' at her awnin'. She laughed. "My dear Mr. Freedom, of course you can have it." She saw what I was driftin' at all the time.

The launching of the Helen Chotes-Shrewsbury was the biggest event in the history of Misery Island. Everybody came, and speeches were made. My wealth of suspenders, ties and such had dwindled down to about half of its original size. This I donated to the poor folks of Misery Island, who didn't have a stitch to their backs except gold and silver clothes. I could get more. The people presented me with a gold chest filled with their best rubies, emeralds and such baubles. I was a rich man—if I ever got home.

"I christen thee the Helen Chotes-Shrewsbury!" cried the leader of Misery Island society.

Everybody waved their hands and cheered, and I moved out to sea.



That fog cost me a million dollars. A big freighter hit me, and over went my boat

I SET a course northwest and settled down to enjoy my voyage, sailing by night and sleepin' by day so's I wouldn't get run down.

But two days out and one of those awful fog came down. That fog cost me a million dollars. A big freighter hit me, and over went my boat. Just as she struck I leaped for safety.

They heard my yell and hove to. I got aboard all right, but my boat was sunk—gone down in water a mile deep.

The freighter went to Australia, and from there I got to England and then back to the United States.

I bided my time. But it was two years before I could get a small boat of my own and a few trusted friends for a crew. We set sail for the island one day—and I was sure I could find it.

I did. And once again Capt. Pen Freedom climbed the steep rocks to the rim of the Golden City. And once more I got the shock of my life.

Where yellow shimmerin' gold had been, now there was nothin' but fertile green fields and beautiful growin' things. It was agriculture with a big A. We went down into the beautiful green valley, and finally I found Sancho and my old friend, the president of the bank. They were hoein' corn and beans and happier than they'd ever been before.

"What happened?" I asked after we'd greeted one another.

"The greatest luck in the world," beamed the ex-president. "Just after you left, the crater beneath us began to smoke. It is a volcano, you know. We all ran out to the farthest end of the island, where there is a great cave. And there we stayed while the crater belched fire and destruction for two weeks.

When we ventured out, Misery Island had completely changed. Not a bit of gold or metal was left, buried hundreds of feet under us. But as it cooled down we found this wonderful soil had come to us.

"We are happy, much happier than before. See our clothes! Woven from fibre made of grass. Of course they are not so beautiful as your ties and suspenders—but they seem beautiful to us."

"And, boys," said Captain Pen, "there's a lot in that. Gold and precious stones—with nothing else—would be misery. They're only good for a swap—like my ties and suspenders. A lot of people will try to tell you different, but when you feel yourselves gettin' greedy—just remember what happened to me on Misery Island."

"It's the truth," cackled Napoleon.



FACT and COMMENT

**THE
YOUTH'S
COMPANION**

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THE ARCH OF CHARACTER rises from twin foundation stones, Honesty and Industry, and its keystone is Intelligence.

WE FORESEE a crisis in the handkerchief industry. The Chemical Foundation has set aside \$195,000 for research work in the cause and prevention of the common, everyday cold, a universal scourge about which we know today scarcely more than the Egyptians or the Hittites.

WE LEARN that the authorities of the Naval Academy at Annapolis have decided to make golf compulsory for all the cadets. A knowledge of the game, it appears, is considered an essential part of a naval officer's social equipment. The Glee Club will now sing "A life on the rolling greens, a home on the vasty links."

THE SPIRIT OF PURITANISM, using the word in its general sense, is most aggressive today in Arabia. Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, has issued decrees forbidding not only tobacco and liquor to the faithful but also the use of perfumes; the wearing of gold ornaments or silken garments, the practice of lending money on interest, and the shaving of the beard. There is a list of "sumptuary laws" with a vengeance.

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER at Stratford on Avon is to be built from the designs of a woman architect, Miss Elizabeth Scott. The young lady, who is only twenty-nine years old, comes honestly by her talent for architecture, for she is the granddaughter of Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent church architect, and the cousin of Sir Giles Scott, who designed the striking cathedral at Liverpool when he was hardly more than a boy.

AN ALTAR TO BROTHERHOOD

IN the desperate fighting along the Ypres front in 1915 a young man named Gilbert Talbot, the son of the Bishop of Winchester, and a person of so much promise that both Earl Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George thought him likely to be a future premier of Great Britain, was among those who fell. Not long afterward the army chiefs set apart in the town of Poperinghe a house to be occupied by the chaplains of the Sixth Division as a headquarters for their work among the soldiers. This house was called "Talbot House" in memory of young Gilbert Talbot. The name was subsequently shortened by the soldiers themselves to T H; and, since the army telephonists and telegraphists used the word Toc for the letter T, to prevent confusion with letters of a similar sound, Talbot House became Toc H to the men at the front.

What Toc H did for the support of morale and the consciousness of brotherhood among the men who faced the long horror of war in the Ypres salient is history. The spirit of the institution was symbolized by the motto over its door, "All rank abandon ye who enter here." Officers and men met on a footing of absolute equality, and the director of the house, the Rev. Philip Clayton, made

the place so essential to the men it served that when, in 1918, all other clubs and chapels at the front were closed Toc H remained open because the officers feared that the morale of the troops would fail if it were abandoned.

After the end of the war Mr. Clayton, convinced of the value of such a place of human brotherhood in peace as well as war, gathered some of the survivors of Ypres around him and established a Toc H house in London. The carpenter's table, found in the garden of the house of Poperinghe, which had served as an altar in the chapel at the original Toc H, was brought to London and set up in the new establishment. From that starting-point the movement has grown. There are Toc H houses all over London and in other cities in England. In them men of all classes meet to discuss the problems of life and of society, to renew their sense of human brotherhood, and to take courage for the work of regeneration. Toc H is today the principal recruiting ground in Great Britain for men who are to find their place in affectionate and useful social service. To take one example only, it has supplied to the Boy Scouts more than two thousand scout masters.

In no country outside the British Empire would Toc H have the romantic and sentimental associations that make it so significant an influence on British life. But it would be a fortunate thing if it, or something like it, could be planted in every country on the globe. It is already to be found in all the commonwealths of the Empire and is actually on the point of being established in Germany. If its spirit of brotherhood and of helpfulness to one's fellow man could spread throughout the world, more would be done to bring war to an end than all the leagues and conferences that statesmen devise can accomplish.

MODERN WONDERS

THE Seven Wonders of the ancient world, talked of for centuries, were all architectural or artistic. They were the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus at Athens, and the Pharos at Alexandria. We do not know who first selected these seven marvelous achievements of man, but it is clear that he found the greatest triumphs of intellect in the creation of vast monuments or stupendous works of statuary.

When we try to name the wonders of the modern world, we do not naturally think of our great buildings or our striking works of art, perhaps because we have not got far beyond the ancients in such matters, if indeed we have really come up to them. The human intellect today has won its greatest triumphs in other fields: in physics and mechanics and chemistry, in exploring the constitution of matter and learning the laws of nature, in science and engineering.

It is not an easy thing to decide on the seven wonders of our own day, though the long association with that mystic number of the ancient philosophers leads us to try to confine our choice to seven. A few years ago an American magazine collected the opinions of some seven hundred wise men all over the world, and found that the greatest number of votes fell to wireless telegraphy and radio, the telephone, the airplane, the discovery of radium and radioactivity, the use of antiseptics and antitoxins, spectrum analysis, and the X-ray. That list omitted some very wonderful things that mankind has accomplished within the century—notably the Panama Canal and the Simplon Tunnel.

Now the wise men are at it again, and Doctor Stratton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has selected a different list, after studying the suggestions of several hundred American scientists and scholars. He despairs of keeping his wonders within the mystic number of seven and names nine: the discovery and control of bacteria, the use of electricity for light, power and communication, our advance in the knowledge of the constitution of matter, the internal-combustion engine, modern methods of building with steel and cement, processes of preparing and preserving food, the airplane, modern progress in metallurgy,

and the development of machinery to lessen labor and increase production.

We like the first list better than Doctor Stratton's, but they are alike in this, that they put the emphasis on science rather than art, on the penetration of the secrets and mysteries of nature rather than on the creation of great works in marble or granite. It is inevitable that it should be so, for it is in those directions that the mind of mankind is now conspicuously traveling. Its modern triumphs are won in fields of which the ancients did not even guess the existence.

A COLUMBUS MEMORIAL

WHEN Christopher Columbus discovered the New World in 1492, the first of the really important islands on which he landed was Santo Domingo, or Haiti, as it is generally called today. It was on this island that he left a part of his crews to form a Spanish colony, the earliest permanent settlement of white men in America.

It is now proposed to erect on the shores of this island, near the harbor of Santo Domingo, a great memorial to the discoverer. The project is not a new one. As long ago as 1852 the Spanish historian of the island, Antonio del Monte y Tejada, suggested that a great lighthouse should be built as a memorial to Columbus and paid for by popular subscription in all the cities of Europe and America. It is a curious and interesting fact that the memorial proposed today, which will be erected by the nations represented in the Pan-American Union, is to be just what Tejada thought of almost a century ago.

It is the plan to build a splendid monumental lighthouse, near the ancient walled city of Santo Domingo, which was founded by Columbus no less than four hundred and thirty-two years ago. The Dominican government has set aside 2500 acres of land to surround the memorial, which will be used as a park and also as an aviation field. Beneath the lighthouse in a memorial chapel it is proposed to inter the remains of Columbus, if it can be definitely determined that they now rest, as the Dominicans assert, in the ornate tomb that now stands in the cathedral of Santo Domingo. As to that there is unfortunately some difference of opinion, for according to another story the body of the great discoverer lies in an equally magnificent tomb in the cathedral of Seville in Spain.

The Pan-American Union hopes to raise four million dollars for the memorial, to be contributed by the governments and the people of all the countries in North and South America. It purposed also to hold a competition for the design of the chapel and lighthouse, which is to be open to architects all over the world, and to offer some \$50,000 in prizes for the successful design and those which narrowly miss election. There is every reason to believe that the money will be raised, and that at last Columbus will have in the New World a monument splendid enough to bear testimony to the greatness of his achievement.

BIG BROTHERS

BIG brother, if he is a responsible soul, as he usually is, feels a constant obligation to oversee the conduct of his younger brothers, to correct their errors, and to bring them up strictly in the way he thinks they ought to go. His motives are good, and his advice is often excellent, but it is a matter of frequent observation that his juniors are likely to resent his paternal manner and to be a little obstinate in rejecting his counsel. He is only a boy, anyhow, one of themselves, if somewhat bigger. Who gave him the right to tell them what to do, and what not to do?

That is a parable which explains pretty well the difficulties that beset the relations of the United States with the smaller republics of Latin America, and specifically the present situation in Nicaragua. Our own country is politically older and in every way much bigger than they. Our government is often annoyed and sometimes exasperated by the financial and political irresponsibility that some of these small states display; and it is also uneasy for fear those faults may involve its younger brothers in serious

How the Companion Editors see the News of the Day

trouble with nations that would be less patient with them than we are. So it has from time to time stepped in to set things right, to settle boundary disputes, to manage national finances, to restore order and discourage revolutions. Its forces are today in Haiti for one of those purposes, and in Nicaragua for another.

Some of the inhabitants of Latin America recognize the value of what we have done, and the restraint with which we have done it. Others—the majority—perhaps do not and, whether we have served good ends or not, resent our interference with their affairs and suspect us of a desire for domination over them. Like the little brothers in the family next door, they want to do things in their own way and regard the big brother as a dictatorial nuisance.

We have for many years felt a special interest in Nicaragua, since we have often considered the possibility of building an inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus at that point, and we have, as a matter of fact, a concession giving us the right to build such a canal, if we wish to. So we are anxious that the country shall be orderly and politically stable—which it almost never is. There are two opinions, however, not only in Latin America but in the United States, about the wisdom and even the legality of our using our marines to keep order there. We shall, no doubt, hear much on that subject during the coming Presidential campaign, for that is one of the few subjects on which there is little to prevent the Democrats from uniting in criticism of the Coolidge administration. The question, after all, is just this: shall we play the big brother, using our strength and our superior political organization to impose something like order on restless and quarrelsome neighbors, or shall we keep out of the way and let them struggle along in their own way toward or away from good government and financial responsibility? Are we, or are we not, our brothers' keeper?

THE BABIES OF 1928

HEALTH authorities tell us with justifiable pride that a baby born this year has a probable expectation of life at least ten years greater than its parents had when they were born. Better knowledge of child care and child feeding, improved sanitation everywhere, a great advance in dealing with transmissible germ diseases like tuberculosis and diphtheria, and equally great advances in surgery, all play their parts in reducing the death rate, particularly in the earlier years of life. The average baby may hope to live to be almost sixty years old. It is not so very long ago that he had not much chance of passing forty.

This is all very gratifying; and it would not be surprising if the next twenty years made a substantial addition to the already considerable expectation of life. What we have to do now is to try to assure these babies of 1928 the kind of life ten additional years of which will be really worth while. For life is not—or should not be—a mere matter of length of days, but of service to others, of a reasonable development of one's own powers, and of a nourishment of that divine spark within us, the human spirit.

The physicians and the men of science are doing their part to increase the capacity of a human life. It is for others, the fathers and mothers, the educators, the philosophers and statesmen, the ministers of religion, to do theirs. We need for the children of today and the men and women of tomorrow a society in which peace, justice, and a consciousness of brotherhood are as far beyond what we have known in the past as our material wealth and comfort surpass those of the last century. We need an education that will fit the boys and girls for living as well as it fits them to "earn a living." We need to cultivate in our young people a love of beauty, an appreciation of whatever is of good report, a sound faith in God and in the purposes which life is meant to serve, a hearty desire to serve and help humanity everywhere in its struggle upward.

If we can find a way to give these babies of 1928 these good gifts along with the ten extra years, we can promise them we shall have doubly earned their gratitude. If we fail to do so, the longer life we give them will be of little value to them and of none at all to the world.



MISCELLANY



PERFECTION

The Companion's Religious Article

NO saying of Jesus has occasioned more surprise and discussion than the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." People who have professed to understand it and have declared that they have fulfilled it, have not in general made the acceptance of the command any more easy for those who have had to live with them. Most of the world's true and recognizable saints have been far from asserting any claim to perfection. On the other hand, those who dismiss the command with the remark that Jesus cannot have meant what He said have not in general shown in their conduct any very serious effort even to aim at perfection.

We are forbidden by our surest intuitions from supposing God to be anything less than perfect in every attribute of power, wisdom and goodness. We know that in none of these ways can we attain to perfection anything like His. But the command certainly was not given to discourage us. That was not the method of Jesus. The duties He enjoined were not arbitrary or impossible. If Jesus told us to be perfect, there must be some form of perfection possible to us. If He told us to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, that also must be possible, in form, even if not in degree.

A perfect blossom is not to be condemned because it is not a perfect apple. Immaturity is possible, even where there is perfection. The little child who learns that two and two are four gives as perfect an answer in the realm of mathematics as will ever be possible to the scholar in solid geometry or calculus.

The perfection which God requires of us is a perfection adapted to our present ability. If God is perfect, it is because He does His own best. We are not required to do God's best, but to do our own best; and in the doing of it we attain to perfection, as far as it goes. Tomorrow we shall hope to improve upon the perfection of today. But our approach to perfection, however modest and meager, is of God's own kind. Nor can we be content with any smaller measure of accomplishment than that which the command of Jesus enjoins upon us.

SHINGLES

The Companion's Medical Article

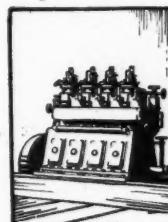
THIS disease, called in medical phraseology "herpes zoster," is a very painful eruption in the form of small blisters arranged more or less regularly on one lateral half of the body or face. The eruption resembles that of an ordinary "cold sore," being a rather deep-seated blister which does not break, as a rule. The contents are at first water, and later pus, or matter, which dries up at the end of two or three days and leaves a smooth reddish mark, which gradually disappears. The blisters vary in size from a mere point up to a spot as big as a pea, and there are usually many of them, distributed in groups of from three or four up to ten or twelve and arranged rather regularly along the course of some large nerve. The eruption may occur on the body, extremities or face. It is usually confined to one side of the body, stopping quite sharply at the middle line, but it occasionally involves both sides.

The affection begins with neuralgic pains of varying intensity felt in the part that is later to be the seat of the eruption; in severe cases there may also be some fever and a feeling of general discomfort. After the pains have lasted for a day or more, the eruption begins, in the form of slightly elevated pimples which soon become blisters and follow the course above described.

The disease is usually productive only of pain and discomfort; it is serious only in cases in which it affects the eye. Fortunately, it is ordinarily of brief duration and calls for no special treatment during the attack beyond protection of the affected area with a soft handkerchief or bit of gauze. This should be thickly dusted with a powder of equal parts of oxide of zinc and starch to which a little camphor has been added. An attack of shingles may be regarded as an indication that the sufferer is run down; therefore when it has passed he or she would do well to take a tonic for a while and perhaps a

What is Your Score in Science?

ARE you keeping in touch with the great world of science? Here are 25 questions, compiled by the Director of the Y. C. Lab, designed to test your knowledge and at the same time give you much valuable and interesting information. Next month there will be another fascinating questionnaire, *What Is Your Score in Geography?* Cut out this new question-and-answer series and paste it in your scrapbook. You will want to refer to it often.



1. What causes "water hammer"?
2. What element is now commonly substituted for hydrogen gas in dirigibles, and why?
3. What is meant by torque?
4. Of what two chemical elements is common salt composed?
5. Is it true that dynamite "explodes only downward"?
6. What is the force which occasionally causes the explosion of a rapidly revolving wheel?
7. What is "dry ice"?
8. Neglecting the effect of temperature, is the density of water greater at the bottom of the ocean than at the top?
9. What is the difference between an atom and a molecule?
10. How do voltage and amperage differ?
11. Who discovered the visible spectrum?

[Answers are on page 178]

12. Of what is bakelite made?
13. Who invented the incandescent electric lamp?
14. What is fluorescence?
15. Upon what principle does a barometer work?
16. What is the difference between heat and temperature?
17. What is refraction?
18. Can sound travel in an absolute vacuum?
19. What is the difference between oil and grease?
20. What is meant by an "absolute zero" temperature?
21. Of what is common rust chiefly composed?
22. What are X rays?
23. What is a Diesel engine?
24. Why does a silver egg spoon tarnish?
25. What substance is now commonly used to prevent knocking in automobile engines?



course of cod-liver oil, eat plenty of plain, nutritious food, and get lots of sleep and open-air exercise. In fact, he should set about building up the general system.



Photo by Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

SHOPPING IN KOREA

An Old Gentleman and His Shoemaker

THE old gentleman in the tall hat pictured above is a native of Korea, a country once tributary to the old Chinese Empire, but since 1910 a province of Japan. He belongs to the Mongol race, closely allied to the Manchurian Chinese.

In the picture he is engaged in the purchase of a pair of rainy-day shoes, probably from the man who made them in the rear of the little shop. The shoes piled in the foreground are mostly carved from a soft wood found in the mountainous country which composes so much of Korea, but those on the stone step are woven of straw, their toes decorated with purple and red yarn. These straw sandals are universal throughout China and Korea and are worn by soldiers and coolies in all kinds of weather. They do not last very long, but they cost only a few cents, and almost every carry or chair coolie who has to do much walking carries an extra pair or two tied to his girdle, while the soldiers carry them suspended from their

rifle bayonets or tied to the umbrella cases they sling on their backs. Rice straw is invariably used for their manufacture in south and central China, but rice is not grown in the north, and other kinds of straw are often used there.

In wet weather coolies tie small iron cleats to the straw soles to keep themselves from slipping on muddy roads. People who can afford them buy shoes like those shown in the old gentleman's hand, with cleats attached to the bottom to prevent slipping and to keep them out of the mud and wet. Streets in a Chinese town, even those paved with stone flags, are deep in mud and filth on a rainy day, and some such protection is essential. The shoes fit outside the usual cloth slippers, and, like the Japanese *geta*, which they so much resemble, are removed before entering a dwelling. In places where leather is cheap the boot itself is made of cow or water-buffalo hide, with wooden cleats or large iron or copper pegs thickly studding the sole. If leather is expensive, boots and cleats, as in this picture, are carved out of wood.

BROTHERS

Fraternal Feeling in Papua

INTO the dark heart of fierce and cannibalistic tribes comes the white man, and the natives from the milder coast lands will not venture. When the exploring expedition whose adventures have recently been related by Merlin Moore Taylor had proceeded a certain distance inland, and the loads of provisions were lightened by consumption, fewer porters were needed, and it was time to dismiss the Kivori men from the coast, retaining only the Mekeo carriers; but there proved to be too few of these by four. Four Kivori must therefore go on. Upi-Ume, a reliable native constable, was ordered, after a call for volunteers met with no response, to choose the four.

"Master," he said, with tears streaming down his face, "I cannot do what you say. My people trust me to bring these men safe home again. I cannot lay a finger upon four and send them to what may be their deaths. Someone else must choose: I shall go to jail instead."

Then slowly he took from around his neck the brass chain with his badge of office,

removed from his waist the red sash and belt, and laid them at his master's feet. In the act of pulling over his head the blouse of his uniform, he was stayed by a movement in the line. Four men had stepped forward one pace.

"We go," they said.

"Who are these men?"

"Master," Upi-Ume said proudly, "they are my proper brothers."

But when the other Kivori, paid off, free and happy, started on the home trail, Upi-Ume did not move. "On your way!" came the order; but he shook his head. "My proper brothers stay, I stay too. They shall not face, without me, dangers that but for me they need not meet. I stay with them."

It was not permitted, since there were now enough without him, and the returning group might need his advice and control. Slowly Upi-Ume rose, walked to the four and embraced them. Then he whirled, brought his feet together, snapped fingers to his forehead in salute, and followed the others; but as he went tears coursed down his cheeks, and he shook with sobs.

It is good to know that the Kivori men returned safe after many and desperate perils, and the five loyal brothers were reunited.



Photo by P. and A.

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD

Great Statues in Egypt

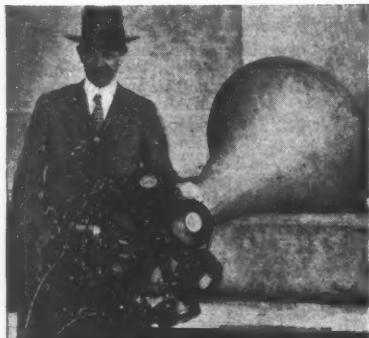
Egypt is certainly the land of wonders. The Pyramids and the Sphinx are by no means the only gigantic memorials of an astonishing past. In front of the rock-hewn temple of Ammon-Ra at Abu Simbel there are four colossal statues that have been identified as images of the powerful Pharaoh Rameses II, who may have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Our picture shows the two which still sit, as they have sat for more than thirty centuries, on the right of the temple entrance.

These enormous statues are each sixty-five feet in height. The upper parts have simply been sculptured out of the living rock itself, and are therefore in high relief. The legs and feet, which of course project far in front of the heads and bodies, were built up of masonry, faced with cut stone, as is clearly shown in the case of the statue on the right. This particular photograph was taken at night, by an exposure of an hour and a half. The wavy lines along the base of the pedestal were made by the light from the lamps or torches of the Bedouin guides who moved back and forth in front of the colossi while the picture was being taken.

The practice of carving statues or architectural facades out of the face of the rock was more common in former times than it is today. The rock city of Petra in the Arabian desert, not so very far from Egypt, is an excellent example of the delight the ancients took in digging temples and palaces out of the solid rock and decorating them with columns and cornices sculptured in the surface of the cliff. The most remarkable instance of such work today is the memorial group of Confederate heroes that is being carved on the face of Stone Mountain in Georgia, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Lukeman.

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 178]

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



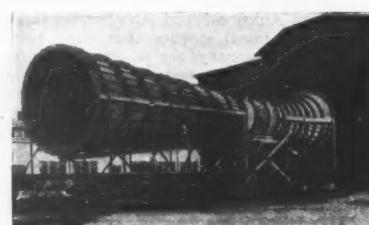
A MILE-WIDE SHOUT

Most Powerful Loud Speaker Yet Developed

A LOUDSPEAKER that makes every other so far developed shrink to a mere whisper by comparison is the latest development of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. The photograph above shows the apparatus whose lusty vocal cords recently flung a voice a distance of more than a mile in New York, and amplified a normally spoken sentence into a roar that startled tug-boat captains on the Hudson River.

The new loud speaker, says Dr. R. W. King, in charge of its development, represents the application of all latest discoveries on sound amplification to one loud speaker. Into a telephone transmitter in Hoboken, N. J., Dr. King said, "Hey, there, tug captain. Through wires under the Hudson the message sped to the New York Telephone Building in lower New York, and then to the roof of the building where the new speaker was housed. Five seconds later (the delay being due to the time which it takes sound to travel one mile) Dr. King heard the speaker fling his challenge back across the river.

The new speaker utilizes a group of aluminum diaphragms, scarcely larger in diameter than a watch and as thin as gold leaf in its extraordinary magnification of sound. It is a most efficient converter of energy, since over fifty per cent of the electrical energy supplied it is transformed into sound. It is powerful enough to permit one million people, grouped within the radius of one mile to hear the words of a speaker talking in an ordinary tone, and it would be just as efficient, of course, in the amplification of music. It would fill an auditorium with the same volume of sound as would sixty musicians. (Photo by P. & A.)



HURRICANE MAKER

A Machine to Make Great Wind Velocities

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the Department of Aeronautical Engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology moved its equipment into the new \$250,000 building given by the Daniel Guggenheim Foundation for the Advancement of Aeronautics, the public was treated to its first view of one of the most interesting but least known pieces of scientific apparatus in the country. It is a "wind tunnel"—a long, double funnel-shaped tube in which a powerful motor-driven fan can create a current of wind varying from the mildest zephyr to a gale that sweeps along at a rate of ninety-seven miles per hour. The tunnel has observation windows at its center, through which students can observe with delicate instruments the action of aeroplane wing sections, complete models, etc., under the effects of different wind velocities.

The photograph shows the tunnel being moved from its old home to the new—no small undertaking in itself.

Television—A Miraculous Reality

By David O Woodbury, A.B., S.B., S.M.

If the power of radio can fling speech over half the globe with a power 15,000 times the combined voice of the universe, why, scientists have pondered, is it not possible to project sight for the same thousands of miles? Difficult, incredibly difficult, but possible. And now, not much over twenty years since the world was first startled by the dots and dashes which the early "wireless telegraph" sent through space, this splendid dream has become a fact.

The scientist has thought about television (as it is called) for years, but he has not until recently had the tools to accomplish it. Science must always be at work sharpening its old tools to new purposes, or searching for new ones to fulfill complex new purposes. Now, two fairly recent tools of science—the photo-electric cell and the neon lamp—are responsible for the newest wonder which science has wrought.

That actual scenes can be reproduced at great distances without even the use of wires still seems almost inconceivable. We



The photo-electric cell

ond. To do this a beam of light from a powerful arc lamp is thrown against a revolving disc, near the edge of which 48 small holes have been drilled in a shallow spiral. The holes are so placed that light passes through only one at a time, striking the object at a single spot. As the disc moves, this spot travels across the object, and when it is gone the light spot from the next hole follows immediately, traveling on a path just below the first. The 48 holes in the disc give 48 paths side by side, covering the object from top to bottom. By revolving the disc 16 times a second, 16 whole views of the object are obtained.

The spot of light makes each little portion of the object bright or dark according to the character of the surface, and the reflection is picked up by a set of electric eyes called photo-electric cells placed nearby. The cells translate this light variation into an electric current which varies in exactly the same way, so that in one-sixteenth second a telegram is sent out telling how bright every portion of the object looked at some instant during that interval. A continuous stream of telegrams going out thus gives a complete story of a moving object in electrical signals. The telegrams are put "on the air" just as voice currents are broadcast.

Now comes the process of re-translating the picture



A THREE-TON LENS

It Took Three Years to Make It

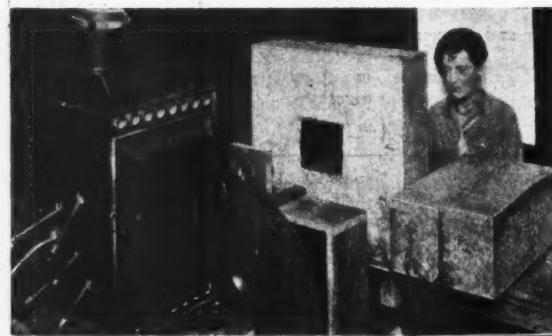
YEARS ago, Germany possessed a practical monopoly on the manufacture of optical glass. How far this country has now progressed in the same direction may be seen from the photograph above, which shows three tons of glass that is optically perfect—free of the smallest flaw which might distort vision. It was made at the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., and nine months of cooling and annealing alone were necessary to produce it. (Photo by International Newsreel)

BEAUTY AND SAFETY

Automotive Engineers Make Another Advance

THERE are two great present-day demands which a successful automobile manufacturer must meet if he is to please the public which buys his cars—greater safety and greater beauty. Both demands are served by lowering body height.

The automobile body evolved from carriages of by-gone years had continued to be built on substantial body sills of wood or



Above: part of the television transmitting apparatus showing the subject, the rotating disc and the light source. To the right: scientists examining the mechanism of the television receiver (All photographs for this article by General Electric Company)

are not even yet completely used to the predecessor of television—the radio transmission of photographs. But the success of the first crude experiments in television makes it positive beyond all question that within the next five or ten or twenty years you will be able to sit comfortably at home and, through a windowlike frame in a handsome cabinet in your living-room, watch some Babe Ruth of the future lift a fast one over the fence—or, if you don't care for that, to find something more to your liking by the twist of a dial.

Television is similar to motion pictures transmitted by radio. Both arts are dependent upon a faculty of the human eye called persistence of vision. The eye sees a picture flashed before it for about one-sixteenth second after it has gone. Thus, if sixteen slightly different views of an object are put before you, one after another, in one second, your eye will think that the object is moving.

To realize television it was necessary to transmit a whole view of an object in one-sixteenth second. This was difficult, because a picture of even the simplest object is made up of many thousands of lights and shadows. The problem was solved by sending out a radio signal for one spot at a time,—strong signal for a bright spot and a weak one for a dark spot,—crowding the thousands of signals into one-sixteenth sec-



telegrams back into motion pictures. The receiving set is exactly like a broadcast receiver, but more powerful. Instead of connecting it to a loud speaker, the picture telegrams are sent through a special "vacuum tube" filled with neon gas. This tube can light up and go out again so fast, when current flows through it, that it follows the extremely rapid variations in the current from the receiver, translating them back into light variations identical with those playing on the object at the sending station. The glow within the tube is spread over a square plate, and by looking at this plate through a spiral set of holes in a disc exactly like the sending disc and revolving in step with it a moving picture appears.

Thus science has taken its tools, the radio, the photo-electric cell, and the neon lamp, and with the help of the eye's persistence of vision has brought us television.



steel. The floor boards are usually supported by these sills, thus bringing the floor two or three inches above the main steel frame.

In the new Victory Six recently introduced by Dodge Brothers the same frame serves for both chassis and body—the frame having been deepened and so braced by carefully designed cross members as to provide strength and stiffness of the ordinary frame plus the body sills. By eliminating the body sills the engineers have, without reducing the headroom, or sacrificing interior roominess, produced a body several inches lower. They have done this with the use of only eight major body parts in the sedan, and with 350 fewer small parts—and made the body 175 pounds lighter, too.

A UNIQUE WHEELBARROW

An Inventor Produces a New Running Gear

EVEN the simplest piece of mechanism is susceptible of improvement and elaboration. An English inventor has now demonstrated that even the humble wheelbarrow can be raised to a much higher state of development. Here is one (below) with a caterpillar tread in place of the conventional wheel, for ease in surmounting obstacles and to facilitate travel over rough ground. (Photo by P. & A.)



DIFFERENT—WHERE DIFFERENCE COUNTS

Dodge Brothers Victory Six is a new kind of a car—different from any other vehicle in the world..... New in the way it is built and designed..... New in the things it will do..... New in the features that mean speed—and in those that mean safety..... A new kind

of body—a new kind of beauty..... A new kind of thrill for a thrill-wise world..... A lower center of gravity—with sensational results..... An amazing simplification in parts and pounds..... An epochal new Six within the price-reach of millions.



\$ 1095

4-DOOR SEDAN F.O.B. DETROIT

The VICTORY SIX
BY DODGE BROTHERS

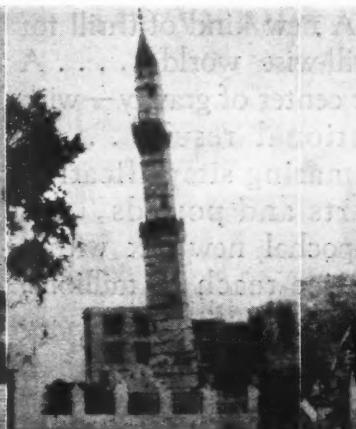
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MISCELLANY



The famous leaning tower of Pisa



The minaret of Jeddah, in Arabia



A tower in Bad Ems, Germany



A 400-year-old tower at St. Moritz



The Torre Garisenda, in Bologna, Italy

WE have heard so much about the famous leaning tower of Pisa that most of us think that is the only tower in the world that does not stand erect and soldierly on its own base. As a matter of fact there are a good many leaning towers to be found, and some of them vary farther from the perpendicular than that of Pisa. Wherever a tower has been built on foundations that are not perfectly stable, it is certain, sooner or later, to lean toward the side where the foundation has settled. Here in the United States there are several examples; one of them is the belfry tower of the New Old South Church in Copley Square, Boston. But none of our American towers have tipped enough to one side to be noticed at first glance.

LEANING TOWERS OF THE WORLD

Five Examples of Buildings That Stand Far from Upright

The five pictures we print above show five of the most remarkable leaning towers of the world. One, of course, is that of Pisa. It is the campanile, or bell tower, of the cathedral and was built in the thirteenth century. The walls of the tower are thirteen feet thick at the bottom and seven feet at the top and are wholly of marble. The tower deviates from the upright about sixteen and a half feet; which is a foot more than its inclination was a century ago.

There is at Jeddah in Arabia a minaret connected with a Mohammedan mosque

which is almost as tipsy as the tower of Pisa, though it is not nearly so large or so tall. It is shown in the second of our five pictures. Another is the ruined tower at Bad Ems in Germany. Standing on the slope of a hill, which seems to exaggerate the dip of the structure, the tower seems always on the point of toppling into the roadway. Its foundations, however, are said to be reasonably secure.

The fourth picture is that of a tower which from its design might appropriately be found attached to one of the Spanish

missions in southern California. It is actually at St. Moritz, the famous winter-sports resort in Switzerland. An attempt is now being made to raise the downward corners of this tower, which otherwise may collapse. The fifth picture is that of the leaning towers at Bologna, which is, like Pisa, in Italy. The taller of the two, called the Torre Asinelli, is no less than 320 feet in height. It does not vary more than four feet from the perpendicular. But the smaller tower, the Torre Garisenda, is ten feet out of true. It leans so much, indeed, that the builders never dared to finish it. Both the Bologna towers were built eight hundred years ago, and it is said that the inclination of the Torre Garisenda is intentional. (Photographs from Pacific and Atlantic.)

THE TRAVELING COIN

The Best Trick of the Month



SOMETIMES, in performing impromptu tricks, it is possible to combine two separate tricks so that they form a single one. That is the case with the traveling coin.

The magician brings forth two match-boxes, each one part way opened, showing the interiors empty. In one of the boxes he places a coin. Then he shuts both boxes, keeping them well apart.

When he reopens the match-boxes the coin has gone from the box in which it was placed and is found in the other match-box, from which it may be removed by anyone!

Now for the explanation. In reality the impromptu magician performs two tricks, either of which may be shown as a separate item; but the two are most effective in combination. He does not make a coin pass from one match-box to the other; instead he causes a coin to disappear from one box and another coin—a duplicate—to appear in the other box.

This, to a person who does not know the trick, appears to be an actual transposition of a single coin.

Let us first study the match-box from which the coin disappears. The magician takes an extra match-box, removes the drawer, and cuts out the bottom of it. Then he opens the drawer of the solid match-box halfway and pushes the extra bottom under the cover of the match-box, so that it is wedged between the end of the drawer and the top of the cover. When a coin is dropped in the match-box, and the drawer is closed, down drops the false bottom; and when the box is reopened no trace of the coin remains, as it is hidden between the two bottoms!

In closing the box, the performer should keep his thumb against the end of the cover to prevent the false bottom protruding at the back of the box.

The box in which a coin appears is quite ordinary. It is opened halfway, and the coin is wedged between the end of the drawer and the top of the box. Thus the box may be shown empty. But when the drawer is

closed, in drops the coin. This box may be given to a spectator to hold, as no amount of examination will disclose its secret, once the coin has dropped in the drawer. The other match-box, however, must be pocketed before anyone has a chance to inspect it.

This trick is very effective with quarter-dollars, especially if both bear the same date and are identical in appearance.

The advantage of the combination is this: attention is centered at the finish on the box in which the coin appears, which enables the performer quietly to remove the box with the hidden coin.

But each match-box may be used separately, if one does not care to perform the entire trick. If a small coin—a cent or a dime—is made to vanish from the tricky box with the double bottom, the magician may calmly break the box to pieces at the conclusion of the trick, taking care not to let the coin slide into view.

If the box in which the coin appears is used as a separate trick, a half-dollar should be used, as such a large coin appearing in a previously empty box is sure to mystify the spectators.

DAMAGED NOSES

And the Beauties of English

IT is usually the more strenuous sex who suffer injury to their most prominent feature, and that oftener in such sports as football and boxing than in wrathful and intentionally injurious personal encounter. But in the Orient, where such sports are unknown, perhaps honors are more nearly even between the sexes. At any rate, in India, it was a case in which two ladies were involved that turned upon the awarding of damages for a skinned and battered nose. The native lawyer of the defendant argued for his client in that delightfully perverted form of our mother-tongue known as "baboo English."

"My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to brow beat me from my legs," he protested, rising to refute the assertions of the plaintiff's lawyer—he was apparently thinking of "a tempest in a teapot,"—"but I only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye.

"My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet-anchors of my case. My poor

client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin); the leather of her nose. Until the witness explains what became of my client's nose-leather he cannot be believed; he cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush!"

The lady won her case, though the missing nose-leather was irrecoverable. But a man who at the same session of court sought to have another punished for punching him in the face, was proved to have been originally the aggressor, and failed to recover damages for the offense his baboo lawyer described as a "deadly insult offered to innocent proboscis."



LOVELY JAPANESE DOLLS

Friendship Gifts from the Orient

JAPAN, the land of cherry blossoms, has been brought very near to thousands of American children by the Friendship Dolls which came last December to the United States. The little messengers of good will are sent by the more than two million school children of Japan, each of whom contributed a penny for the purpose.

There are fifty-eight dolls and each one cost between \$200 and \$500. They were all elaborately equipped for their long journey, not only with dresses of rich material, but with shoes, personal effects and even sets of miniature furniture. Eventually each of our states will receive one of the dolls as a per-

manent possession; others will go to the Capitol at Washington; and some will be given to the larger cities.

American school children, it may be recalled, sent 11,000 little dolls to Japan for the March Doll Festival last year, and this so touched the hearts of the people that they have replied to it in this interesting way. Each doll has two sets of clothing made from the most beautiful and luxurious of Japanese silk. The wardrobe of each doll is ornamented with the crest of the city or the province from which it comes.

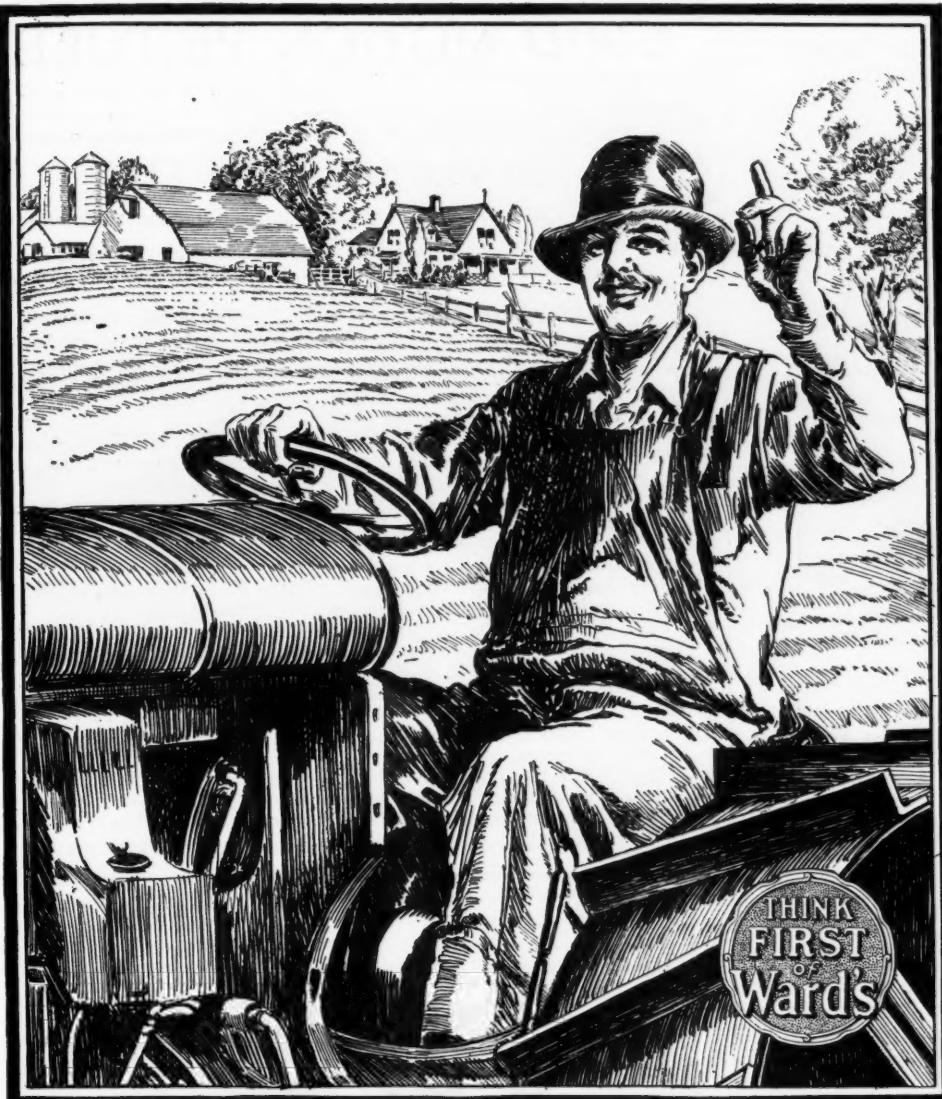
The furniture consists of a wardrobe for each, a second wardrobe (*hasamibako*), bedding container, sewing box, toilet articles, desk and stationery. In addition to this set a pair of *bonbori* (candle stands) is included.

The doll given by the Princess Teru was prepared with especial care. She wears a kimono of scarlet *sinsu* and a sash of gold brocade. Her kimonos and belongings are marked with the imperial crest. This is the doll shown in our picture.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

Answers to Questions on Page 175

- The shock of a moving column of water on a valve too quickly closed.
- Helium, which, although not so buoyant, is unflammable.
- Any force which produces turning.
- Sodium and chlorine.
- No; the explosion takes place in all directions.
- Centrifugal force, always produced in any rotating body.
- Solid carbon dioxide, the evaporation temperature of which is lower than the melting temperature.
- No; water is practically incompressible. The pressure changes, but the density does not.
- An atom is a group of electrons; a molecule is a combination of one or more different atoms.
- Voltage is electrical pressure, similar to a "head of water"; amperage is the rate of flow of electricity.
- Sir Isaac Newton.
- From phenol, popularly known in medicinal form as carbolic acid.
- Thomas Alva Edison.
- The glow which certain substances give off when exposed to visible or invisible radiations.
- That the atmosphere of the earth will support a column of liquid by its pressure on the bottom, if a vacuum exists at the top.
- Heat is an amount of energy measured in calories; temperature indicates how hot a certain substance is.
- The bending of light rays as they pass obliquely through the surface of any substance which is different in density from air.
- No; sound waves can travel only through air.
- Grease is oil to which a soap has been added.
- 459 degrees below Fahrenheit zero.
- The oxide and carbonate of iron.
- Radiations discovered by Roentgen, which, unlike visible light, will pass through opaque bodies.
- An internal combustion engine, burning oil, in which the "heat of compression" instead of an electric spark explodes the gases in the cylinder.
- Because silver combines with the sulphur in egg yolk to form black silver sulphide.
- Lead tetra-ethyl, added to gasoline.



Wise buying is the best saving

THE successful people of the world are those who buy shrewdly, who make their dollars go farther, and who have money left after wise buying has satisfied their needs.

Among our thousands of customers we are proud to number many of the nation's most careful buyers. These experienced men and women have compared prices. They have studied quality. They know values. They continue to send their orders to Montgomery Ward & Co. because there they find the values they demand.

That such buyers are satisfied is no accident. It is a rule of Montgomery Ward that every customer is to be satisfied. All merchandise is guaranteed. You buy in confidence. We respect your confidence. This has been our method for 56 years. Use this book of bargains for all your needs.

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Some suggestions from
the thousands of bargains
in Montgomery Ward's
New Spring Catalogue

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All Riverside tires are full size, made of new live rubber and guaranteed for 12,000 miles. You save \$5 to \$15 on every one of our Riverside tires.

Cream Separators

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Our separators are made in our own factory. They are mechanically perfect. Separators are sold for cash or on easy terms.



Team Harness

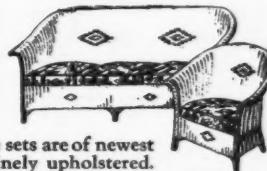
\$39.95 to \$75.95



We use only select bark tanned steer hide in our harness. We specialize in metal to metal harness. Sold on easy terms.

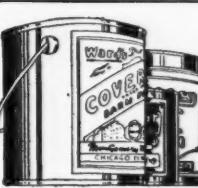
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ANOTHER HOMER FOR BOB!

Today...the best batter in school

...yet once they called him "Old Strike-Out"

CRACK! Up sailed the ball. The left fielder tried to nail it—but no use.

Another homer for Bob! The school could always count on Bob this year. Yet last year they called him "Old Strike-Out".

Secret of Bob's long drives

What change had come over Bob? Last year he was slow on bases—a weak hitter.

The secret was simple—Bob had built up his physical condition by taking care of his health.

He realized that those frequent colds he used to have—and that attack of the flu—had left their mark. They sapped his pep. Left him run down for months afterward.

But this year he didn't take chances. He knew that much sickness was caused by germs—germs that got on his hands and were passed into his mouth. So he fought them off. How? With plenty of sleep—exercise—good food—and clean hands.

Why take chances?

Just think—27 germ diseases may be spread by hands. Yet it's easy to guard against germs. Just wash frequently—especially before eating—with Lifebuoy, the "he-man" toilet soap that removes germs as well as dirt.

LIFE BUOY

FOR FACE



HANDS · BATH

STOPS BODY ODOR

PROTECTS HEALTH

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GOOD MOTION PICTURES

A TRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO THE FINEST AND CLEANEST PICTURES

The BLUE-RIBBON LIST

These films, selected and approved by The Youth's Companion, are safe for all

THE GAUCHO—United Artists. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS gives his usual dashing acrobatic performance in a play of South America, strikingly produced—also as usual.

GRANDMA BERNIE LEARNS HER LETTERS—Fox. A most unusual picture, full of pathos and good acting. MARGARET MANN as the war-stricken German mother is excellent.

THE CROWD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The struggles of a "white collar man" and his little wife to gain a foothold in the unsympathetic city. ELEANOR BOARDMAN, JAMES MURRAY

GALLAGHER—Pathé-De Mille. Did you ever read Richard Harding Davis's famous story of the resourceful copy boy in the newspaper office? Here it is on the screen. Good entertainment. JUNIOR COGHLAN is Gallagher.

WEST POINT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Another story about the United States Military Academy. Interesting. WILLIAM HAINES and JOAN CRAWFORD.

THE ENEMY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A picture made from the well-known play by Channing Pollock. LILLIAN GISH and a strong supporting cast.

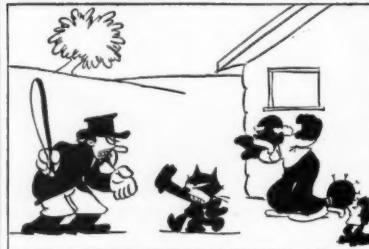
THE STUDENT PRINCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. RAMON NOVARRO and NORMA SHEARER in a charming picture version of "Old Heidelberg."

CASEY JONES—Rayart. The old song about the brave engineer Casey Jones dramatized for the picture theater. RALPH LEWIS and KATE PRICE

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE—F. B. O. A "Western" picture, not much different from the rest, but introducing a likeable young cowboy hero. BUZZ BARTON STAND AND DELIVER—Pathé-De Mille. ROD LA ROCQUE in a French army uniform chases a Greek bandit across the screen and wins the love of LUPE VELEZ. Lively and entertaining.

THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED—Paramount. A picture of the French flying service during the World War. Not so remarkable photographically as "Wings," but emotionally stronger. GARY COOPER and FAY WRAY

CUT THIS LIST OUT AND SAVE IT FOR REFERENCE EVERY MONTH



FELIX, THE CAT

How He Is Made to Strut upon the Screen

FELIX, the cat, counts his fans by the millions. The little black feline caricature, which is the central figure in some of the most ludicrous farces that have ever been shown on the screen, is the creation of Pat Sullivan and has made its master rich and famous. Educational Pictures, Inc., own the motion-picture rights to Felix, and a visit to their studio, where the animated cartoons are prepared, is extremely interesting. The production of a two-reel picture requires an astonishing amount of patient and careful detail. For every such picture it is necessary to make from five thousand to nine thousand separate drawings.

First, the basic drawing and the outline of the story are done by the chief of the staff of fifteen artists, who spend eight hours a day on the task of putting Felix into action. Then the remainder of the drawings, each of which differs just a little from the one before it follows, are made by the other fourteen. Each drawing is originally made in pencil on transparent paper, pegged down tightly to a drawing board so that each page will be in exactly the same position. The drawings are then copied on celluloid. When these drawings are completed they are photographed in sequence with a stop camera.

The cuts in print herewith are made from the original drawings.

STUDIO NEWS

Gossip about Pictures and Players

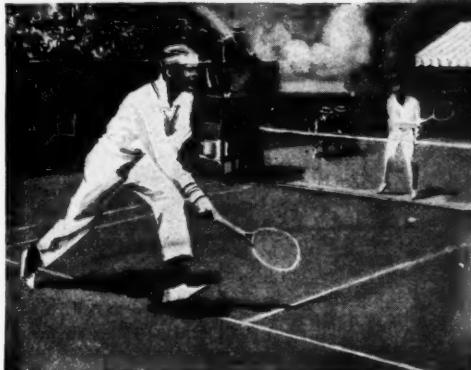
SOME really first-rate educational films are now being distributed by the Pathé Exchange from New York, and from the thirty-three branch offices of the exchange

in different cities throughout the country. These pictures can be recommended to schools everywhere. They are prepared under the supervision of the Divisions of Geology and Anthropology at Harvard University, and they are scientifically reliable as well as photographically excellent. They are short, only one or two reels in length, and can be shown in from eight to fifteen minutes. Finally, they are printed on non-inflammable film.

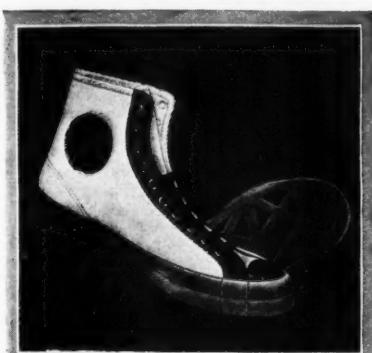
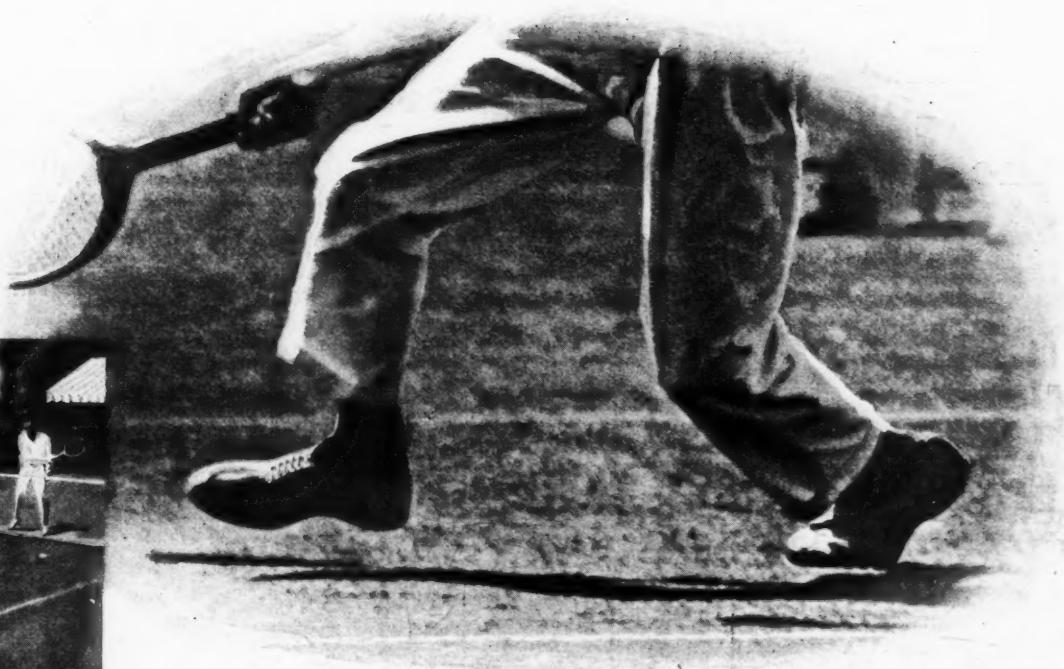
The pictures that are ready or nearly ready for exhibition include "How Man Suits His Life to Different Surroundings—Houses of the Arctic and the Tropics"; "Volcanoes"; "The Work of Running Water"; "Boats and Fishermen of the Arctic and the Tropics"; "Shore Lines and Shore Development"; and "The Cycle of Erosion."

For the information of schools, colleges, business and labor organizations that have frequent or occasional use for excellent educational films, we ought also to refer to the series that is issued by the United States Bureau of Mines. There are forty-six pictures in the series at present; they include such subjects as "The Story of Coal," "The Story of Petroleum," "The Story of Iron," "The Story of a Watch," "The Story of Our National Parks," "Through the Oil Lands of Europe and Africa," "Transportation," "The Story of Power," etc. No charge is made for any of these pictures except for cost of transportation, which the borrower is expected to pay. You can get a full list of the series and instructions about procuring the films from the experiment station of the Bureau of Mines at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Young people who are so much attracted by the motion-picture life that they think it would be delightful to go to Hollywood and "break into" the pictures had better think over the statistics that have been given out by the Central Casting Bureau. There are already more than 6000 women on its lists, and almost as many men. Only one girl, out of all these 6000, has averaged five days of work out of a week during the last six months, and only eight have had four days out of every seven. Most of them get only one or two days' work, many get almost nothing to do. The average pay of an "extra" girl is \$8.32 a day. All the nine girls who had four or five days' work were "dress" extras, which means that they had a large and expensive wardrobe—purchased at their own expense—and were therefore able to appear in pictures which the ordinary girl would have no chance of getting into. No occupation is more overcrowded than the "extra girl" business in Hollywood.



Keds become more and more popular with skilled tennis players.



The "GLADIATOR"

A sturdy athletic Ked. The special non-skid sole is stoutly built. Made in both white and brown.



The "TRIUMPH"

A popular Ked model with vulcanized crepe rubber soles. A favorite, worn by nearly all the great tennis players.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

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On the Flying Feet of Champions . . . you will find these shoes

IN many of the fastest games of court and field—where speed and footwork are needed every minute—champions are carried to victory on a certain kind of sure-gripping, snug-fitting rubber soled shoes.

These are Keds—shoes that have earned their title of the "Shoe of Champions."

Today leading athletes in many branches of sport wear them. And coaches from coast to coast are recommending Keds to the players on their teams.

Keds' soles are made of fine springy rubber—built to grip surely on ground or floor. The uppers are light—yet strong enough to protect your ankles and foot muscles against sudden twists and sprains. And the special Feltex innersole gives you comfort every minute Keds are on your feet.

Keds wear long, too. They give you good lasting value for your money.

Keds come in all popular styles at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Ask for them by name and make sure that the name Keds is on the shoes. For that name is your guarantee of getting the best dollar for dollar value in rubber soled footwear.

Write for our free booklet containing information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. C-113 1790 Broadway, New York City.

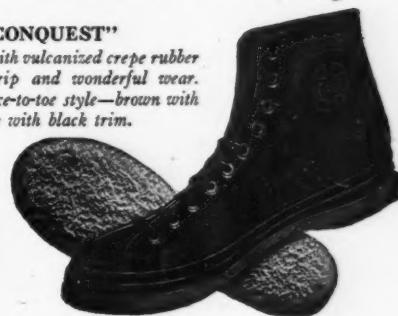
1927 Championships won on Keds

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National Junior Singles
National Junior Doubles (1 Player)
National Junior Indoor Singles
National Junior Indoor Doubles
National Boys' Indoor Singles
Intercollegiate Singles
Intercollegiate Doubles (1 Player)
Ontario (Canada) Singles
All England Doubles
All England Mixed Doubles (1 Player)
U. S. Professional Singles

United States Rubber Company

The "CONQUEST"

This Keds model with vulcanized crepe rubber sole gives sure grip and wonderful wear. Brown or white lace-to-toe style—brown with gray trim or white with black trim.



Your Path to the Central Office

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

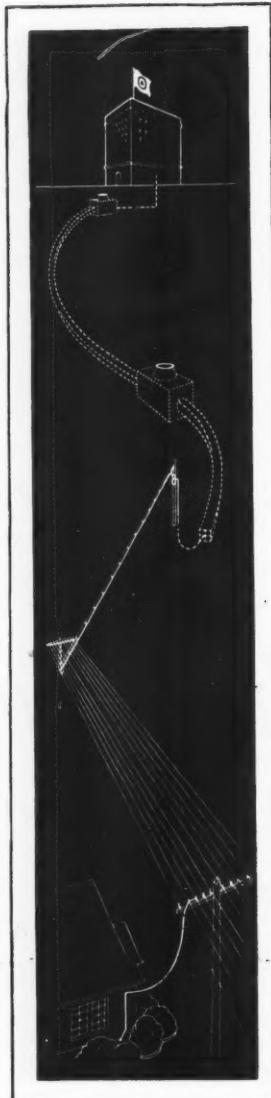
PERHAPS you have noticed the twisted pair of wires which leave your telephone and run along the wall or through the floor? They are on their way to the central office.

The wires are insulated by means of a rubber compound covered with a cotton braid, but before they leave the house they are connected to another pair of wires which are intended for outdoor use. These wires are also insulated with rubber, but the braid over the rubber is treated with a weather-proof compound so that rain and snow will not impair the insulation. These latter wires carry your voice to the cable terminal.

At the cable terminal the wires are connected to a pair of wires in the cable which are insulated so that although they lie very close to many other wires they are not in electrical contact with one another. Sometimes there are over 1200 pairs of these wires in the same cable. In some cases the cable is overhead, supported on poles, and in still other cases the cables are placed underground in pipes or conduits.

Where the cables are underground special underground chambers known as manholes are provided for joining the lengths of cable together and many cables are frequently joined together in the same manhole. Thus, the number of wires and cables increases rapidly as we approach the central office.

In the Bell System there are over 48,000,000 miles of wire used for connecting telephones to the central offices where these wires can be interconnected so that any one person can talk with any other.



A very prominent soap
in your bathtub.



Ivory Soap is 99 $\frac{1}{100}$ % pure
"It floats"

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BOOKS TO READ

"THE TRUE UNIVERSITY OF THESE DAYS IS A COLLECTION OF BOOKS."—Thomas Carlyle

PRAISEWORTHY PUBLISHERS

THE Youth's Companion is glad to recommend to all its readers the book publishers whose names you find below. These are the great houses that publish none but clean, interesting and valuable books. You will find their books and catalogues at every good bookstore. Or you can safely write to any of them for catalogues, book lists, or special information—taking care, in your letter or postal, to say that you are a Youth's Companion reader and to mention the sort of books or reading in which you are chiefly interested.

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- Doubleday, Doran & Company,
Garden City, N. Y.
- E. P. Dutton & Company,
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- The Grolier Society,
2 West 45th St., New York City
- Harper & Bros.,
49 East 33rd St., New York City
- Houghton Mifflin Company,
2 Park St., Boston, Mass.
- J. B. Lippincott Company,
East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Little, Brown & Company,
34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
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1006 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Great Books of Great Publishers

BY May Lamberton Becker

Author of "Adventures in Reading" and "The Reader's Guidebook"

I SUPPOSE our ancestors never heard of a "best-seller," yet they were producing many of them for us without knowing it. As we use the word in current talk, we mean the novels or non-fiction books of which the greatest numbers are being sold throughout the country. This is made known through reports of booksellers everywhere. Sometimes one of the best-selling novels has high literary merit, though it is almost always a popular appeal, other than its literary quality, that sends it forward into instant popularity. Sometimes you must drop to fourth or fifth place in the list before reaching a novel that a judicious critic would recommend.

If you will look through the entertaining pages of Mark Sullivan's book "Our Times," in which the best-sellers of the years 1901 to 1914 are set down, you will find that some of them are quite forgotten. I would not guarantee for some of the best-sellers of the present year a longer remembrance.

But the real best-sellers are not the books which appear on current lists. They are books which have great merit, of one kind or another, and which sell steadily from year to year, and even from generation to generation. Not long ago I asked one of the staff of Longmans, Green & Co. what was the most important book they had published. "I think it was 'Robinson Crusoe,'" said she. Now, would you have thought that a book two hundred years old could be outstandingly important to one of our great present publishing houses?

I have recently conducted a letter contest concerning books which should be read by boys and girls up to sixteen, and "Robinson Crusoe" was chosen by young people all over the United States as often as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Ivanhoe." But nobody mentioned "Crusoe's" date, and I believe, so great is the vitality of the book, that boys and girls do not know how old it is. Yet, as you will see from the title page above,

a bookseller doing business in Paternoster Row, London (still a famous corner for books—a sort of little hidden island of quiet in the great city), issued "Robinson Crusoe" in 1719.

Five years after he had published Daniel Defoe's masterpiece—you will notice that Defoe's name is not on the title page, which purports to be that of a true story—this bookseller died and his business was bought by a young man named Thomas Longman. So profitable was "Crusoe" to him that he was able to marry his former employer's daughter, form a partnership with his father-in-law, and thus lay the foundation of the present house. It has been an American house also for forty years; so we may claim a share in its history.

More than one permanent best-seller of this sort has been published by Longmans. For instance, there are Macaulay's "History of England" and "Lays of Ancient Rome," Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the long line of fairy books by Andrew Lang. Longmans bought Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for \$2500. But one day Scott's horse fell and died, and the generous publisher sent him \$500 more out of profits to buy a new one.

The price of a book, whether high or low, has not always so much to do with its popularity as you might imagine. Take, for instance, one of the outstanding successes of the house of Houghton Mifflin Co. "The Education of Henry Adams" is a book which is aristocratic, in the best sense of the word. It is the life story of a famous member of one of our greatest American families. More than this, it is one of the great spiritual autobiographies of our time. It was first published at \$6, and, though the publishers knew it would have a distinguished audience, they could not have expected that it would be best-seller. But from the first the great American public took to this book. Orders

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

for it came from the most widely scattered places, some on the letterheads of prosperous men, some on ruled paper in pencil from Western cowboys. Year after year it has been sold, though it was not until a short time ago that low-priced edition appeared.

Another "steady-seller" from Houghton Mifflin Co. is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which never stays on the shelf of a public library long enough to catch breath.

Nor is it always that one volume alone stands out above its fellows. Sets of classic works retain a year-by-year fascination, and none more than the works of the greatest of American humorists, Mark Twain, published by Harper & Bros.—the same house that keeps printing presses steadily at work on the production of Gen. Lew Wallace's fascinating book, "Ben-Hur."

By no means all these best-sellers are stories. Many of the steady stand-bys are not fiction at all. For instance, another classic published by Little, Brown & Co. is "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book," known around the world as "Fanny Farmer's." And everybody knows, I hope, that the one best-seller among all best-sellers is the Holy Bible, which never loses its leadership from year to year. Among the books which closely follow it in sales have been such necessities as spellers and dictionaries. In 1880 Mr. W. W. Appleton told an inquirer that the best-selling book published by his firm was "Webster's Speller," known as "Old Blue-back," which had the largest sale of any book in the world except the Bible. The Appleton house had started to print this speller in 1855, when it was already seventy-two years old—and Noah Webster, its author, had been living on its profits for fifty years!

Nowadays we have to deal with the enormous and continued popularity of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History." This is published by the Macmillan Company. From the moment the "Outline" appeared it was caught up by a public that seemed to be eagerly waiting for it, although without knowing it was coming. Pray do not think that by reading it you will have the whole history of the world tucked under your hat. It is only an introduction to the study of history. But, with all its debatable points, it does give a beginner a fine general view of the great procession of civilization moving steadily down the ages.

Another Macmillan best-seller is Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," which came out in 1903 and has never really slackened in popularity. Another book that has kept up its selling record since 1902 is Owen Wister's "The Virginian." "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" by Winston Churchill were issued by Macmillan in 1899 and 1901, respectively, and still sell right along. So does Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine."

Thirty years ago, a battered manuscript was going the rounds of the publishing houses, getting no encouragement. The author was a broker, Edward Wescott, of Syracuse. At length the firm of Appleton received the manuscript and realized that, if it were cut down and rearranged, it would have a good chance of popularity. The result was "David Harum." The author consented to the changes and made them, but never saw the printed book, because he died before it left the press. Over the novel that he wrote more than two million readers have laughed; and now an anniversary edition has come out.

But the outstanding best-seller of the Appleton firm is "Alice in Wonderland." Again, nobody seemed confident of this book's success when it first appeared in England in 1865. Both Lewis Carroll and Sir John Tenniel, the illustrator, were dissatisfied with the look of the first edition in type. The book was so "different" that the public hardly knew how to take it. But Mr. Appleton saw it was a masterpiece. He bought the American rights, and had the books shipped to New York, where they stayed untouched on his counters for months. But, just before all hope was lost, the book began to move. Overnight, the supply disappeared. The vogue of "Alice" had begun. The vogue still holds, and "Alice" has been translated everywhere and published in every sort of form. So, you see, a book need not always "go up like a rocket and come down like the stick." Sometimes it keeps along with us through our young days, and then waits beside the road for the next generation to come and find it. These are the real best-sellers, the true stand-bys.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Becker has promised to give us more articles on this highly important and encouraging subject.

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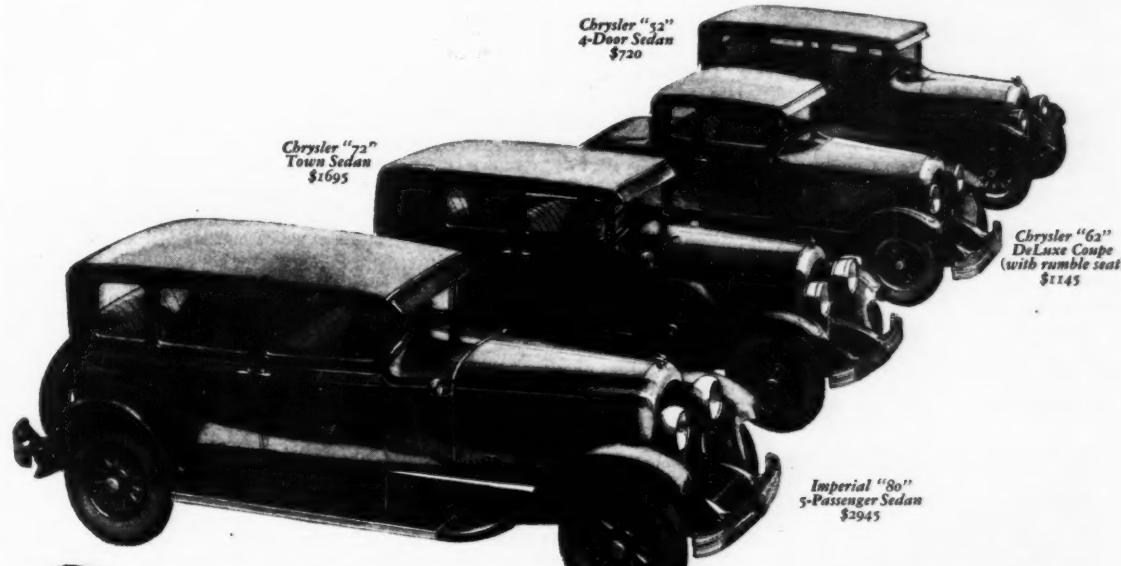
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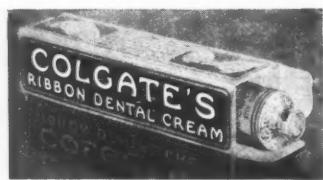


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you that out of the twenty-odd schooners that trade in the Tuamotu fourteen have been lost in the last twelve months, you'll begin to understand.

In studying ocean currents, you can't beat the old method of the floating bottle, and for years now I've been putting bottles overboard and keeping tab on them as well as I could. They are corked and sealed with wax, and inside I put a printed slip giving the ship's position at the time the bottle was tossed overboard, and informing the finder, in English, French, and Maori, that I'll give fifty francs for the return of the paper, with information as to where it was found.

Last year the Tara was chartered by a party from the Peabody Museum, who wanted to visit Easter Island. It lies far out to the east, between the Gambier Group and the South American coast, and it's famous for the huge stone statues which stand along the cliffs. There are men who claim that the present people could never have made and set up those statues, and that the island is the last peak of a sunken continent, inhabited long ago by a forgotten race. I've always wanted to see the place, so I jumped at the chance this expedition offered. I set two or three empty bottles adrift every day when I shot the sun at noon.

Two of them, thrown overboard on the same day, about three hundred miles south and east of the Gambier Islands, were picked up by my men on Iriatai. I found them waiting for me when I went to get the copra and take the labor home, and you may be sure that they gave a new slant to my thoughts. Not one bottle, mind you, but two! It convinced me of what I had suspected for some time: that there is a great semi-circular eddy on the east side of the Tuamotu, a current that bulges out from the Gambier Islands toward South America, works north seven or eight hundred miles, and then sets west, past Iriatai. If the derelict Sumbawa had passed anywhere near the spot where the two bottles began their voyage, there was more than a chance that she might eventually be sighted from my island. And Brixton had said enough to make me want to find her; she might have carried a cargo of diamonds from the way he spoke!

Then came the trouble with my eyes. They have grown worse and worse on the way north, and I know now that I'll have to let Fatu take the schooner back. This is written for you, Charlie, on the off chance that you'll be able to return with Fatu and look after things till I am well. Smile if you wish, but don't laugh at me if I tell you to keep a sharp lookout when you're on the island. I know how fast my bottles traveled, and if there are no heavy gales, and the Sumbawa makes anything like the same rate, she'll be due in October or November. And if she does happen to be caught in the eddy, no human being will lay eyes on her till she fetches up somewhere in the neighborhood of Iriatai. That space of ocean is perhaps the loneliest in the world.

Well, I've nothing more to say just now. Burn this as soon as you have the yarn in mind, and of course say nothing about it to anyone.

So ended my uncle's story.

CHAPTER THREE

Sailing South

THE Tara was a typical trading schooner of a hundred tons, though my uncle, who had built her some years before, had planned his quarters below with an eye to his own comfort. Her saloon was an attractive little place with its bright wood-work, its handsome table of mahogany, and the fresh chintz curtains in the doorways of the cabins to starboard and port. She was two-masted, and, like nearly all the schooners in the South Pacific, she carried a leg-of-mutton mainsail for greater ease of handling. With her heavy cargo of galvanized roofing-iron, lumber and gasoline in drums, she was so stiff that we never once had to reef her during the passage south.

Within a day or two the simple routine aboard the Tara had become my life, and a very pleasant life I found it. Fatu, the skipper now, had the cabin across from mine, and he and I messed together in the saloon. Marama—a strong, well-grown lad of seventeen, the son of a Raiatean chief—was mate, as I have said, but, though I should have liked to have him aft with us, custom forced him to live in the forecastle with the crew. On a South Sea trading schooner, the mate,

unless he be a white man, is never one of the afterguard; and discipline is relaxed almost to the vanishing point. On a British or American vessel, the skipper maintains discipline by holding himself aloof from those under him—a system based on man's instinctive fear of the unknown. But on schooners like the Tara, manned by Kanakas,—most good-natured and easy-going of mankind,—officers and crew live together like a large and somewhat disorderly family. Trouble rarely comes.

I found myself rusty in the native tongue at first, for two years had passed since I had heard the pleasant sound of it, and I had been studying other languages. But it came back to me a little each day, till the words I had been at a loss for were marshaled again in the front of my mind. In a fortnight I could converse fluently with Fatu and Marama.

Marama and I, working with the pearl-divers when I had visited my uncle two years before, had had the good fortune to find a magnificent pair of pearls, which we had sold in Tahiti for a handsome sum. One calm evening, as we lay side by side on the cargo hatch, I asked him what he had done with his share of the money.

"Nothing so far," he said. "It is still in the bank, and they pay me interest, so much each year. My relatives bothered me at first—they wanted me to build a little schooner for us, to put up a new church for the village, and other things. But your uncle always says, 'Wait.' And he is right. I am mate now, and Fatu is teaching me to use the sextant; later on, when I have learned what I need to know, perhaps I shall have a schooner of my own and go out among the islands to buy copra."

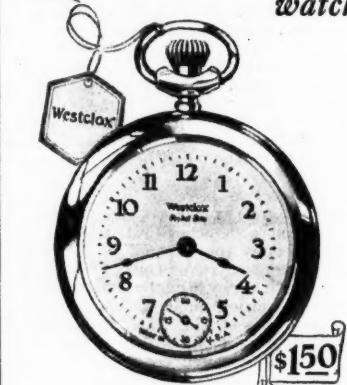
We had crossed the northern tropic the day before. The autumn weather was calm, with light breezes from the north, and, though Fahuri worked every day and part of every night on his engine, there was still much to accomplish before we could count on power to help us along. The engine was a good one, installed in San Francisco nearly three years before; it had done its work long and faithfully, and now Fahuri was giving it a complete overhaul and replacing the worn parts with new ones, sent aboard from the factory across the bay. Our wizened engineer fumed and fretted, but I knew that in his heart he loved the task and worshiped his pulsating mass of steel and cast-iron in a way a white man could scarcely understand. When it ran, I think he felt that it was alive, and now he was doing his best to breathe life into it. As I look back on those days, it is odd to realize that the repairs to the Tara's engine, combined with the calm weather which delayed our passage, brought about the conjunction of events, timed almost to the hour, which makes the story I have to tell. A slender thread, woven of pure chance, seems to run through it all.

As the weather grew warmer I discarded my shoes and began to dress like the others, in a native waistcloth or a pair of dungarees. Every morning at day-break Marama knocked at my door, and I went on deck to enjoy the luxury of having him sluice buckets of cool salt water over me. That was a busy hour in the little galley forward, where Lem, our Chinese cook (a new hand aboard the Tara), hustled about among his coppers. Our coffee, grown by my uncle on his own Tahiti plantation, was of the best, and it was shared out to everyone on board. Lem roasted a fresh batch each morning, South Sea style, and the fragrance of it when a slant of air brought it to my nostrils used to give me an appetite like a shark's. Presently the cabin-boy, a small grinning Kanaka of fourteen, would appear, bearing aft our tall coffeepot and loads of food, hot from the galley fire. Sometimes Fatu and I shared a platter of fish, caught and salted during the voyage north, and prepared by the Chinaman with a sauce of melted butter. On other mornings we fell back on beef out of tins, which Lem knew how to disguise in many appetizing ways.

My uncle never carried a supercargo, finding time somehow to run his vessel and to look after his bookkeeping and business aboard. The trouble with his eyes had put the work far in arrears, and as soon as I got the hang of it I sorted out the mass of loose papers in his desk and did my best to bring the books up to date. There was our cargo to think of, too; I had the manifest on which everything was listed, but in my uncle's



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absence nothing had been checked. It was my task to verify the items as well as I could without shifting things in the hold.

We had ten days now in which the Tara fled southward before the wind, reeling off a hundred and fifty miles a day. The wind came in prolonged squalls, accompanied by rain, and alternating with hot steaming calms. The semi-circle of northerly horizon would turn black as we lay becalmed. Then the inky wall of cloud, towering higher as it drew near, would advance like a curtain over the face of the sea, and presently the first gusts of wind would reach us, speeding the schooner south, while the rain, driving in horizontal sheets, sluiced the scuppers. For an hour, two hours, or even three, wind and rain would continue unabated; then the northern sky would brighten, the wind die away, and the sun struggle through the clouds and begin to shine brassily. When at last the black clouds disappeared for good beyond the northern slope of the world, and the glass in my uncle's stateroom rose to a point that spelled fine weather, we were well south of the Line, with no land in sight, though the Marquesas were abreast of us to the east. Here we became becalmed.

I remember coming on deck the first morning of the calm. The air was dry and very clear; the great circle of the horizon was fringed with motionless tufts of cloud, flushing in the sunrise with delicate tints of mother-of-pearl. The Tara's sails hung slack, moving languidly to the gentle lift and roll of the sea. In the course of his morning work in the galley, Lem tossed overboard an empty beef-tin, which chanced to fall right side up, and late the same evening I saw it still floating within a fathom of the schooner's side. Fatu had the mainsail furled and the awning rigged over the after deck; early in the forenoon I found him there in the shade, sorting over a lot of pearl-shell lures for catching bonito.

"The men have nothing to do," he said; "and we are in for three or four days' calm, perhaps. I am going to put them to work. Look yonder." He extended his huge bare arm to the east, and I saw what I had noticed before, several flocks of sea birds, hovering and diving a couple of miles away. "It is expensive to feed the crew on tinned beef," Fatu went on; "and, like all Maoris, they prefer fish. Seroni never misses a chance like this."

Marama came aft just then, to point out the birds in case the skipper had not seen them. He helped us select two strong bamboo rods from the bundle in the hold and to rig them with lines—three each—made fast to the smaller end. The lines were of the same length, a couple of feet shorter than the rod, and each one carried a bonito lure, selected to differ in size, shape and color from its mates. Then a stout bit of cord with three little loops knotted in it was lashed about the butt of the rod, the lines pulled taut and the lures hooked into the loops, which held them in place.

When our tackle was ready, Fatu gave the word and the sailors got the whaleboat overboard. Ivi, Ofai, the cabin-boy and a new sailor named Amaru took their places at the oars, while Marama and I sprang into the stern. Fatu stayed aboard the schooner, and old Fahuri, the keenest fisherman of the lot, stood by the rail in his greasy overalls, watching our departure regretfully.

The light sharp boat foamed off to the east, impelled by willing arms, and as we drew near the birds Marama and I seated ourselves side by side on the after thwart, facing the stern. A dozen shoals of fish were feeding on an area of three or four square miles, and Marama now showed his skill in directing the men which way to go.

"It is no use to make for those boobies," he explained to me; "they are working with a school of albacore, a fish which does not take the pearl-shell freely and is too strong for tackle like ours. See those noddies yonder, and the small white terns with them? They have come from the land, which cannot be far off, and they always work with bonito of the size we want. See how they flutter down in companies, close by the sea? They watch the movements of the bonito, and when he drives the small fish to the surface, they are waiting to pounce down and get their share. Ah! Squid is their food today!"

The men were making their ears bend; we were on the fringe of the school.

Glancing down at his lures, Marama chose one of a pale, silvery iridescence, unhooked it from its little loop and extended his rod to let it skitter in the wake of the boat.

"Slower! Slower!" he cautioned the sailors; "we are in the midst of the school!"

I heard him shout, heard the thump of a fish on the floor boards and the rapid drumming of its tail, but I was too busy to see what was going on. One of my own lures was skipping on the surface like a tiny hydroplane, and I saw the rush and plunge of a bonito only a yard or two to one side of it, but the fish paid no attention to my offering. I had caught many a bonito when Marama and I fished for my uncle's divers on Iriatai, and I knew at once that I might trail that particular lure all day without a strike. I swung it inboard, hooked it in place with hands that trembled with eagerness, and unhooked a long, pale, shimmering bit of shell. We were moving at the pace of a brisk walk,—perhaps four miles an hour,—and my line was scarcely taut when I saw a violent swirl a foot behind the lure. Another swirl and then another miss while I clutched the butt of the rod strongly. Then I had him. The thick rod bent as I hove with all my might; a fat vibrant bonito of six or eight pounds left the water and came swinging aboard the boat. The hook was made without a barb, and next minute my lure was free and over the side again.

A swirl, a strike, another fish—and another, and another, till my arms ached. Then, after ten minutes of work so violent that I had to stop from time to time to dash the perspiration from my eyes, the school sounded suddenly, and the rowers headed our boat for another shoal a quarter of a mile away. Marama and I laid down our rods, panting; four or five dozen fish covered the floor boards, and we would have been glad of a longer rest. But next moment, it seemed to me, we were on the outskirts of the second school, plying our rods once more.

As we pulled back to the schooner, in the middle of the afternoon, the whaleboat was deeply laden, and I thought of a story told me by a Japanese laborer who had put in two years on our ranch. He had been a fisherman in Japan, and I used to listen with interest to his quaintly-worded account of the boats fitted out for bonito-catching. Each little vessel, he told me, carried an old man, a superannuated fisherman, whose sole duty it was to keep watch as the fish came tumbling aboard, and to cry halt when he saw that the boat would carry no more. The fishermen, it seemed, became so excited when the bonito were biting fast that if left to themselves there was always danger of loading their craft beyond its capacity. I could not repress a smile when I heard this fisherman's yarn—it sounded absurd, and somehow very Japanese; but today, as we pulled back to the Tara, I realized that the old man's function might be a useful one.

Fatu, who had been watching us through his glasses, was ready for the work of salting down our catch. Bags of coarse salt were piled on deck beside a row of empty casks, and Lem stood by his chopping-block, cleaver in hand. While Amaru cleaned the emptied boat—no small task by the way—all hands went to work with a will. The Chinaman removed the head and tail of each fish with quick strokes of his cleaver. The next man split the fish lengthwise with a sharp knife, making two fillets, one containing the backbone; and from him it was passed on to have the entrails removed and to be given a rinsing in a tub of sea water. Then slits were cut in each fillet and salt well rubbed into the slits and on the raw side. After that the fish went into the casks in layers, packed in salt.

We must have put down close to three quarters of a ton of fish that afternoon. At last the casks were full, and I went aft to have a bath and a rest while the sailors cleaned up the decks.

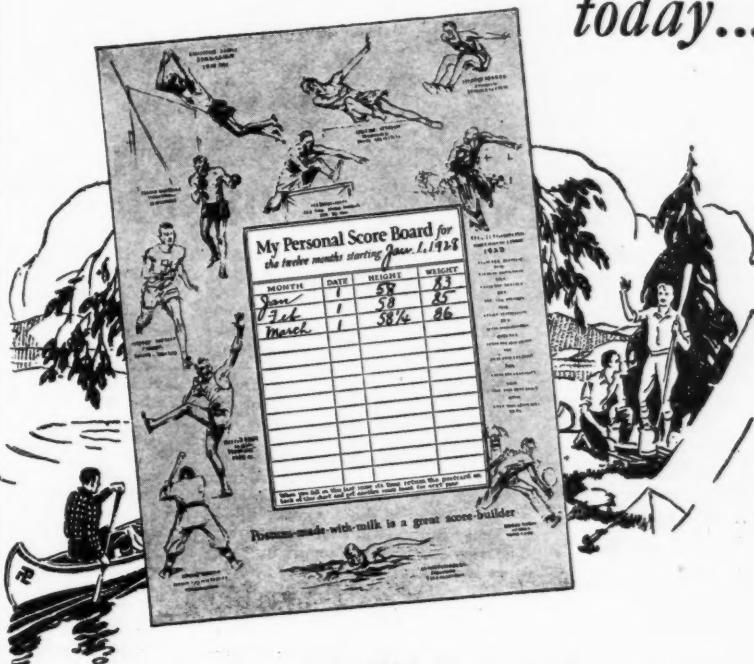
The sun was low and the sea was strangely calm at the end of the long hot day; the surface of the Pacific was stirred scarcely more than the waters of an inland pond. The beef-tin Lem had thrown overboard early that morning still floated close by. Though my muscles ached with the unaccustomed exertion, I remember the deep content I felt as I lay stretched out by the binnacle. I had enjoyed every moment of the day, and my enjoyment was tempered with the thought that our sport served useful ends. The moment was one of those that come so rarely—when a man seems to glimpse a truth and harmony not perceived at other times, to feel himself, for once, in perfect accord with the exterior world.

Fatu lounged beside me. Suddenly he touched my arm, and, turning away from the sunset, I saw that he was pointing to the east.

"E pahi!" he announced. "A ship!"

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

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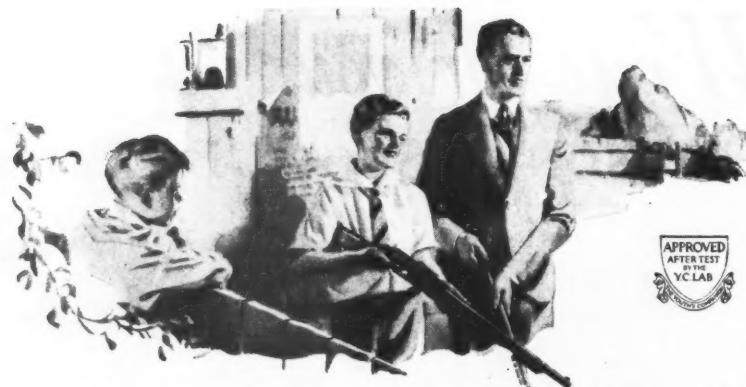
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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162]

yesterday with old Tumbly. Call off your dogs and show a light, please."

The dogs were instantly whistled in, and a moment later Forbes and the moose calf entered the kitchen of the no-account Smiths. An old man sat in a rocking-chair, and a middle-aged man stood beside the table. This man slunk back into deep shadow as soon as he saw the calf.

"What the mischief ye got thar?" asked the old man.

"A baby moose," said Forbes. "Only a few days old, and hungry. Have you a nursing bottle, and some new milk?"

The old man cackled. "Arch, you were a bottle baby," he said. "Go up in the garret and fetch down one of your old bottles."

The kitchen was large, and young Smith was lost to view before he was out of the room, so dark it was outside the circle of lamplight. The old man cackled again.

"Ye'll need more nursin' bottles nor what we got in this house if ye cal'late to rear every moose calf that can't find its ma," he said. He paused, considering this remark. "In a manner of speakin', the cows walk off and leave 'em—same here as anywhere else. I reckon ye be a stranger here."

"I may be a stranger," Forbes answered, "but I can't believe your statement that female moose desert their calves before they are weaned, here or elsewhere. I am not a stranger to the ways of wild animals. In my opinion, the dam of this calf has been killed."

"Be you a game warden, Mister?"

"No."

Young Archer Smith reappeared with a milk bottle, and after much experiment Forbes persuaded the calf to suck milk from the twisted end of his handkerchief. Feeding the moose in this slow way took a long time; but finally old Smith sat forward, prodded the calf's stomach with his forefinger and said that it had enough to hold it until morning. Forbes and young Archer Smith thereupon put the baby moose to bed in an outhouse. As they retraced their steps to the kitchen, Smith halted, raised his lantern and looked hard into the other's face.

"I got to be careful," he said. "The Tumblys are sore at me, old Amos most of all. If you're not his friend, you must be his enemy. But I got to know which—friend or enemy—before I give you a bed. You may be hired to try to take my wife back to the old man, for all I know."

"No money could pay me to do that," said Forbes, smiling. "I met Amos Tumbly yesterday for the first time, and I don't like him. You may safely give me a bed, I assure you—on the word of an old soldier."

"That's good enough for me," said young Archer Smith.

CHAPTER THREE

Breakfast at the Smiths'

FORBES was given a large room all to himself. "We got plenty of room here, and that's about all we got," said young Archer pleasantly and with no hint of embarrassment.

Forbes inspected the apartment by the feeble ray of two inches of candle in a tin stick. The floor, of wide old unpainted spruce boards, was uncovered by rug or carpet, and thick with dust. The sashes of both windows were shut tight and swollen fast, but this was no bar to ventilation, for at least half a dozen panes of glass were broken. The plastered ceiling was stained everywhere, and the dark paper on the wall was blistered and hanging in strips. There were no pictures and, except for the large bed and a broken-backed chair, no furniture.

At dawn, Forbes pulled on his boots and went down to the kitchen, where he was greeted as a friend by one of the dogs that had charged him the night before. The stove was cold, the kettle and water pails were empty. The kitchen itself, now that Forbes saw it by daylight, was as forlorn and dirty as the bedroom.

Forbes washed up at the horse trough and then inspected his adopted moose, finding him lively and hungry. Next, with a milk pail, he found a cow and milked enough for the moose calf's breakfast. All this took time, and it was seven o'clock before the moose was fed. Only then did a feather of smoke lift from the kitchen chimney. Archer Smith and his young wife were up and busy at the stove. The young woman was embarrassed and apologetic.

"You'll think it's a queer sort of farm

with nobody up and nothing fed and no chores done by seven o'clock," she said.

"But there's nothin' to do," protested the young man. "No call to stand-to at sunrise to feed one horse and milk three cows. I can get up and out as early as the next man, when there's need of it."

"I watered the horse and gave him some hay," said Forbes. "I couldn't find the feed-box. I took enough milk from a cow for my little calf's breakfast. I was surprised to find only one horse. Where are the others—the pair you and your wife were riding the other day?"

"Oh, those! They were borrowed. That was part of the joke on old Tumbly. They were his horses; I returned them as soon as Molly and I were done with them."

Forbes was astonished. He looked from the young man to the young woman. Archer looked straight back at him, but Molly lowered her eyes.

"I guess Arch really wanted to prove he wasn't scared of my grandpa," she said. "I was scared of him myself, because he'd have shot Arch if he could while the wedding was going on—but not now. You don't know him as well as I do. He wouldn't have any enjoyment left in his life if there weren't any Smiths here for him to despise. He loves to watch the Smiths falling lower and lower, and I know he'll be watching to see Arch go down like the rest of them—and me with him."

The young husband's face flushed dark red.

"Don't you believe it," he said. "I'm not going down! I'm poor, I'll admit that—but what else has he got on me? Didn't I show him what I could do when I went to the war? Didn't I show him again when I took you away from him, behind his own horses?"

Forbes said nothing, realizing that the young man was in no mood to discuss Amos Tumbly in a cool way. Breakfast was placed on the table—coffee in a battered pot, fried eggs and ham on a chipped platter, and some trout that Forbes had caught the day before served in the frying-pan. There was no tablecloth. The plates were of tin, not well scrubbed. The sugar was in a tin can. The cups were without handles or saucers.

YOUNG MRS. SMITH played the hostess bravely for a few minutes.

Then she burst into tears and left the kitchen. Archer stared after her for a moment, then jumped from his chair.

"One moment," said Forbes. "Sit down."

"But Molly's gone. She's crying."

"I'll tell you the trouble, if you sit down, and then you'll know what to say to her."

"You'll tell me? What do you know about it?"

"It's this table that makes her feel bad. She's plucky, I can see that. But this is too much for her pluck, before a guest and a stranger. I know, without being told, that she will stand by you through thick and thin,—she will face real hardships and troubles without flinching,—but that is no excuse for your unnecessary blow to her pride. You should have bought a tablecloth and a few dishes before you brought her home."

"Tablecloth! Dishes! She knew I was poor and that we live kind of rough. You've got her wrong. You've misjudged her."

He glared at the guest and was evidently on the point of running upstairs to see if Molly was ill. But at that moment Molly came down, resumed her seat and smiled bravely.

"Excuse me," she said. "I don't know what came over me."

"I quite understand," replied Forbes. "Archer has explained it to me. He has never had a wife before, you see. Been roughing it too long, with his father and grandfather. He didn't realize how remiss he had been in the consideration due to a young lady—to a wife. He is sending out immediately for some tablecloths and things like that."

"Dear Archer," she said, "I'm so glad you know why I was so silly—I'm so glad you understand."

Archer blushed fiery red and stole a glance at Forbes—but Forbes was looking steadily down at the trout on his plate.

"It's this way, Molly," said Archer at last. "I'd do anything for you I could. I feel ashamed of bringing you to this, and for shaming you before a stranger—with a table like an Injun's. I didn't know what you

were crying about, so Mr. Forbes here told me; and I didn't believe him at first, but I do now."

"Well done!" said Forbes, softly. "That's riding straight."

After breakfast, Archer shyly confessed to Forbes in the barnyard that he had no money to buy anything pretty for the house.

"How much of this land is still yours?" Forbes asked.

"There's nothing to speak of in land," answered Archer, shaking his head. "We owned a lot of it once, Grandpa says, and there's four hundred acres left—but it's no good to us. You saw Grandpa last night, but I guess you didn't see Pa. When you do, you'll know why this land is no good to us."

"I cannot believe the land is at fault."

"It's good enough land."

"You don't look like a weakling."

"I'm all right when I get a chance. I did fine in the army. But there's nothing here for me. I can live on the gun, in the woods, but that's no life if you want to make money."

"You may be right, Smith, but I can't fully agree with you about your lack of opportunity. Let's talk about something else. Where's the nearest shop where tablecloths and dishes can be bought?"

This question touched Archer's temper. He replied gruffly that he had already explained that he had no money to spend.

"You did me a good turn yesterday all right," added the young man, "but I don't see why you have to come around and make me look like a roughneck and a tightwad in my wife's eyes. You've said too much."

Forbes's smile vanished. His eyes hardened. "If you stop to remember what I did to old Tumbly's revolver," he began, "besides having kicked his shotgun out of the wagon, I feel I have some right to talk to you. Now I have the right to give your wife a wedding gift, if I please. And I do please. Where's the nearest town?"

"Covered Bridge," said Archer, less crossly. "You helped me a lot, I know. I don't mean to seem so sore."

Half an hour later, Forbes drove out in the Smith light wagon behind the Smith horse, Champion. The little village of Covered Bridge lay twelve miles away, while old Amos Tumbly's store was nearer by ten miles—but Forbes had no desire to trade with Tumbly. The way from the old house to the highroad, once an avenue, was now but a tunnel walled in by the boles of old hemlock trees and by tangles of tall bushes.

The little bridge of poles across the ditch where this unkempt avenue joined the highroad was in such bad condition that the old horse eyed it with distrust. Then he straddled it with a stiff-jointed hoist and heaved. After standing a few seconds with his forefeet on the highway, and his hind feet still on the avenue, he humped himself across.

The ditch was crossed. The horse halted as soon as the rear wheels were out, and then tried to dislodge a gadfly from his ear with his off hind hoof.

"Great work," exclaimed Forbes to the horse. "But don't spoil it now by standing on your head."

BACK in the old kitchen, Archer Smith and Molly discussed the man who had come so suddenly and strangely into their lives.

"I'd like to know what rank he had in the army," mused Archer. "Why has he scratched it off his pack and haversack? It's a regulation army equipment pack. There were all kinds of men in that old English Army, and some of them right in the ranks—lawyers and business men and sporting old bloods who never earned a dollar in their lives, but would break their necks with pleasure at stone walls, riding after a fox. But I wouldn't wonder if this Forbes was an officer. He gave me a look when I said something that riled him. A sergeant-major would have bawled me out."

Just then old Archer Smith and James Smith came in.

"What's he went to?" asked James, darting glances into every shadowy corner.

"To Covered Bridge."

"Did he take that moose calf along? He didn't? Well, you'd best go right out now and knock it over the head. I see what he's up to. Wardens can't fool me. He'll be comin' back with another warden or a constable and catch us with the goods—a young moose in captivity. He'll swear it was here when he came in last night. We got to kill it and bury it."

"You ought to have thought of that be-

fore you shot the cow," said young Archer scornfully.

"Shut your face!" ordered his father. "That's no way to talk. Whar'd we be if I didn't take a risk now and again? Tell me that. Whar'd we be for today's dinner?"

Young Archer turned away with gloom and shame on his face.

"Mr. Forbes is not a game warden," put in Molly, looking at her father-in-law with obvious distaste. "And if you are going to have any of that moose meat for your dinner, you'll have to cook it yourself. I won't touch it."

She turned and walked out. Jim Smith blinked after her, thunderstruck.

"And don't touch that moose calf," said young Archer. "Mr. Forbes is coming back. He only went to buy us some tablecloths and cups and saucers."

"Tablecloths!" cried Jim. He had so much more to say that his mind flopped in confusion, and his tongue stuck.

"What's for breakfast?" asked old Archer. "It's getting late—and the fire's out."

"Help yourself," said young Archer; and with that he strode out of the house.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Discontented Bridegroom

FORBES reached Covered Bridge without trouble, tied up Champion outside Loh's store, and bought half a dozen tablecloths, two dozen napkins and a service of dishes for six. He also bought (for the moose) a nursing bottle of the latest model and largest size, together with some cheese, crackers and canned peaches. Three miles on his way home, he drew rein for refreshment.

He had no more than broken into a can of peaches when Jingle Tomson appeared over a rise in the road. The queer fellow still carried his eight-foot pole, and nothing else. He grinned at Forbes's cheery greeting and accepted his invitation to sit down and help himself. Cheese and crackers went down his throat like winking; and while Forbes looked on in wonder Jingle swooped a hand to the can of peaches and started pouring them into his mouth, juice and all.

"Easy all!" exclaimed Forbes. "As you were. I like peaches too."

Jingle nodded and then swiftly and with both hands disposed of what remained of the cheese and crackers.

"You live with them Smiths, hey?"

"I passed last night with them, and am going back now. I'll say good-by. I'm hungry."

"I jingle my money when I has some."

"You'll not jingle any more of mine, my lad. Give your stomach a shake and see if you can get a jingle out of my peaches."

Forbes stepped up to his seat in the wagon and sent Champion away at a shuffling trot. Jingle Tomson sat motionless until the wagon was out of sight around a bend of spruces. Then he darted aside into the woods, trailing his pole.

To see Jingle slogging on foot along a road one would not suspect him of speed or agility—but now he showed both. He went over the old brush fence like a jumping deer. He ran with the gleam of cunning and the glint of desire in his queer eyes, heading for the ancient house of the Smiths. By traveling this bee-line through the thickets and swamps he could reach the old house long before the tall stranger.

Covetousness was in Jingle Tomson's half-crazy mind; and the intention of theft was in his queer brain. Ever since his first meeting with the tall stranger he had wanted that gray-green pack and that neat greenish haversack reinforced with leather. And these were not all. He wanted the stranger's gray coat, with its belt and big pockets, and his knickerbockers and stockings and gray hat.

His desire for these things had faced him about on the Ordnance Road as inexorably as if two strong hands had gripped his shoulders and twirled him. He knew exactly why he wanted the pack, the haversack and the handsome clothes. His brain on that point was as clear as glass. He firmly believed that, if he could put these articles on, he would become just such a man as their present owner.

With no suspicion of Jingle's mad rush through the woods, Forbes continued his jogging way home. He was still two miles from the house when he met young Archer Smith.

"So you're safe, are you?" asked Archer. "We heard you had a smash-up—heard Champion took a tumble and smashed up the rig. Jingle Tomson just told us so."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 188]

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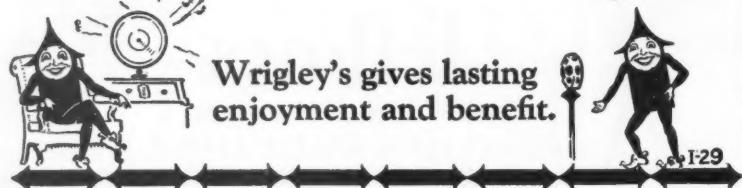
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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187]

"Jingle Tomson? How can that be? I left him sitting by the roadside, after eating my lunch."

"Guess he cut straight across country. He lets on he's all crippled up with rheumatism and has to push himself along with a pole—but he can scrape the miles off his heels like a Morgan horse when he wants to."

"But why did he want to run to your house to tell you a lie about Champion?"

"He doesn't need a reason for anything he does. He's crazy."

Young Smith climbed to the seat beside Forbes, and when they reached the kitchen door young Mrs. Smith came running. The presents were unwrapped on the kitchen table, and the young wife was delighted.

Forbes sat down to a pot of tea, bread and butter, and boiled eggs. Then Molly filled the nursing bottle with milk and went out to the shed, leaving Archer with Forbes.

THE back staircase was boarded in from bottom to top, and the door at the foot had an old wrought-iron latch. Forbes happened to be looking at it over the rim of his tea-cup, when he suddenly saw the latch lift without a sound. Forbes' casual glance became fixed and keen. Archer followed it with his own eyes, but did not speak. Slowly the door continued to open. Presently something appeared at the edge of it, and a face came into view. Then the face vanished, and the door closed swiftly but without a sound.

"Who was that?" asked Forbes.

"My father. Don't bother about him."

"Is he shy?"

"Kind of bashful, with strangers."

Forbes nodded and resumed his meal. He had recognized the face as that of the man whom he had seen burying the dead moose in the woods.

"Maybe he's not the kind of man you'd like to know," continued the young man, with thoughtful and awkward deliberation.

"I know how a stranger would feel about him. Things have been against him from the first. We've been a worn-out breed for a long time, and Pa, he's pretty near worn through. But it might be worse. I guess if you said that my father hadn't the gumption to be real bad you'd be pretty near telling the truth."

"I am sorry," returned Forbes gravely. "Your grandfather seemed to me a man of considerable vitality and force for his years. But it seems he has not made a success of his life. How is that?"

"The old man's spry enough," commented Archer bitterly. "But it's mostly in his tongue. He don't like to work. I guess it's too late now to do anything with this place—especially as we haven't got any money for new stock."

"But your mother—if you will forgive my remarking it—must have been a woman of superior qualities. You have much more education than the older men."

"Mother taught me a lot," admitted Archer. "She was from across the height of land. Her folks came from Scotland. She's been dead a long time. Everybody who knew her always said it was a living wonder how she came to marry Jim Smith."

The door at the foot of the staircase opened. Old Archer came into the kitchen. His wrinkled face bore a silly grin, and his eyes were shining. He dropped into his own chair and prodded Forbes with his stick.

"Listen," he said. "What's your opinion of a young feller like him? Figgers on goin' away, he does. Too good to live with his own pa an' his grandpa! Then he fetches home a wife an' acts as if he's the only member of this fam'ly fit to speak to her. The gal's all right—fine gal in herself—but low, common blood. I can tell ye somethin' about that. Mister, when the first Smith came to Dipper Creek he brought the first Tumbly along with him to clean his boots an' shine his spurs. That's gospel true. An' the second Tumbly was coachman to the second Smith. It's all wrote down in a book, but I ain't glimpsed that book since I was a lad. One of them Tumblys must have stole it, I reckon. They're all thieves, and always was!"

"One moment," said Forbes. "I'm interested. Who was the first Smith on Dipper Creek?"

"Now you're talkin'," cried the old man. "Who was the first Smith? He was real quality—a great soldier—an' rich! He was a general in the old country. He brought twenty servants into the woods with him,

an' blood horses an' blood cattle—an' his body-servant was Giles Tumbly. All the names was wrote down in the book."

"And now look at us," muttered young Archer, under his breath.

H E strode out into the yard, and Forbes followed him. They found Molly scratching the baby moose behind the ears.

"I ought to be booted for bringing you here, Molly," said Archer, grimly. "I knew what it was—this home of mine. I should have waited till I had money to take you clear out of this country."

"Are you sorry?" she asked.

"I'm ashamed," he replied.

"The waiting game is sometimes risky," said Forbes. "I think you were wise and right to seize your opportunity in this manner. The right time to make this young lady your wife was at the first possible moment." He bowed to Molly. "The domestic situation is awkward, I grant you—but feeling ashamed of it won't help now, unless you make an effort to improve it."

"Improve it!" said young Smith. "That's easy enough for you to say, and it sounds fine—but it doesn't mean a thing. The place can't be improved, so we've got to quit it."

"Not so fast," Forbes interrupted. "Since meeting you two, I have thought seriously of setting to work right here."

Both the young people were puzzled by this statement, and Archer was suspicious.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"I am interested in you, and in this old place."

"Why?"

"There are a number of reasons. I want to see you solve your problems here, instead of running away. If you leave Dipper Creek, you will be admitting defeat, and the Tumblys will take all the credit of it to themselves."

"The Tumblys!" exclaimed Archer, with scorn. "Molly knows I'm not afraid of them. It's the Smiths I'd be running away from."

"If old Amos Tumbly knew that," said Forbes, "it would give him more pleasure than if he chased you out of the country with a shotgun. He gloats over the wretched state to which the Smiths have fallen. What would please him more than proof that your family has fallen so low that you can't live with them? And I have a proposition to make to you."

CHAPTER FIVE

An Odd Proposition

T HE proposal made by Forbes to young Archer Smith and Molly Smith, there by the door of the ramshackle shed, with the moose calf staring at him, sounded like something out of a fairy tale to Molly, and like a bad joke to Archer.

"It's against nature," raged Archer. "There's no sense in it. What would a stranger care about us enough to cost him real money?"

"My reason and motives are strictly honorable," said Forbes sternly.

"I reckon that's so," answered Archer, showing embarrassment. "And I don't doubt your word a particle—I just thought you must be joking."

Forbes turned his back on them and fished deep inside his pockets. Then he turned again with his right hand extended. From thumb and forefinger hung two bank bills, each of the value of one thousand dollars. His face was expressionless.

"I offer you this," he said, "to buy new stock and feed, and to make necessary repairs inside and outside the house. If you show that you can spend it wisely, there is more where it came from—but you'll have to take me as a full partner, and you'll have to make the changes in your household that I have prescribed. What about it?"

Archer put out his hand toward the money. His mouth was wide open, and the motion of his hand may have been purely instinctive, because the sight of so much money evidently dazed him. Molly seized his wrist.

"No!" she cried. "Don't touch the money. We have no right to it. He isn't giving it to us—as if we were beggars."

Archer said nothing to that. He stood motionless and silent. The money remained invitingly extended for several seconds longer. Then it was withdrawn, and Forbes turned and strode off toward the house, entering the kitchen.

"He won't make that offer again," said Archer, miserably. "That was our chance to get clear—and you didn't let me take it."

"He would have scorned you for snatching at the money," Molly answered. "I saw it in his face. He was treating us like his equals—like friends—when he offered to be your partner here. He wasn't giving you a handout. He wanted to see if you had any self-respect. You insulted him, Arch. Now he'll go away despising us all."

Forbes came out from the kitchen. "I wonder where my pack and haversack are," he said. "I put them on a nail between the windows, and they are not there now."

"Was there anything in them?" Archer asked.

"Nothing. I unpacked last night."

All three went to the kitchen and searched vainly, even in cupboards and pot-closets. Then they went upstairs. In Forbes's bedroom nothing had been disturbed.

Suddenly Forbes chuckled.

"I have it," he said. "Jingle Tomson. I saw him gazing greedily at my pack and haversack when I first met him. That explains his cross-country run and the story he told to get you out of the house. And I thought him a harmless idiot!"

Archer nodded. "He isn't harmless. He's full of crazy notions."

"Well," said Forbes, "I think he ran here for my pack and haversack. How am I to travel without them?"

"I have a pack," said Archer, in a hesitating manner. "The same kind of army pack as yours. I'll give it to you and welcome if you want it. But—"

"Archer doesn't want you to take it," interrupted Molly. "He doesn't want you to go—and he wants to ask you to excuse him."

"That's right," said Archer. "I was bad-mannered and stupid."

Forbes glanced keenly from wife to husband and back again.

"That's all right," he said. "While you are considering the proposal I made you, I will be glad to stay here."

A week passed on the old Smith place without any incidents of importance, except young Archer Smith's purchase of a span of horses from a man at Mill Corners. Nothing was seen of Jingle Tomson, nor was anything seen or heard of the Tumblies. No neighbors came in to congratulate the bride and groom. Jim Smith continued to keep out of Forbes's way, though he no longer suspected the stranger of being a game warden. He never ate with the others, and spent most of his time in the woods. This suited them all, including old Archer.

The work of the week consisted in mending the worst holes in the roof, and in rushing the haymaking with the new span of horses. The hay was over-ripe, but still worth harvesting. Forbes had paid for the horses, of course—he told young Archer that he could consider the money a loan, until young Archer fully made up his mind about the partnership proposition. He knew that the young man's wits, unsharpened by exercise, moved slowly. Forbes was not cross with him for failing to leap at the opportunity to accumulate both capital and a partner. In fact, Forbes set himself to prove that his services as partner would be useful. He was not a skilled haymaker, but he was a good teamster. It was a treat to see him control the spirited new horses, backing and swinging the rattling old mower at the end of the swath.

"Reckon you've handled horses before," said the countryman.

"All my life," replied Forbes.

FORBES had been in the old house for eight days before old Amos Tumbly heard of it. Jingle Tomson was his informant. Amos found him eating pork and beans in the Tumbly kitchen one morning, after the Tumbly boys had gone afiel.

This morning, in the Tumbly kitchen, he told old Amos that the mysterious visitor was living in the Smith home and working hard on the Smith farm. Tumbly said that he didn't believe a word of it. He had ordered the stranger to get out of the country, and he knew the stranger was not fool enough to defy him. That is what he said. But in his heart he did not feel so sure, remembering the scornful and autocratic way in which the stranger had treated him.

"Young Archer's got a new team," said Jingle, "and he an' Forbes have up and fixed the roof and the pigpen."

"I'll fix him!" snapped the old man. "A team of hoses, you say? Whar'd that no-account pauper get the price of a team?"

Old Amos decided that he would have to run the man quickly out of the country. He got up, and walked through the woods toward the Smith home. Within half a mile he encountered James Smith.

"How do, Mr. Tumbly," replied James Smith to the old man's surly greeting. There was apprehension in Smith's eyes, and a sickly smile on his weak face. "I'm feelin' grand, thank ye," he added.

"Ye look it, James," returned Amos, with a sneering grin. "Grand weather," he continued, "for walkin' the woods and maybe shootin' somethin' for the pot. How's the moose and deer this year?"

"Ain't seem nary a moose nor a deer all summer."

"Been eatin' grass, hey?"

Smith's throat twitched, but he made no answer. Amos uttered a short bark, which was evidently intended for laughter, and asked another question. "How's your friend with the short pants?"

"That dude Englishman? He ain't no friend of mine."

"Bought you a pair of hoses, didn't he?"

James Smith turned his head aside. He was a poor talker, and he was thoroughly afraid of Amos. Amos was deep. There was no telling what he was driving at.

"Get rid of him," said Amos, suddenly. "Throw him out. What would he come trampin' into this country for, if he was all right? He's a runaway banker, like as not—maybe a criminal. The police will be coming for him some fine day."

Even as he talked, Tumbly wondered if Smith could possibly be fool enough not to detect his real opinion of the mysterious visitor. Amos did not think that Forbes was a criminal; he sized him up as a conceited greenhorn, who wandered around with the crazy idea that his mission in life was to set other people right. Forbes had insulted and defied him, Amos Tumbly himself, the richest man in thirty miles of settlements in the woods. Now he was mending leaks and buying horses for the disreputable Smiths, with a very evident intention of lifting them up from the depths where they belonged. This was too much.

"Reckon ye're right," muttered Smith. "But he acts like the Governor-General from Ottawa, swellin' around the house. He come after dark, eight nights ago, with a young moose."

"Young moose?" barked Tumbly. "What d'ye mean? Did he shoot it out of season?"

"It's a calf, an' it's still alive. He got it in the woods somewhere."

"Whar's the cow?"

Smith shook his head.

"Maybe he shot her," suggested Tumbly.

"I dunno. Ain't seen hair nor hoof of any moose round the place."

"Of course ye ain't. How would ye? Well, we got this joker whar we want him. It's against the law to keep a wild moose in captivity without leave from the chief warden. An' the warden will want to know what happened to the cow. Keep your eye on the calf, see that nothin' happens to it, and I'll be along tomorrow with Warden Silt."

JAMES decided, after slow thought, to warn Forbes that the game warden would be coming. Forbes was not at all pleased when Smith accosted him in the barnyard, an hour or two later. He never saw the ragged fellow without thinking about the burial scene in the woods. Forbes loathed any man who could bring himself to shoot a cow moose in summer, a dam with a sucking calf. To him this was more than a crime against the game laws—it was a revoltingly cruel and cowardly sort of murder.

"Amos Tumbly's got a grudge against ye," muttered James Smith. "He's fetchin' Warden Silt along first thing tomorrow mornin'."

"What for?"

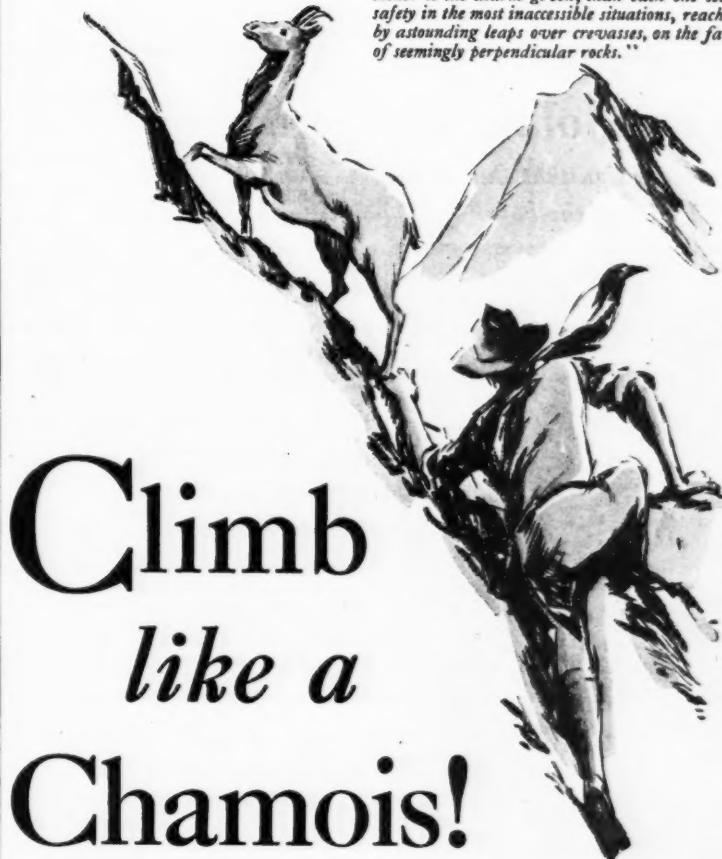
"It's the little moose calf," replied Jim, after swallowing hard several times. "It's agin the law to keep a young moose in captivity without the warden's say-so. You better put that calf out of the way."

Forbes's smile was not pleasant. "So that is the law," he said, and his voice matched his smile. "It's not a bad idea having a warden come around here—how will he deal with the man who killed the mother and left the calf to starve? Let the warden come. The calf will be here when he calls."

Words, glance and tone of voice were all terribly significant. Jim Smith had meant to frighten Forbes—perhaps to frighten him off the place. But now Forbes was walking

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 190]

"The herd never feeds without a sentinel posted, to give notice of approaching danger, which is done by uttering a shrill whistling noise. No sooner is the alarm given, than each one seeks safety in the most inaccessible situations, reached by astounding leaps over crevasses, on the faces of seemingly perpendicular rocks."



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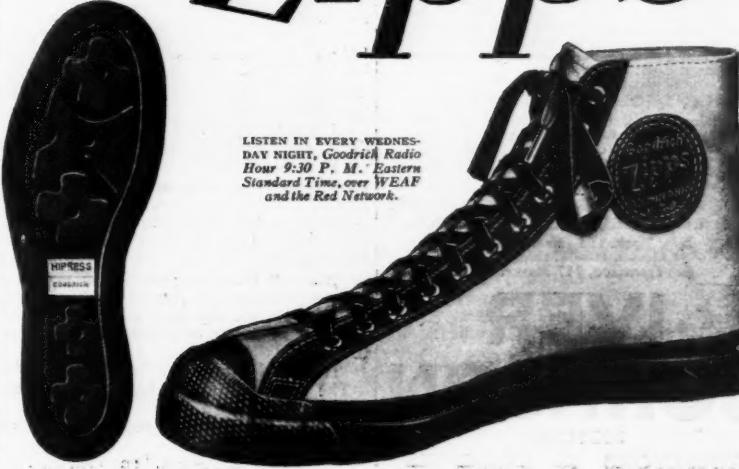
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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189]

away, leaving Jim Smith trembling with fear and rage.

Hiram Silt arrived punctually next morning. He was fifty years old, and in robust health. He had been a sportsmen's guide before becoming a warden; and before that he had been a lumberjack and "white water boy."

The family were at breakfast when Silt came in sight—all except Jim.

"It's Silt!" exclaimed old Archer, who was facing the window at the moment. "Where's your pa?" he said, sharply, to young Archer. "Go tell him to duck!"

Young Archer sprang from his chair to the window.

"Would you believe it?" he asked in a dazed voice. "There's Pa, talkin' to Silt and showin' him the moose calf."

"An' calm as a frozen trout, at that," said old Archer. "Well, here's the warden comin' right in."

"Good morning, Archer," said the dignified warden.

"Mornin'," replied Archer.

"Who's the owner of the moose calf in the shed?" asked Silt.

"I am," said Forbes, quietly.

"This is an official visit," said Silt. "I'm a game warden, and it is against the law to keep a moose, caribou or deer in captivity without you have written permission from the chief game warden of the province."

"I'm responsible," said Forbes. "The calf joined me in the woods, in the dark. It was hungry. Concluding from its behavior that it was motherless, I brought it here with me, and fed it, and have continued to feed it ever since. I did not know that written permission was needed. I will apply for it at once."

"It's too late," said the warden. "Ignorance of the law doesn't excuse an offender before the law."

"That sounds eruditely and alarming—but what does it mean exactly?"

The tan on the warden's cheeks darkened and reddened. He did not know what eruditely meant, but suspected the worst—and he was quite certain that the well-dressed stranger was trying to be smart at his expense.

"It means that it's my duty to arrest ye, and that I'm goin' to do it. Here's my warrant. You can come along with me now," said Hiram Silt.

"How far do we go?" asked Forbes.

"A little better'n eighteen miles."

"This is all foolishness," exclaimed young Archer. "Mr. Forbes saved the calf's life."

"The law is the law," proclaimed Silt, ponderously.

Forbes excused himself to Molly and the old man, asked Molly to take care of the young moose while he was away, and walked calmly out with Silt at his heels. He turned, just outside the door, and said: "I'll be home tomorrow."

"Three months is the penalty," said Silt, "or one hundred dollars fine."

Accompanied by young Archer, they walked in silence to the highway. Beside the road was a horse and buggy, and Amos Tumbly stood there with an evil smile on his face.

"Get in," said Silt.

"Wait a minute," yelled Tumbly. "He's tricky. I've drove with him, and I know him. He's dangerous. Put the handcuffs on him!"

"I am unarmed," said Forbes, quietly. "And I shall come along with you without resistance."

"Don't ye believe it!" shrieked Tumbly. "If you don't watch out, he'll clout you on the ear an' drive off with the hoss and buggy. Don't say I didn't caution ye. Don't take chances with him."

"I know my duty," retorted Silt. "I don't need help nor advice." He turned to Forbes. "Guess I might as well put the bracelets on you, so's everybody'll be happy."

Forbes looked startled, then very stern. His cheeks flushed. "You can't mean to handcuff me," he said, very low. "I have no intention of resisting you. I am perfectly willing to drive with you to the magistrate, and I'll give you my word not to raise hand or foot against you or to make any attempt to escape."

"He's an elegant talker," sneered Tumbly. The warden pulled the handcuffs from his pocket.

Forbes's face was brick red. "On my word of honor," he said.

"Hold your hands out," snapped Silt.

"It cannot be," Forbes replied. "I am sorry, but I cannot permit you or anyone to put irons on me. You are an officer of the law, but I am not a criminal. I really must ask you to be reasonable."

The warden stared. Hiram Silt was not a clever man, but he felt a quiver of uneasiness. He was about to pocket the handcuffs when old Amos Tumbly laughed.

"Cold feet!" he jeered, and laughed again.

SILT took two quick steps toward Forbes, grasping his wrist. Forbes stood quietly, saying that he had not resisted arrest and charging young Archer Smith to witness that fact. But, as Silt evidently intended to use force, Forbes suddenly thrust out both his hands.

"Put them on," he said. "I didn't know that you were a coward, and afraid of an unarmed man."

Silt snapped the heavy irons on Forbes's wrists and stepped back, looking first at Forbes and then at Tumbly, and comparing their faces and behavior. Tumbly was hopping up and down in the road, flinging unprintable epithets at the handcuffed man. This was his hour of revenge, and he extracted every possible crumb of sweetness from it.

Silt's mind worked slowly. But at last he stepped forward and unlocked the handcuffs.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said. "I'm not a coward."

"Just a fool," said Forbes, very softly. "Shall we drive on now? The presence of your friend is unpleasant to me."

"He's no friend of mine," protested Hiram Silt, climbing up into the buggy after Forbes and taking the reins. "I never done anything like that before," the warden continued, in a gloomy and ashamed voice. "I've handled Injuns, too—dozens of 'em. Old Tumbly got me sore and wild, somehow."

"I can quite understand it," replied Forbes. "He has the same effect on me."

They drove in silence to Judge Foster's office, and Silt regretted more and more whenever he looked at his captive—that he had been fool enough to arrest him. Just before arriving, Silt uttered a word of apology. "I hope you won't hold this against me, Mister," he said. "Judge Foster ain't goin' to be harsh with you. He'll see that you meant no harm. I couldn't overlook the young moose in the pigpen. The judge will wonder why you're livin' with them Smiths. Got any papers to show who you are?"

"That's my business," said Forbes.

"You been in the army, haven't you?"

"I soldiered for thirty-nine years," replied Forbes. "But that's my business, too."

It was with very real misgivings that Hiram Silt presented his prisoner to Judge Foster, who was sitting in his office, a picture of justice tempered by mercy, in his frock coat and carpet slippers.

No sooner had Judge Foster heard the charge against Forbes, and Forbes's explanation of the circumstances, than he ordered Silt to leave the office. Twenty minutes later, the judge shouted: "Come in, Hiram."

Silt entered uncomfortably, twisting his hands together.

"You are to return this gentleman to the place where you found him," said the judge. "The young moose is to remain with him till he sees fit to release him. Warn Amos Tumbly, from me, to keep his hands off Mr. Forbes's affairs. I wish to compliment you, Hiram, on the spirit of consideration and good sense with which you have performed your duty."

Silt's jaw dropped.

"Didn't he—didn't he tell you about the handcuffs?"

"What handcuffs?" returned Judge Foster.

Through the warden's mind percolated at last the truth that Forbes had not complained about him—and from that moment Forbes had no greater friend in the whole country.

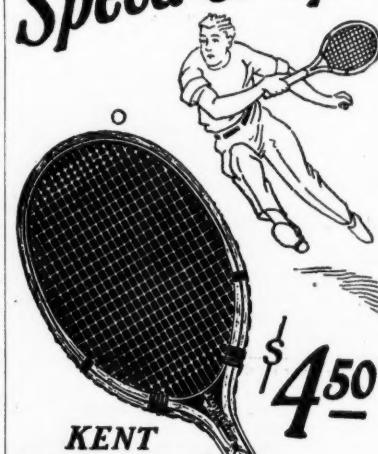
CHAPTER SIX

The Humiliation of Young Arch

THE Smiths of Dipper Creek were sitting at the supper table when the sound of wheels and hoofs came from the yard. Young Archer sprang up and opened the door, and in stepped Forbes,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 192]

Speed'er up!



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I'd see, too, that it was always ready with bright, white light to say "Follow me." In other words, I'd get only Eveready Batteries—nothing else but! They're power-full—packed with pep and power that puts daylight at your finger-tips.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

A Monthly Summary of Current Events

ALL JAPAN GOES TO THE POLLS
THE recent election in Japan was interesting because it was the first under practically universal manhood suffrage. Hitherto only about three million Japanese had the right to vote. Now there are nearly twelve million voters on the lists, and the peasants and coolies had their first chance to cast a ballot. The election went off quietly, but appears to have been indecisive. Neither of the two large parties, the Seiyukai and the Minseito, got a clear majority in the Diet. The balance of power is held by independent and proletarian members.

WHAT HAPPENED AT HAVANA

THE Pan-American Congress at Havana, after a long session, often on the verge of a serious crisis, adjourned in what amounted to a general harmony. That it did so is owing chiefly to the tact and skillful diplomacy of our leading representative, Mr. Charles E. Hughes. Again and again his speeches smoothed the troubled waters of debate and silenced the more or less hostile critics of American policy. The fireworks were mainly contributed by Señor Pueyrredon, Argentine ambassador at Washington, who strove hard to get the Congress to pronounce against intervention by one state in the internal affairs of another under any excuse, and in favor of a customs union between the nations of America by which protective tariffs should be greatly reduced. Directed by his home government to take a less determined stand on these points, he resigned both his place in the Congress and his ambassadorship and returned to Buenos Aires to run, so it is said, for the Presidency. The Congress did not, as some people feared, express any official criticism of the policy of the United States in Nicaragua and agreed to a convention for the conduct of the Pan-American Union by which strictly political questions were put outside the field of debate. It accepted conventions defining the international law on a great number of questions, drew up a code of public sanitation, voted a resolution in favor of compulsory arbitration and called a conference of American nations to meet in Washington and draw up a general treaty carrying out the terms of the resolution. In all these activities Mr. Hughes, as the foremost intellect of the gathering, took an influential and often determining part.

LINDBERGH AT HAVANA

IN gaining the good will of the Latin peoples for the United States Mr. Hughes had the effective aid of Colonel Lindbergh, who finished at Havana a flying tour that included Mexico, all the Central American states, Venezuela, Colombia, the Virgin Islands, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo and Haiti. He was greeted cordially everywhere, especially at Havana, where he remained for a few days before flying to St. Louis, his old home.

CONGRESS IN A SPENDING MOOD

CONGRESS made slow progress in legislation and often acted in opposition to the known wishes of President Coolidge. It added some \$200,000,000 to the Mississippi-flood-relief bill and a number of smaller but still substantial amounts to other appropriation bills. Opinion in Washington was that the President might feel obliged to use his veto power on some of these bills or else on the tax-reduction bill, since there seemed to be serious danger that there would not be money enough to meet the appropriations if the income tax were cut. The Senate passed the Jones bill, which continues government ownership and operation of merchant shipping in the face of the President's desire to get the government out of the shipping business; and it also passed a resolution declaring its opposition to the occupation of the Presidency by any man for more than eight years. It also voted for an investigation of the power situation in the country by the Federal Trade Commission instead of by the Senate.

THE MARCH OF SPEED

MALCOLM CAMPBELL, a British driver, set a new record for speed in automobiles at Daytona Beach, Florida, where he covered the course twice at a mean speed of almost

207 miles an hour. One mile was made in between sixteen and seventeen seconds, or at the rate of 220 miles an hour.

THE NAVY QUESTION

ON the naval appropriations bill alone something less than the expenditure proposed seemed likely. A good deal of opposition, both in and out of Congress, appeared when it was known that the Navy wanted ships built at a cost of nearly \$800,000,000. After several hearings on the subject the naval committee of the House amended the bill to authorize fifteen cruisers instead of twenty-five and cut out all the submarines and destroyers. What the bill would finally provide for was still uncertain on March 1. Those who opposed the Navy program did so on the ground that it was extravagant and provocative. Those who favored it asserted that it was essential to the efficiency of our fleets, though it appeared that one argument in its support was the strategic advantage such a program would give us in "bargaining" at the next conference on naval limitation in 1931.

AN ELECTRICAL MARVEL

DOCTOR COOLIDGE, of the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, has succeeded in constructing a cathode-ray tube that carries nine hundred thousand volts, three times as powerful as one he built two years ago. He declares that it will soon be possible to make such tubes that will carry a

current of some millions of volts, and that they will discharge the characteristic rays that are obtained now from radium in great quantity. One such tube would probably produce as many rays as a ton of radium.

ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC PLANS

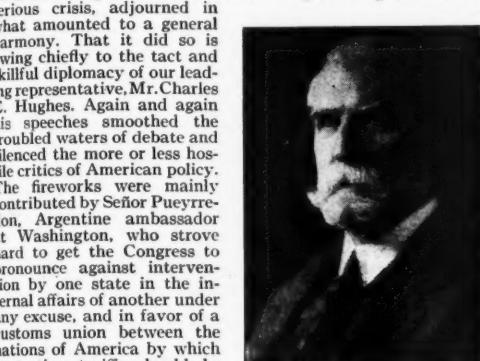
WHILE Commander Byrd is hard at work preparing airplanes, dog-sledge equipment and supplies for the exploration of the Antarctic continent that he has in mind, General Nobile, the Italian designer of the dirigible Norge, in which the Amundsen expedition flew over the North Pole, is planning a survey of the North-polar ice by airship. He will make his base in Spitzbergen and hopes to spend some time in the Arctic zone, studying the winds, the climatic conditions, the compass variations and the geography of that vast region. It has also been reported that Captain Wilkins is going to make another attempt to reach the unexplored part of the polar sea by airplane from Alaska. He has tried twice before without success.

THE FRENCH TREATY

WE have signed a new arbitration treaty with France, but it does not contain the definite outlawry of war between the two nations that M. Briand proposed. That is because we stood out for a formula that could be extended to meet the case of any other nation that would sign a similar treaty with us, while the French think they must limit their agreements to comply with what they regard as their duties under the League of Nations, which include their assistance of any nation that has been "aggressively" attacked by another.

DISCUSSING PEACE

AT Geneva the Arbitration and Security Commission of the League of Nations was hard at work through February, trying to find some way of reaching an agreement on the best means of avoiding war. Germany, England and Russia (the latter country represented by an "observer") all had plans to suggest. The Russian idea for prompt mutual disarmament was the simplest, but in view of the conditions in Europe the least practical. The weight of opinion in the commission seemed to be in favor of treaties between possible enemies, modeled on the famous Locarno agreement, so phrased as to make the "aggressor" in any dispute unmistakable. But the Germans, who are disappointed in the working of the Locarno pact, prefer a definite control of all international disputes by the League itself. What the issue would be was not clear when our record closed.



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You can have flowers growing under your window, beside the paths, or along the fences. We will send you our selection of 12 Roses from the following varieties. They will be assorted both as to color and type, so that you will get a wonderful variety.



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Bush Excelsa—Red, of true bush form. Very free bloomer.
Radiance—Red. Bears large numbers of deep rose-red, globular flowers.
Flower of Fairfield—A red rambler that blooms profusely all through the season.
Crimson Rambler—A favorite everywhere. Very hardy and a free bloomer.

PINK

Dorothy Perkins—A pink rambler with very double flowers. Extremely hardy.
Seven Sisters—Ranges from white to pink in color, all on the same stems.
Japanese Rose—A pink bush rose that is very fragrant and hardy.
Tausendschoen—White, pink and rose colors are borne on the same stems of this climber.

WHITE

Wichuriana—A single white rose that is exceedingly beautiful. Also known as the Memorial Rose.
White Dorothy Perkins—A white climber that is hardy and of striking beauty.
Snow Queen—A beautiful white bush rose of exquisite fragrance.
Madame Plantier—A white Hybrid Perpetual that is prized wherever roses are grown.

BLUE

Vielchenblau (Blue Rambler)—The buds are reddish-violet and open to violet-blue.
Yellow

Gardenia—Bears large numbers of double yellow flowers of delightful fragrance.
Sunburst—Orange-copper color; very fragrant and everblooming.
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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190]

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followed by several dogs, now his friends. "What did you say to the judge, if you don't mind tellin' us?" asked young Archer.

"The truth," said Forbes. "Judge Foster is very reasonable and kind."

"I bet you had to show him your identification disk, or something of that kind."

"Yes, I showed him who I am."

"Look here, Mr. Forbes, who are you?"

"I'm your very sincere friend, Archer — your friend and sincere well-wisher. I'm not keeping anything back from you, when I say that. I hope soon to let you know all about myself—but not too soon for your full advantage."

Here was mystery; and more mystery surrounded the disappearance, while he was bathing in the creek, of Forbes's knickerbockers.

THE calm of an evening three days later was shattered suddenly by the dogs, which set up such a storm of barking outside that young Archer ran out, and Forbes followed him. A shadowy figure was hobbling towards them in the dim moonlight — a figure in gray, moving slowly and unsteadily.

Young Archer whistled in the dogs.

"Who's that?" he called. "And what ails you?"

"It's me, and I'm shot," came the voice of Jingle Tomson.

They carried him into the kitchen, for he collapsed immediately after saying these words.

"Hold the lamp this way," ordered Forbes.

"Ah—now I know what happened to my clothes."

Jingle's face was gray. His queer eyes were wild with fear. The right sleeve of his fine gray coat — Forbes's coat — was wet and dark. Forbes ripped the shoulder seam with his knife, calling for warm water and a clean cloth.

They lifted him up the back stairs and laid him down on Forbes's bed.

"Who shot you?" asked Archer.

"Dunno," moaned Jingle, without opening his eyes.

"Someone mistook him for Mr. Forbes," put in the old man, shrewdly.

His glance met his grandson's. Young Archer went down to the kitchen, where Molly was heating broth for Jingle.

Archer quickened up the fire for her and then went out, taking his rifle. He went to the stable, led out one of the new horses, and rode him off toward the high road. Just before reaching it, he pulled up suddenly to avoid riding down a man who had apparently sprung out of the ground. It was his father.

"Did ye find him?" asked Jim Smith. He trembled, and his voice shook. "Are ye ridin' for a doctor? I went back an' looked for him—an' he was gone. Is he dead?"

Then Archer knew who had shot Jingle Tomson by mistake for Forbes. He was silent, dazed by the horror and shame of it.

"I reckon I'd best clear out," wailed Jim. Arch dismounted and took the gun from his father's shaking hand.

"I'm not going to say what I think of you. You're my father. I've got to stand by you, somehow — no matter what you've done. You can make your mind easy on one thing — it wasn't Mr. Forbes you shot, and the wound isn't serious."

"Not Mr. Forbes!"

"It was Jingle Tomson. He had Mr. Forbes's clothes on. I don't know what to do about either of you — maybe Mr. Forbes can tell me."

Archer cantered back to the house and whispered for a long time to Molly in the kitchen.

"It was just what I thought," he told her. "But Father didn't run away. He went back to where he shot Jingle, and he was scared blue. He said he went crazy when he pulled the trigger. But he was sorry, even before he knew it was Jingle he'd shot. Lastly, he wanted to go for the doctor. He's hidin' around now, ashamed of himself all right."

When lights were put out for the night, Forbes stretched himself on the floor of a room next to his own room, where Jingle Tomson lay muttering on the bed. Forbes's slumber was not profound, and he was awakened by a murmur of voices toward dawn, after the moon had set.

"I'm not a fool all the time, Jim," said the voice of Jingle. "I know who shot me — it was the big man, for robbin' him. I'll teach

him. I got a gun. I keep it hid away. I took it from Hen Long's house last year — an' ca'triddges, too."

"Honest, Jingle, it wasn't him shot ye," came Jim Smith's husky voice. "Forget it."

"I ain't goin' to," replied Jingle, stubbornly.

Forbes lay still until Jim Smith padded out of the next room and down the corridor into his own bedroom. Jim was lying on his own bed when a slight sound at the threshold caused him to turn and tremble, with the muttered question: "Who's that?"

"I want to talk to you, Smith," answered Forbes, closing the door and advancing to the edge of the bed. Smith did not speak or move.

"I heard part of your talk with poor Jingle Tomson," he continued, "and learned that it is his intention to shoot me some day. I also learned who it was that shot him, by mistake for me, last evening. This is all the information I need to have both of you locked up — Jingle in an insane asylum, and you in jail. But I didn't come here to put people in jail. Quite the contrary. What had we better do about it? I want your advice."

No answer from Jim Smith.

"Think it over," said Forbes, "and let me know when you make up your mind."

CHAPTER SEVEN
The Passport

MORNING found Jingle pale from loss of blood, but very much alive. Forbes dressed the wound again.

Young Archer drove to Covered Bridge after breakfast, with money in his pocket to buy three new mattresses and sheets and blankets. He had not been gone more than twenty minutes when old Mrs. Amos Tumbly came timidly into the kitchen and clasped her astonished granddaughter in her arms. Old Archer was also there, and he, too, was astonished.

"Amos wouldn't let me come," said the old woman. "I started to see you a dozen times, dear, but he dragged me back every time. My heart's been aching for you, Molly, and I've lain awake nights thinkin' about you. Amos has gone to Covered Bridge for the day, with the boys, so I came over here."

The visitor was so genuinely delighted by Molly's look of health and happiness, and by the sight of dishes on the dresser and food in the pantry, that she sat down, beaming, and accepted a cup of coffee.

The morning passed quickly.

"I'd best be goin'," said Mrs. Tumbly at last. "Amos might come home sooner than I expect him."

Old Amos Tumbly had been in a rasping temper all day, and it was not improved by finding that his two sons had promised to attend a barn-raising frolic on the following Thursday.

He therefore returned early from Covered Bridge and was glad to get his sons back at the paternal home, where they never ventured to argue with him. Finding Mrs. Tumbly gone, he drove over to the Smith place with a premonition that he would find her there.

He walked into the kitchen without so much as a tap on the door.

" Didn't I warn ye?" he began. " Didn't I warn ye never ag'in to speak to that young woman? You expect to flout me and disobey me the way she did, hey?"

Mrs. Tumbly uttered a terrified squawk, then sank into a chair and burst out crying, with both toil-worn hands clasped to her face.

"Come along out of this before I drag ye out!" ordered Amos, crouching low in his rage.

Old Archer rose totteringly to his feet. "Give a call for Mr. Forbes, Molly," he cried.

But Molly did not call for help. Instead, she darted in between her quaking grandmother and Amos. Amos pushed her aside and seized his wife by the shoulder. Molly came back like a flash and broke his grip.

"This ain't right," protested old Archer. "Grandpa and granddaughter fightin' like wild lynxes." He thrust his stick deftly between Tumbly's legs, and Tumbly crashed to the floor. At that moment Forbes entered the kitchen.

"What's this about?" he demanded.

Tumbly got slowly to his feet and pointed a trembling finger at his wife and granddaughter.

"Now ye'll stop here till ye die!" he

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snarled. "I'm done with ye. When my word ain't law to ye, I'm done with ye. Now I know who learned my sons to cross me, and who learned this graceless young woman to flout and disobey me—after me raisin' and schoolin' her in charity—to bring my gray hairs to the dust!"

Mrs. Tumbly was past the power of speech, and Molly was weeping as if her heart would break. Amos Tumbly turned and walked out of the house, so quickly that even Forbes had no chance to speak to him.

Mrs. Tumbly made no effort to follow. She knew she had been cast off.

FOR a week, life seemed to go on as usual on Dipper Creek. One of the Tumbly sons appeared one day in the meadow, asked about his mother's health, and faded away. Forbes behaved just as if his offer of partnership had been formally accepted; he sent Arch to Covered Bridge for a new plough, groceries and feed, and sent him again for a load of young cattle of the hornless breed. Anxiety concerning Tumbly's next move kept Forbes close to the house and curtailed his sleep. He paused frequently to mount a stump and run a searching gaze over the buildings and fields. He changed his sleeping quarters to the back of the house, where his window commanded the barns. Jingle Tomson was soon able to be out. Forbes had one brief conversation with him, warning him off the place forever. He was not sure that his words penetrated the fogged brain of the lunatic, but his manner could not be mistaken. Jingle Tomson stole away with a sly backward glance, full of malignant hate.

Soon after Jingle's departure it was noticed that Jim Smith had disappeared too.

"Father said he was going to take Jingle's gun away from him," said young Archer. "Perhaps he's gone to do it."

The day passed uneventfully. The sun sank, and still Jim failed to come home. Forbes began to worry. Perhaps Jim had suffered some accident. Perhaps he had run foul of old Tumbly. Perhaps the half-wit had turned on him. Forbes lay awake thinking of these things, and from time to time he glanced out of his window. At last, hearing furious barking down by the barn, he shouted and ran out into the yard. He was within a yard of the horse stable when he caught a whiff of smoke. Then he heard the horses stamping and snorting.

He pulled open the door of the stable, and a gush of smoke came out. Peering through it, he saw a flicker of flame low down on the floor. He paused long enough to yell at the top of his voice for help, then started to drive out the horses.

Young Archer came leaping into action and was able to smother the flames with old horse blankets.

"Do you smell oil?" asked Forbes, thrusting one of the scorched blankets into young Smith's face, and then staggering to the open air without waiting for an answer. He was still breathing hard to get rid of the bitter smoke he had inhaled, when the largest dog came bounding up to him with an offering in its mouth. Forbes examined the offering and thrust it into the front of his pajama jacket.

Then young Archer spoke. "You bet I smell oil!" he cried. "This fire was made with kerosene."

JIM SMITH did not appear for breakfast. His movements had been secret, and there were good reasons for his absence. No sooner, in fact, had Jingle Tomson slunk away after receiving Forbes's warning than Jim Smith followed him.

Jim was an excellent woodsman and had no difficulty in keeping Jingle in sight. The chase kept to the wilderness, far from roads and clearings, but every yard of the ground was familiar to the tracker. After Jim had walked for ten or twelve miles all sounds of movement on Jingle's part ceased. Jim crawled with utmost caution on his hands and knees and was then able to peer through screening underbrush into a tiny clearing, where there was a little hut of bark and boughs no larger than a beaver house.

Jingle's eight-foot pole stood against a maple sapling, and Jingle himself soon appeared, crawling from the hut with a rusty frying-pan. He made a small fire and sliced and fried bacon.

While Jingle dined, Smith squashed mosquitoes and black flies and wondered at himself for lying there in hunger and discomfort when he might be sharing Jingle's bacon and the protective smoke of his fire.

What was the reason? Why had he undertaken this painful and laborious task? The answer was not clear. But he realized that he had fallen under the influence of the honest and superior Forbes.

When the last slice of bacon was eaten, Jingle licked his fingers and entered the hut. He soon reappeared with a double-barreled shotgun. He broke the weapon at the breech and squinted through the barrels with a knowing air. Evidently satisfied with what he had seen or not seen, he laid the gun down and turned again into the hut. Then Jim Smith went into action. He picked up a stone, and as Jingle disappeared into the hut he darted from cover, snatched up the gun, cocked both hammers and smashed them off short with two hard blows. He dropped the gun, which was now useless, and turned to slip away on his homeward journey. But he was not quick enough. The frying-pan, swung with all Jingle's strength, hit him on the head and dropped him unconscious into the ferns.

Jim Smith came to himself at last. Every muscle throbbed with pain, and his stomach felt cold and sick. Not content with striking him with the frying-pan, the furious lunatic—despoiled of his precious gun and the opportunity to revenge himself on Forbes—had swung his stout pole until his arms were tired, and had then left the victim of his rage to the eager mosquitoes and black flies.

Jim got to his feet, weak from hunger and racked by pain, and started to stagger home. Only instinct held him to his course. His whole brain felt as if it were on fire; and his soft muscles, unaccustomed to vigorous exercise, could hardly carry him forward. But at last, more dead than alive, he reached his own doorstep, and the strong hands of Forbes carried him into the house to bed. He could give no account of himself, nor did it seem likely that he would ever come out of the deep swoon into which he fell.

As for Jingle Tomson, it was plain that he was not responsible for his savage brutality to Jim Smith. Once a harmless half-wit, Jingle had now become a dangerous madman, eager for any desperate and vengeful deed. He ran like a deer through the woods, dragging his pole, until at noon of the second day—after steering a circuitous and apparently random course—he came to Amos Tumbly's store.

Jingle walked into the kitchen, where the Tumblys were at dinner, and sat down. Amos savagely ordered him out. The old man was in a worse temper than usual, for he had a sore leg in consequence of his fall. Jingle darted such a strange and fiery look at Amos that Amos was silenced.

"What ails ye?" he said at last.

"Want a gun," replied Jingle through the large wad of unchewed food in his mouth. He went on to say that he wanted the gun to shoot a man, because the man had shot him. He pushed his coat back from his right shoulder, exposing the new red scar.

"Forbes done that," he said. "Gimme a gun."

"I won't do it," said Amos. "This is a law-abidin' country. Leave it to the law. We'll go see the deputy sheriff."

"No!" cried Jingle, leaping to his feet and overturning his chair. "I'm goin' to shoot him."

"Leave it to us," said Amos. "Jail's the place for that—"

Amos never finished this sentence, for he was hurled to the floor, chair and all. It took the three Tumblys many minutes to overpower and bind the madman, and by that time the kitchen was a wreck. They carried Jingle upstairs and laid him on a bed. He was still squirming and yelling for a gun.

"Now we'll go and fetch the deputy sheriff and show him what Forbes done to this poor man for trespassin', or maybe stealin' his haversack. Nobody ever harmed the poor feller before, and now this high-latin' tramp tried to murder him for a little thing like that!"

Baseless as was this assertion on their father's part, it seemed to satisfy the sons—ignorant men, without even their father's malicious sharpness of mind. Instead of leaving a guard over Jingle, they all drove off at top speed and returned by six o'clock with Deputy Sheriff Peter Rack, a simple soul.

They found Jingle sleeping peacefully. They woke him up, and Mr. Rack examined the wound.

"Who shot you?" he asked.

"Forbes."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 195]

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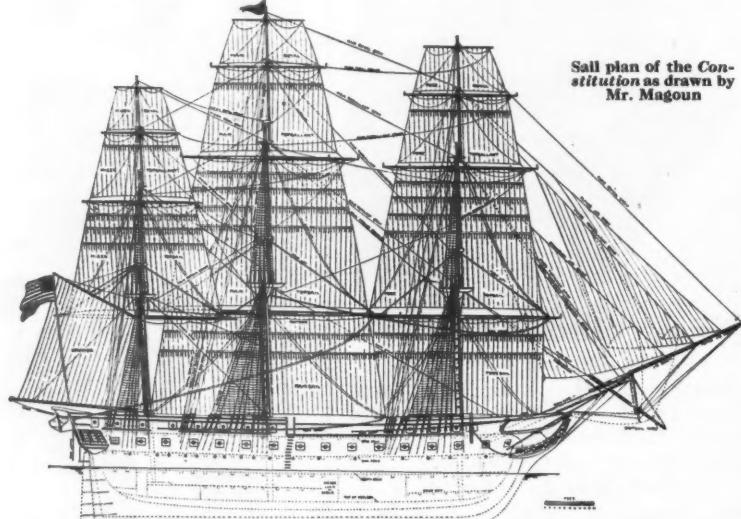
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INSTRUCTOR IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE, MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



Sail plan of the *Constitution* as drawn by
Mr. Magoun

THE vindication and establishment of the independence of this country was so intimately connected with the history and traditions of the frigate *Constitution* that she holds a unique place in the annals of our navy. No other ship has seen so long, so varied or so romantic a service.

So remarkable was the genius of her designer, Mr. Joshua Humphreys of Philadelphia, that fifteen years after she was launched she was still far superior to anything of her class afloat. Instead of 18-pounds he chose to arm her with 24-pounds, in spite of the fact that the few previous frigates carrying so heavy a battery had been considered unsuccessful. Instead of the usual lighter construction, he made the frames, planking and spars fully equal in size to those of the heavier line-of-battle ships. This was at first criticized as clumsy design and later was made the basis of the British complaint that she was not a frigate at all, but really a disguised ship of the line.

Many are the accounts of the battles she won and the ships she captured, but information concerning "Old Ironsides" herself is not widespread.

The 1927 reconstruction was begun on the assumption that some old tracings in the files of the Bureau of Construction and Repair in Washington were correct. These drawings have often been reproduced, but comparison with the ship showed that, instead of the 147-foot keel shown on the plan, the keel actually measured 157 ft. 10 in. Since this discovery the opinion has gained weight that the few old drawings were really only in the nature of preliminary sketches and not finished plans at all.

For the first time in the entire 130 years of her history the Navy Department is preparing a complete set of plans of the old frigate, making them represent her as she was in 1812 as accurately as patient research through the mass of surviving documentary evidence is able to do. This has been going on under the immediate supervision of Lieut. John A. Lord (C.C.), U.S.N., who brings to it not only the background of a long experience with square-riggers but also that infinite capacity for detail which gives authority to the finished work. People familiar with the ship as she has been since the repairs of 1907 will hardly recognize her when the present restoration is complete.

Just forward of the mainmast is an immense hatch 40 ft. 5 1/2 in. long by 14 ft. wide. The hatch allowed the small boats to be stowed on the gun deck during an action, thereby removing the danger of wounds and loss of life which flying splinters would have caused had the boat stowage been struck by a shell. Of less im-

tance from the viewpoint of the naval officer was the increased protection given to the boats.

Above the copper bottom, the outside hull was painted entirely black with the exception of the conventional white band between the gun ports. The ports themselves and the rail cap were black. The inside of the bulwarks was entirely white, matching the color of the deck housing. Dirty hands would soon have spoiled the appearance of the fife rails had they not been yellow, and the hammock berthing covering had it not been black.

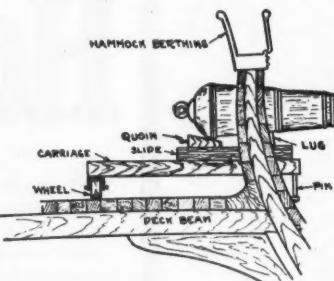
On the spar deck just forward of the mizzen mast is the double steering wheel. In a heavy sea one man, or even two, would be entirely unable to hold the wheel of so large a ship. The double wheel, allowing four men to work, not only provided for such contingencies but doubled the power available to lay the wheel over in action. In this way the course could be altered much more rapidly, a vitally important factor in any battle. The tiller rope was carried on a drum between the two wheels.

The original figurehead of the *Constitution* was made by Skillings Brothers and represented Hercules, the emblem of strength. This was ruined by a shot during the siege of Tripoli and replaced by a figure of Neptune, which in turn gave way to a plain billet called a "fiddle head" by reason of its resemblance to the end of a violin. During the reconstruction of 1833 Capt. Jesse D. Elliott, Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, roused great opposition by insisting on replacing the billet with a figure

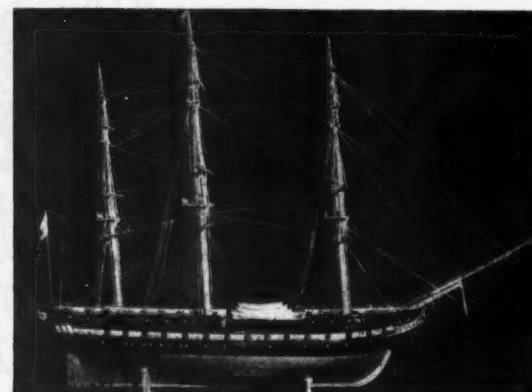
of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. The objection of the people of Boston was not shared by the Navy Department, which had readily approved Captain Elliott's suggestion. Handbills, newspaper threats and anonymous letters did not deter the Commandant in the least. The figurehead was made and installed, and a marine guard posted to see that no harm befell it. As though

this were not enough, the *Constitution* was moored between two line-of-battle ships to make undetected approach the more difficult. Yet in spite of all these precautions, on the night of July 2, 1834, during a heavy thunder storm, the noise of which covered the sounds of his saw, Samuel W. Dewey severed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 196]



Spar-deck carronade on the *Constitution*



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More Men Who Are Your Friends

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LAST month, on the Lab pages, we told you something of the distinguished men who had, up to that time, accepted membership on the Lab's committee to award a four-year scholarship to some gifted boy reader of *The Youth's Companion*. This month we have an equally impressive roster. Nothing could better demonstrate the importance which the Y. C. Lab has assumed as a Junior Scientific Society than the interest which these great scientists and engineers have shown in its activities.

The committee members chosen up to last month, you will remember, were, Chairman, Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the Hon. Edward P. Warner, A.B., S.B., S.M., Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics; Arthur D. Little, Chem.D., President of Arthur D. Little, Inc., Consulting Chemists;



Mr. Lee



Doctor Jewett

Frank W. Lovejoy, S.B., General Manager of the Eastman Kodak Company, and Ellery Sedgwick, A.B., Litt.D., Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

In this column you see the photographs of four additional members whose acceptances have since been received. This is the list: Elisha Lee, S.B., Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Frank B. Jewett, A.B., Ph.D., Vice-President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; William E. Nickerson, S.B., Vice-President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company; Paul W. Litchfield, S.B., President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation. James P. Monroe, S.B., Litt.D., President of the Monroe Felt and Paper Company, also accepts as we go to press.

All these scientists and engineers are graduates of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Who can say but that the boy they choose in September may some day, with the advantages of a similar training, achieve a distinction worthy to be compared with theirs?

By July 1 all entrants must forward to Lab Headquarters evidence that they can fulfill entrance requirements at the Institute, as specified in its catalogue. Address inquiries to The Director, Y. C. Lab.



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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 193]

"What for?"

"For takin' some of his things."

"Did you see him shoot you?"

"Yes, I did," said Jingle, putting real conviction into his voice. "Who else would ha' done it? Nobody ever pulled a trigger on Jingle Tomson before."

They unbound Jingle and took him down to supper. Peter Rack was in high glee over the prospect of arresting a dangerous criminal. Jingle was as mild as milk until the meal was over. Then the new and dangerous glint came back into his eyes. He demanded a gun of Amos, and when he was refused he tried to throttle the old man. Being four to one this time, they mastered him quickly, and not only bound him but gagged him. Then the three Tumblys and Peter Rack walked across to the Smith homestead.

YOUNG ARCHER met them in the doorway and was amazed by Peter Rack's demand to see Forbes at once.

"I am deputy sheriff of this county," announced Rack, "and I am here to arrest one Andrew Forbes on the charge of shooting Jingle Tomson with intent to kill."

"I did not shoot Jingle Tomson," said Forbes.

"That will be for the law to decide."

"I should like this arrest to be in order, Mr. Sheriff," said Forbes. "I am known here as Andrew Forbes, it is true, but I feel this is not sufficient for your purpose in so serious a matter as arrest for attempted murder. Permit me to identify myself. Arch, please stick your hand down the back of my neck and unfasten the small buckle you will find there."

"Watch him!" shouted Amos Tumbly. "He's goin' to play some trick."

"I'm getting out my passport and other documents for you," explained Forbes to Rack.

Young Archer released the buckle and then Forbes thrust a hand into the front of his shirt and drew forth the flat shoulder belt of oiled silk. He unfastened this and produced a folded paper, which he handed to the deputy sheriff.

"My passport, which I used last year while traveling in the United States," hesaid.

Rack gazed at the photograph attached to the document, then at Forbes, then back at the photograph. "It's you, all right," he muttered.

"I did not shoot Jingle Tomson," said Forbes.

"Jingle says he done it," put in Tumbly.

"Well, it's the loony's word against this—this gentleman's," replied Rack, slowly. "It's Jingle Tomson's word against the word of—" he stooped low to the paper—"Maj. Gen. Sir Andrew Smith-Forbes, Bart., V.C., C.B., D.S.O."

Silence fell upon the company. Archer was the first to move. Without a word, he took the document from Rack's hand, stared at it, and then passed it to his wife.

Forbes stood up and bowed to Molly. "I must apologize to the family, to my family," he said. "I wanted to make quite certain that we could get along together before making myself known to you as your cousin. Like yourself, Archer, I am a great-great-grandson of Gen. Archer Smith, who came out here to live on Dipper Creek. I am alone in the world—except for you."

Young Archer was stunned by the military rank of his guest, even more than by the fact that he was a baronet, and a cousin. A major-general, a commander of a division in the army—three brigades of infantry!

Rack turned to Amos. "You told me he was a tramp," he said accusingly, "but he turns out to be a baronet and a general. I reckon you'd best make your charge to the judge, and then I'll make the arrest on his order. This hasn't been done regular anyhow, now I come to think it over."

"That reminds me of something," said Forbes. "At an early hour last Tuesday, I was disturbed by the dogs and upon going out I found an incendiary fire in the horse stable. Somebody had set that fire, with oil. After we put it out, the largest dog came up to me with something in his mouth. I see your serge trousers are patched, Tum-

Amos opened and closed his mouth several times, but no word came forth.

Forbes produced a large, ragged piece of blue serge from his pocket and laid it on the table, keeping a hand on it.

"This is what the dog brought back after chasing the firebug," he said. "Don't you want to see if it matches the patch in Mr. Tumbly's trousers?"

Amos Tumbly turned and leaped through the open door, lame leg notwithstanding.

"After him!" cried Forbes, leading the way.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to forget this," whined Amos when they caught him. "I got money. I could make it more than a thousand."

"Your game is finished," replied Forbes, sternly. "I wouldn't let you remain in this country for twenty thousand. You taint the air. But for your wife's sake, and for Molly's, I will let you go free, on condition that you leave this province and never return to it. Make no promises, for your word is not worth the snap of a finger. Go—and never come back."

AMAZED by this sudden turn in events, nobody noticed that the back door was opening, until it rattled against the wall, and the pale figure of Jim Smith was seen, clad in a nightshirt and trousers.

"Just one word from me," he croaked. "I'm awful sick, but I been hearing what you said—and I want you to know, Amos Tumbly, that General Forbes never shot Jingle Tomson. I know. I shot him myself—by mistake."

With that Jim fainted on the floor. While some ran to pick him up, Amos went out. He made plans as he hobbled away. In the bank at Simonville he had enough money and bonds to keep him in luxury for twenty years. If he could get to Simonville before the general took the warpath again, all would be well.

With Jingle Tomson in the custody of Peter Rack, Forbes visited Judge Foster on the following day. There was no difficulty in committing Jingle to an asylum, for while Forbes regretted the necessity, Judge Foster said that it was a matter of common justice to the whole community.

"I guess," said Archer, when this was reported to him, "that Providence sometimes does take a hand in men's lives."

"No doubt of it," replied Forbes. "But you know the old proverb—'God helps those who help themselves.'"

"Well," said Archer, "I just want to say that if your proposal is still good, General, I want to accept it with thanks and gratitude."

"Of course it's good," replied Forbes, smiling.

SEVERAL years have passed. The two unmarried Tumbly sons built a new house, and one of them is now married. Their mother lives with them. The old Smith place now flourishes beyond belief, and its horses and Red Mooley cattle take prizes at every fair in the province. All the rooms in the homestead are furnished now; and one of them is a library with more than a thousand books. The old avenue has been bushed out. Everybody uses it except old Archer, who seldom gets out of the house nowadays. Jim Smith died not more than three months after making the manly confession of his guilt in shooting Jingle Tomson. He was prepared to take the penalty for this confession, but Judge Foster had no wish to proceed against him, as he was evidently doomed to die from the results of his beating and exposure. He sleeps in the old family burying-ground, and Forbes placed a handsome headstone above his grave.

Maj. Gen. Sir Andrew Smith-Forbes, breeder of order and happiness and hornless red cattle, contemplates a four-months' trip to England this summer. He wants to take Archer and Molly with him—and they think it can be done, if a good woman can be found in the neighborhood to come in and take care of their two little children.

THE END

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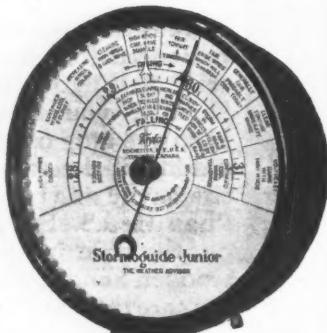
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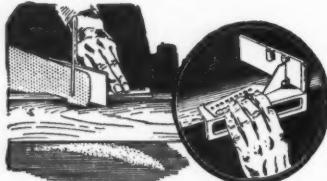
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[Y. C. LAB CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194]

the head from the body and carried it off in a bag. He accomplished this without any suspicion on the part of the nearby sentry, and successfully escaped in spite of the difficulty of having his rowboat filled with water from one of the ship's scuppers.

The damage was later repaired in New York by Mr. L. S. Beecher, who had made the original. For over forty years the wooden effigy of Andrew Jackson watched the bow

wave of the Constitution, a roll of papers in his right hand, the left inserted between the edges of his coat in Napoleonic style.

At the present time there is no figure-head, and because so many living people think of the stem as terminating with a fiddle-head, or because of the experiences of Captain Elliott, or for some other reason, the Navy Department has decided to make no change.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: This article will be continued in May. The Lab is proud to present, for the first time in any magazine, authentic details concerning the most renowned ship in the history of the naval affairs of the United States. In the welter of popular confusion concerning the frigate Constitution, Councilor Magoun's article stands out as the first of its authentic kind. Information similar to that given here is likewise to be found in Councilor Magoun's Book, "The Frigate Constitution and Other Historic Ships," just published by the Marine Research Society of Salem, Mass. Lab Members interested in learning more on this fascinating topic are encouraged to consult it, or to write to Councilor Magoun, in care of the Y. C. Lab, Headquarters, 8 Arlington St., Boston. It is a pleasure here to acknowledge the courtesy of Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, U.S.N., Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, in permitting the first magazine publication of the plans herein contained.

The Y. C. Lab, on receipt of \$5.00, sent to its Headquarters, will also forward to any Member or adult the official plans of the Constitution as compiled by the Boston Navy Yard. Every penny of the \$5.00 will be credited to the "Save Old Ironsides" fund.

THE Y. C. LAB SECRETARY'S NOTES

SPACE has long prevented your Secretary from giving you a glimpse of the many fascinating items which continue to pour into Headquarters every day.

One of the most interesting items for record is the fact that a Lab Member has achieved the distinction of having invented a patentable product. The first Member to achieve this considerable distinction is Member Roger Firestone (15) of Akron, Ohio, who has patented a Treasure Hunt Game.

The securing of a patent is not an easy matter. Member Firestone, the Y. C. Lab's patent attorney, Mr. Artemas B. Upham, and the Director worked long and hard on the details, and a less persistent inventor than Member Firestone might have become discouraged at the many complications. Success finally crowned his efforts, and the official transcript of the claims allowed now gives this transcription of his invention:

"1. The combination with a game board bearing representations of a tract of territory and of paths thereon leading to spots designated as concealing buried treasure of rotatable member thereunder bearing a plurality of chests, one of which is filled with 'treasure,' the game board being constructed with a small trapdoor upon which is the treasure designation.

"2. The combination with a game board bearing representations of a tract of territory and of paths thereon leading to spots designated as concealing buried treasure, the game board having normally closed openings at said

spots, and means controlled by chance for moving beneath said openings a plurality of representations of receptacles, one only of which is designated as containing treasure."

Member Firestone bears two other Lab distinctions. For this game Member Firestone on December 16, 1926, received Second Prize in the Lab's toy constructors' contest. Then, in October, 1927, he received the first of the Lab's new \$10.00 Monthly Awards for an extraordinarily complete outdoor miniature railroad system.

From Maplewood Academy, Maple Plain, Minn., Member Lucius F. Clark writes:

"I am enjoying my studies here immensely and am also getting along OK in my work and manual training.

"The manager of the fibre furniture factory resigned his position, and the principal placed me in charge of all the weavers and winders.

"We are making a standard line of seven products. Our standard line consists of parlor chairs, two styles of ferneries, child's rocker, child's straight chair, waste-paper baskets and writing desks. These products are made with rock-elm dowels and wound and woven with fibre instead of reed.

"I am working an extra hour per day to help pay my way, but still I am able to keep up very well with my studying. I still find time for my model work, however, and that is the principal purpose of this letter; at present I am working on plans and drawings for a 22-inch sport racer."

The Lab's Monthly \$10 Award for April

THAT not all of the Lab's model-makers are absorbed in ship construction is handsomely attested by the magnificent model of a vertical marine engine which brings the Lab's \$10.00 award for April to Member Maurice E. Bates (16) of Romeo, Mich.

Here is a model construction raised to as high a degree of excellence as Headquarters has seen. We doubt that anyone, regardless of age, could have bettered Member Bates' admirable work. Construction like this requires study, care, skill, determination and hard work. It also requires a touch of genius. Member Bates obviously had all the qualifications.

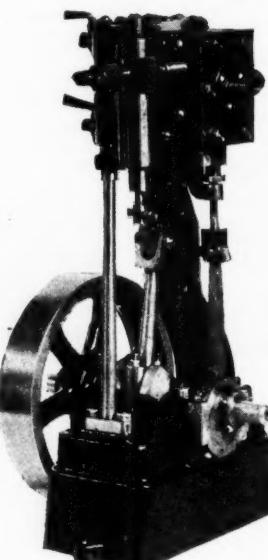
"I am greatly interested in model engines," he wrote to the Director, "having made three steam engines and one gas engine. The first two engines were made with hand tools. Then I bought a 12-in.-by-3-ft. screw-cutting lathe. My father let me have room in his shop and the use of a drill press and motor. I bought several hand tools, including surface gauge, taps, dies, calipers, micrometers, etc., and am proud to say that I am becoming a model-maker. I inclose a photograph of

my latest engine; every part of which I machined myself in spare hours after school.

"I started the engine last October, buying a set of castings from a well-known model-maker. The engine is not a toy; it is a scale-model vertical marine engine designed for a four-foot boat, but it runs very steadily as a stationary unit driving a dynamo.

"The following parts are of cast iron: cylinder, top and bottom covers, steam chest and cover, standard bed plate, flywheel and eccentric sheave. The bronze parts are: piston and valve glands, crosshead, connecting rod, eccentric strap with rod, main bearing brasses, slide valve and valve rod guide.

"The dimensions and data are as follows: Cylinder, 1-in. bore by 1-in. stroke; base, 4 in. long by 2 in. wide; height of engine, 8 1/2 in.; width of engine, 3 1/2 in.; flywheel, 3 1/2 in., on face 3/4 in.; weight of flywheel, 1 lb.; single cylinder, double-acting with slide valve; weight of engine, complete, 5 lbs.; approximate speed on 50 lbs. steam, 3000 R.P.M.; rating, 3/4 H.P. on 60 lbs. steam; copper cylinder jacket; displacement lubricator. This engine runs very quietly and easily and I estimate that it is worth \$60."



DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170]

there is a gap of eight years, and they begin again, with notes from new books purchased and on new knowledge sought.

There was young life at Mount Vernon. Mrs. Washington's two children grew up. John Parke Custis, or "Jack" as he was called in time, needed a tutor. But Jack did not take to study. Like the average Virginia planter of his day, perhaps like Washington himself, he took more to "Horses, Dogs and Guns," as Washington wrote. This did not please Washington; for, while in his own youth Washington had displayed the same general aptitudes, Jack Custis started life on a much higher social level than his step-father had done, and Washington was anxious that he be well educated.

Before young Jack Custis went to King's College he fell in love with Nellie Calvert. The match was an entirely suitable one, except for their youth and Jack's instability; but these did not restrain the young people. Jack gave up college, married Nellie Calvert, and brought her to Mount Vernon. They and their children, four in number, gave vivacity and color to the staid mansion.

Patsy Custis developed epilepsy, and her condition caused her mother and step-father much anxiety. Nothing was left undone that devoted love could do for the poor girl. In 1773, however, she died suddenly. Her mother and her step-father were both in deep sorrow over her death.

For about one month in each year, Washington was at Williamsburg, the capital, sitting with the House of Burgesses. Much of the time Martha was with him. On Sundays they sat in the old Bruton Church, and during the week Colonel and Mrs. Washington shared in the social gayety of that little frontier capital. Virginia was now a hundred and fifty years old and had put far away the memory of the crudities of the beginnings of the plantation. There were concerts, puppet-shows, waxworks, performing bears, and even theaters in Williamsburg. Washington attended them all and set down in his diary the precise cost of admission.

Washington did not fail to notice the refreshments on the occasion of entertainments. Of one event where food was abundant but not of high quality he wrote:

"Went to a ball at Alexandria, where Musick and dancing was the chief entertainment, however in a convenient room detached for the purpose abounded great plenty of bread and butter, some biscuits, with tea and coffee, which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened. Be it remembered that pocket handkerchiefs served the purposes of Table cloths & napkins and that no apologies were made for either. I shall therefore distinguish this ball by the stile and title of the Bread and Butter Ball."

It is an attractive picture we have of Washington in those years before the Revolution. Our knowledge of it comes to us through his own diaries and his extensive correspondence. We are surprised at his industry, his oversight of detail, his record of weather and crops and of work performed by particular servants.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Shot Heard Round the World

THIS short biography can undertake no general history of the Revolutionary War, nor of the years preceding or following that memorable struggle. We have all that we can safely undertake in telling the story of Washington. If we tell, as we shall, some incidents in the war, and omit others, as we must, it is because those we are to tell are judged essential to our understanding of the character and service of George Washington, and the others concern him less intimately.

We need not assume that everything that was done by the people on this side of the water was right, and everything done on the other side was wrong. Still less could we be justified in assuming that, because there may have been wrongs on both sides, we as Americans are forbidden to affirm the righteousness of the cause for which our fathers fought. Still less shall we be justified in any lack of faith in those brave men who for the liberty of these colonies pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

The occasions of the Revolutionary War were some of them quite trivial—the stamp tax, the tax on tea, and other rather small though vexatious matters of administration.

They provoked a growth in a discontent that was already in existence, and they brought about such clashes between the colonists and the British authorities as the Boston Tea Party, the so-called Boston Massacre, and other incidents that preceded the Revolution.

Upon the British throne sat a stupid and stubborn king, George III, who was much more a German than an Englishman, and he had a misinformed ministry that gave him bad advice. There was much opposition to George III and his advisors in Great Britain, as well as in America. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, so far as his administration was concerned, the Revolutionary War was fought on both sides of the ocean. America had many outspoken friends in Great Britain, some of them in high position.

But back of all this was the fact that the colonies had grown in population and in pride and in a desire to manage their own affairs. Smaller and smaller grew the proportion of men and women who had been born in England; an increasing majority of the people had been born here and did not possess the strong home ties of the original immigrants. They wanted to choose their own officers, conduct their own affairs, and develop their own industries.

If the government of Great Britain had been wise, it would have heeded the warning of the Continental Congress and, if it had not granted all the demands made upon it, would have met them in such a spirit as to disarm further acts of approach to rebellion. But it was not wise. It determined to send soldiers to Boston, which was regarded as the head and front of rebellion, to enforce the objectionable laws. This deepened colonial dissension and made violence almost inevitable.

But neither Washington nor the Congress was in favor of independence. Washington's own letters of the period show how far he was from expecting or desiring anything so radical as the severing of relations between the colonies and the mother country.

It is a mistake to suppose that the colonists were wholly unprepared for war. Every farmer boy was trained to the use of the rifle. Militia drill was a feature of community life. The Indian wars had kept the possibility of war in the minds of the people. When English troops began to arrive in America, farmer boys began to drill, and towns began procuring powder and storing it in the top galleries of the meetinghouses.

It became known to the British officers in Boston that powder and other stores were collecting at Lexington and at Concord. A body of troops marched out of Boston to destroy those stores. Paul Revere took his famous ride and gave his memorable warning. At Lexington the first blood was shed in a long war. Later in the same morning, April 19, 1775, there was a fight at Concord Bridge. Emerson, whose home was within sight of the spot, wrote his great poem of this event:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The Second Continental Congress convened on May 10, 1775. The place of meeting, as before, was Carpenters' Hall, in Philadelphia. George Washington was there, and he wore his uniform. War had already begun. On the very day the Congress assembled, Ethan Allen captured Ticonderoga.

On June 17, 1775, occurred the battle of Bunker Hill. The British won, but it was a costly victory. They realized that they could not afford many such successes.

Not in New England only, but in New York and Pennsylvania and in Virginia and the Carolinas and Georgia and all the colonies between, there was mustering of troops and gathering of arms and munitions. Boston was soon hemmed in by twenty thousand Minute Men. It became necessary that there should be a commander. The Congress decided to elect such an officer. It chose George Washington.

On June 21, 1775, Washington set out from Philadelphia for Boston, and in due season arrived at the headquarters of the Continental army. The necessary formalities were attended to, and on July 3, 1775, under the historic Old Elm in Cambridge, Gen. George Washington unsheathed his sword and assumed command of the Continental Army.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

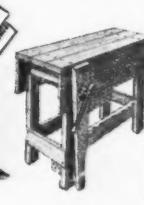
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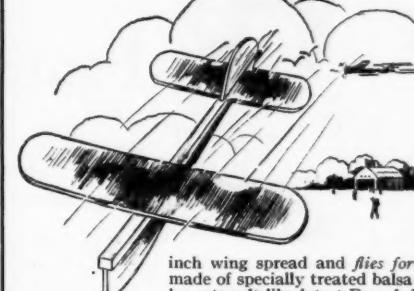
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WOULDN'T it be fun if, instead of my writing this and you reading it, we could be together to talk things over? Not that we could all get into the G. Y. C. office! Hazel Grey and I have just had a good smile over the thought of our thousands and thousands of girls arriving here all at once. We would have to go across the street to Boston Common, without a doubt, and even then we would spill into all the side streets and down as far as Paul Revere's house! But it would be fun. And how we would all talk! And how I would run around, asking each of you what you wish to have here on your own special pages of your magazine!

For these pages belong to the girls of The Youth's Companion. They are yours, and I am here to put in them what you most wish to have. I like this little corner of ours. It is so sort of cozy, like a clubroom, with the club members hurrying in for club-meeting every month, via Uncle Sam's mail, to talk about the things we have been doing and to pass along all sorts of good ideas to one another. I like being neighbors to the Y. C. Lab, too. They have promised faithfully not to run their buzz saws while we are having our meetings! And they have sent us all a cordial invitation to stop in any time, especially those of us who adore hammering and carving. (They have promised to show me how *not* to hammer my thumb. I shall certainly appreciate knowing that.)

Getting Acquainted with the G.Y.C.

It is just a little over a month, now, since our Editor told me I had been elected President of the G. Y. C.—and you can't imagine the good time I have had getting acquainted with you through the letters you have written Hazel Grey. From the first, I felt I was making a tour like Lindbergh's—dashing from one town to another on the wings of imagination, but calling on delightful and very real girls in each place.

Virginia Holland, who lives in Germantown, Pa., doesn't know it, but I have been to see her and the adorable smocked sponge dress she made for herself. I made a short call, too, on Katherine Meyer, down in Columbus, Miss. I couldn't resist going down, when I looked at the snapshot of Katherine and her dog and read about how she had made her dog's house herself. One of the things I like best about the G. Y. C. is that only the right kind of girls belong to it—girls who like to do all kinds of things and do them well. For, while Virginia likes to sew, Katherine likes to saw.

Madison, Fla., was my next stop, and Clementine Newman's home. Clementine is very much interested in lovely pictures, especially those for her room. Those she had on her walls were delightfully selected—some day, we shall have a long talk in the G. Y. C. about pictures for your room (if you wish to have it, that is).

And Holly Made a Tennis Court

The morning after was so bright and clear that I couldn't resist a game of tennis out in Holly Wolcott's court in Gothenburg, Neb. Holly made that court herself, with the help of a few interested friends, and I am very proud of her and of it—for it is a good piece of work. And this is another thing which I admire in the girls of the G. Y. C. as I have been getting acquainted with you this past month—the girls of the G. Y. C. are not daunted by difficulties. They go right ahead, using whatever they have to help them and making their own dreams come true. We shall talk about dreams before very long in the G. Y. C., if you are interested in the kind of dreams of which I am thinking. I mean those which each girl has for herself and for her own future—dreams of the kind of girl she wishes to become, dreams of what she shall do and make of her life. And it was

All Together for the G. Y. C.

By HELEN FERRIS, Our New President

that way with Holly. She had a dream of a tennis court, but there wasn't any court. So she obtained permission to build one on a vacant lot; she learned how to make a tennis court—and then she made it.

Watch the Dimes Come Hustling

About this time, what with all my traveling, my pocketbook was so flat my thoughts naturally turned to the G. Y. C. girls who earn—and save—money. There are so many of you who are interested in this, that I simply shut my eyes, went along for a while, and stopped where I found myself, which was in Kennedyville, Md., with Nola Hile. And I went gathering eggs with her. If you think gathering eggs is easy and simple, try it! You simply can't tell where you will find them. And when you do, you must carry your pail most gingerly, for a cracked and broken egg is no egg at all to sell. Every week, Nola's mother gives her a dozen eggs for her work, and Nola sells them to her teacher. There are other things Nola finds to do—in fact, her eyes seem to see every opportunity about her. I am very proud of

Nola and the many other G. Y. C. girls who have equally splendid records.

And I am proud of our Branch G. Y. C. Clubs, who are working together on any number of plans and who earn money together, too. There is the Rosebud Band of Wilmington, N. C.—I stopped in for an entertainment which they gave, and a good one it was, too. When you charge admission for anything it is always so important not to disappoint the people who come. And the Rosebud Band didn't. In fact, I saw so much that you are doing and picked up so many new ideas about how girls are earning money that money-earning ideas at once took their place among the things to talk over here on our G. Y. C. pages—if you want them, that is.

Which brings me to the most important thing of all, this month—what *do* you wish to have here on your own pages of your own magazine? If you could know how I am wondering about that! When I returned from my Lindbergh-like tour, breathless but more enthusiastic than ever about the G. Y. C., I realized I didn't know half enough about you all, despite the pile of letters Hazel Grey

has given me to read. Then I thought of a plan. Why not have you vote on what you most wish to have here each month? Why not ask you to write me a letter telling me about yourself and your plans? Because, while it is true that every girl is different from every other girl and some girls like to do one thing best, while other girls prefer something quite different, nevertheless there are any number of us, for instance, who adore getting out into the kitchen and concocting a surprise dessert for the family, or who like nothing better than slipping into gym clothes for a brisk game of basketball.

Then I thought that after you had voted and written to me I could make a list of the number of girls who like one kind of thing best, or another thing, and so on. And presto! you would all be my Assistant Editors, helping me make our G. Y. C. pages.

Now for a Brand-new Contest

So I hurried to our Editor with my plan, and he said, "Fine! Tell all the girls to vote and to write a letter. And we will make it an editorial contest, with twenty-five dollars to be awarded to the girl who writes the best letter, together with a complete ballot."

No sooner said than done. So here is the ballot. And here is the plan for our editorial contest. Every girl who reads The Youth's Companion is eligible, whether she is an Active Member of the G. Y. C. or not—and I must stop right here a minute to say that I hope many, many more of you are planning to become Active Members and so earn the right to wear our adorable little blue and gold pin.

But about the contest. On this ballot, you are to vote for the things which you *most* like to do. You may vote for three things, placing No. 1 beside the thing you like to do *best*. Perhaps you are the kind of girl who enjoys pretty much everything. You can tell me that in your letter. But make your ballot show the three things which you *most* like to do. This will give me just the kind of help which I need from all my Assistant Editors.

You Will Be an Assistant Editor

So fill out your ballot, then write me a letter, telling me anything else you wish about yourself, but especially what you are planning for the future and what you are doing to make your dreams come true. Don't make your letter more than five hundred words long—and do write it as soon as you can. I mention this especially because this is to be the quickest contest we have ever had in the G. Y. C. This is the only time it will be announced. All ballots and letters must be mailed not later than midnight of May 1, 1928. This is because I want to have your votes as soon as I possibly can in order to make our G. Y. C. pages just what you wish. And from the time I count your votes everything that you find here will be what has been requested by the G. Y. C. girls.

Now about the rules for our editorial contest, for every contest must have rules to go by. These are the rules for this one:

This editorial contest is open to every girl who reads The Youth's Companion.

Every girl who enters must send a filled-out ballot and a letter in order to be eligible.

Make your letter not more than 500 words in length.

Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name, age and address at the top of the first page of your letter.

Inclose a completely filled-out ballot. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, or if you find you do not have sufficient room on the printed ballot, you may copy the ballot on a sheet of paper and send the copied ballot.

Letters and ballots must be mailed by midnight, May 1, 1928.

So send in your vote for the things in which you are most interested. And write me a letter about yourself, so that I may be acquainted with you, just as I am now with Katherine and Clementine and the others.



I am a girl like this

DEAR HELEN FERRIS: These are the things I wish to have on our G. Y. C. pages. The three checked things tell what I like best to do.

<input type="checkbox"/> I like sports. <i>Especially: (Name your favorites)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/> I like to read. <i>Especially: (Name your favorites)</i>
<i>For me, please have:</i>	<i>For me, please have:</i>
<input type="checkbox"/> I like to sew. <i>Last year I made:</i>	<input type="checkbox"/> I like to cook. <i>I prepare meals every week.</i> <i>I help prepare meals every week.</i> <i>(Give number)</i>
<i>For me, please have:</i>	<i>For me, please have:</i>
<input type="checkbox"/> I like to earn money. <i>Last year I earned \$..... (Give amount)</i>	<input type="checkbox"/> I like <i>(This space is for anything else you like to do)</i>
<i>For me, please have:</i>	<i>For me, please have:</i>
<small>N. B. Check the three things you like to do. Place number 1 before the one you like best of all.</small>	
<i>Your Assistant Editor,</i> Name My age is Street Town State	

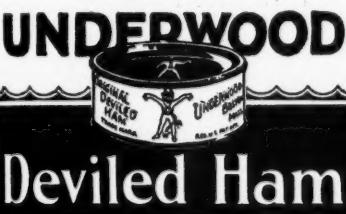
HAM...that's always handy



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Comfitape Laboratory, Box Y Burlington, Vt.

Look carefully at this seal



You'll want to know about it

THIS is the G. Y. C. seal of approval. When you see it on an advertisement in our magazine, it means that the product advertised has been carefully tested, and that the G. Y. C. recommends it to you. It means, for instance, that the girls who like to cook can use the flavorings and other ingredients with the seal of approval and have their pet recipes come out right—that is, if you are the kind of cook we think you are!

We take pleasure in announcing that the G. Y. C. seal of approval has been awarded to the following manufacturers of cooking products: California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif. Campbell Soup Company, Camden, N. J. Frank E. Davis Fish Company, Gloucester, Mass. Jenny Wren Company, Lawrence, Kan. Joseph Burnett Company, Boston, Mass. Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Minute Tapioca Company, Orange, Mass. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I. Salada Tea Company, (Inc.), Boston, Mass. Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y. William Underwood Company, Boston, Mass.



Girls Who Achieve

AND WHO SEE OPPORTUNITY EVERYWHERE



EACH month there are more and more girls who, as Corresponding Members of the G. Y. C., send in records of their successful achievements and so become Active Members, receiving our little blue and gold pin, a picture of which you see here, and wearing it proudly. The letters below are those of our Honor G. Y. C. Girl and our Honor Branch Club for the month. I am sure you will agree that the accounts of their achievements are worthy of the publication prize of one dollar which we award to every girl who writes a letter which is published anywhere on

the G. Y. C. pages of The Youth's Companion each month.

Won't those of you who are already Corresponding Members send me an account of your achievements as soon as you can? And if you are interested in joining the G. Y. C., but have not written to tell me so, just fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and I will tell you all about how you may become a Member.

Here are my very best wishes to you!

Hazel Grey.

APRIL'S HONOR GIRL

Mary Elizabeth Adams of Dansville, N. Y.

Dear Hazel Grey:

Dad was very busy cleaning the barn a few days ago, and I went out to help. At once Dad gallantly handed me a hopeless (?) old stool. I took an inventory of it: faded, padded top which was soft and comfortable; solid legs and rungs, almost painless. Suddenly I had an idea!

Next day I borrowed some of the black lacquer which we used on the club table. First I painted the rungs, after dusting them well. Then I tackled the legs, which were much more difficult. The lacquer dried quickly. By the time I had finished the fourth leg, the first one was dry and ready for the second coating. When the whole stool had three coats I started on the covering.

I had bought half a yard of pretty cretonne with a black background to match the legs.

Using the old cover for a pattern, I cut out a piece to fit the top, leaving half an inch for hem. Dad gave me a box of upholstery tacks, with which I fastened on the cretonne, putting in a tack about every inch.

The stool was finished, showing a little work and piles of fun!

I hope every Member of the G. Y. C. will discover a piece of furniture to repair during spring housecleaning, because you'll have a jolly good time doing it!

Yours from Dansville,
MARY ADAMS
G. Y. C. Active Member

YOU, TOO, MAY JOIN THE G. Y. C.

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises that lead to successful achievements

THE coupon you see here is more than a coupon. It is a magic door to all the interesting things the G. Y. C. girls are doing. Sign it and send it with a stamped envelope to Hazel Grey, and she will write to tell you just how you may become a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member, wearing the little blue and gold pin, and last—the highest honor—how to become a Contributing Member.

Perhaps, too, you will wish to have several of your best friends working with you in the G. Y. C. We have a plan for that, as well. You may form a Branch Club together and carry out your G. Y. C. achievements in club meetings. So if you are interested in the Branch Club plan, as well as in becoming a Member yourself, check the space indicated for it on the Keystone coupon below.

RETURN TO HAZEL GREY

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

DEAR HAZEL GREY:

Please tell me how I may join the G. Y. C., earn the right to wear the blue and gold pin, and enjoy the advantages of being an Active Member.

My name is.....

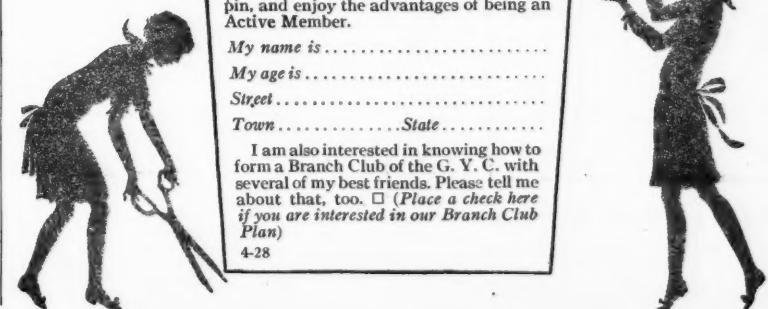
My age is.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

I am also interested in knowing how to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends. Please tell me about that, too. (Place a check here if you are interested in our Branch Club Plan)

4-28



Hot Biscuits that are Light and Wholesome

You can make them quickly with Rumford for lunch or supper. Here's the recipe:

2 cups flour $\frac{1}{4}$ teasp. salt
4 teasp. Rumford 2 tabsp. shortening
Baking Powder About $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

First sift flour; then measure it and sift again with Baking Powder and salt. Work shortening into it till thoroughly blended; mix to soft dough with hands; knead on floured board; turn dough onto it; roll or pat to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; cut into biscuits; place them (not touching each other) on baking sheet. Bake 12 to 14 minutes in quick oven—375-400 degrees F.

Be sure to use Rumford because it not only leavens evenly and makes your biscuits light; it also adds real body-building food value to them through its phosphate.

Always buy

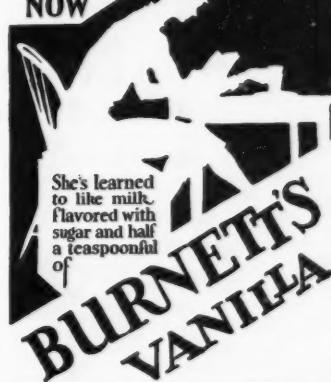
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W-96

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We will give a Sterling-Silver Thimble to any woman who needs a new sewing machine and who writes us as follows: "I shall need a machine soon, and desire to know more about the New Companion. Please send me Free Catalog, also a sterling-silver thimble (small, medium, or large), as per your offer. This places me under no obligation to purchase. I enclose 5 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing on thimble."

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts

FASHIONS for the GIRL of CHARM

ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE G.Y.C.

By Elizabeth Lee

I WISH I could remember when it dawned on me that you don't have to be pretty in order to be good-looking, and that you don't need a lot of money in order to be stylish. I do know, though, that I wish I had got the idea long before I did. My first two years in high school I spent any amount of time envying a pretty girl who had the loveliest straight nose! She sat a few aisles away from me; her desk was in the same line of seats.

She was pretty. And it wasn't just her nose, either. It was her light-brown hair with its natural wave. It was her brown eyes, that went with her hair. That girl had everything, it seemed to me! And I was correspondingly miserable. What, I used to ask myself discontentedly, did I have? My nose was just plain queer. It wasn't straight. It wasn't saucily upturned. It wasn't anything that I could see. My hair wasn't any special color, either.

And so I spent hours and hours in being miserable over what couldn't be changed, while all the time there were ways in which I could have been improving my looks. I wish I had that time back now! Which is one of the chief reasons why, when Hazel Grey asked me to write about clothes for you,—and all the other things which go to make a charming appearance,—I was delighted.

BUT just now it is spring. Spring, with buds and little leaves on the trees, and the clear sunshine and soft air so entrancing that we simply must go stepping out. So here is a stepping-out dress for you which I have selected from this season's styles as one charming for daytime occasions and for church, later on becoming one of your school dresses. Or one which you may use as a dashing little school frock from the first.

I want you to look carefully at this dress, because it seems to me to illustrate one of the most important points for any girl to keep in mind when planning her clothes, and that is—simplicity. I want you to notice its straight, simple lines. You know, don't you, that the loveliest things in the world have that—simplicity? If I were to place beside this dress one with flounces and frills and doodads, you would see at once what I mean. The doodad dress would look fussy, this one stylish and pleasing by contrast. The beauty of simplicity—it is one of the first things for the girl to remember who is interested in her appearance.

Simplicity—and the picture you will make when you wear your dress. Which brings me to the matter of color. I saw this dress in a lovely rose flannel—a very stylish shade just now, by the way. The collar and vest were of crêpe de chine in flesh color, the hat of a deeper rose than the dress but one which harmonized perfectly with it. But I can imagine it—can't you?—in one of the new woody greens, with the collar and vest in ecrù; or in dark blue, the collar and vest of polka dot material,—navy blue dots on white silk,—a bright red hat, and, for a final touch, a bright red pocketbook.

Eight colors are always very youthful, and so, naturally, are the scarfs and

You don't have to be pretty to be good-looking and you don't need a great deal of money in order to be stylish

squares of gay-patterned silk. If, therefore, you wish to have a dress of this kind in some rather subdued color, so that your dress can be worn right through into the fall without your tiring of it, I suggest the possibility of brightening and giving variety to it with a number of collars, with vests.

When Hazel Grey told me how many of you enjoy sewing and making your own clothes, I made another plan for our clothes page. I decided to show you not only lovely styles but styles for which you can buy a pattern and so make for yourself.

THAT is how it happens that this April stepping-out dress of ours can be made from a pattern—Butterick pattern No. 1632, which you can buy for forty-five cents from any pattern store near you or directly from the Butterick Company, 223 Spring Street, New York City. (But be sure to try the store first, won't you? It is so much more convenient, and you can be at work on your dress much sooner.)

I know you will wish to hear about how much material this dress takes. Most of you—that is, thinking of the girl of average size—will be able to make this dress with two and three-quarters yards of material thirty-nine inches wide, if there is no up-and-down to the fabric, and with two and one-quarter yards of material which is fifty-four inches wide, with or without up and down in the fabric.

Remember that the size of the pattern which you will need has nothing to do with your age. You must always measure for any pattern, and measure carefully. Take your bust measure and your hip measure, holding the tape close. When you go to the store for your pattern, or when you write for it, give these measurements.

On the pattern you will find a table which will tell you just how much material you will need for your size. And you will find something else in your Butterick pattern which will delight you as it has me. It is called the Deltor and is a series of neat little diagrams showing you exactly how to lay your pattern upon your material for the cutting, and how to put the pieces together and finish all edges.

I wish I could be along with you when you select your materials for your dress. My advice is: look at everything, there are so many lovely materials these days. I recommend for this particular dress lightweight wools, twills, silk and wool mixtures, flannel and crêpe de chine, depending upon the use to which you expect to put your finished dress. For the collar and vest there are contrasting fabrics, such as linen, crêpe de chine, piqué and rep or satin.

And I mustn't forget that you can make the hat in the picture, too, also from a Butterick pattern, No. 1800, which can be bought for thirty-five cents. I am looking at it now, and I see that a medium-sized hat such as this can be made with half a yard of felt, twenty-three inches wide.

Until next month, then. And don't forget—simplicity!

You can make this dress by using Butterick pattern No. 1632 and this hat with Butterick pattern No. 1800

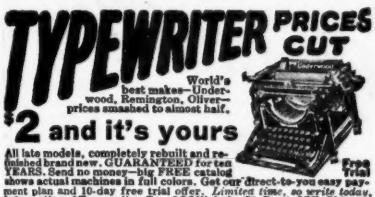


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NOW YOU TELL ONE! COMPANION READERS TELL THEIR BEST JOKES

IT PROBABLY WAS

MISS BROWN (teaching Billie the alphabet): "Now Billie, what letter comes after 'H'?"

"K," promptly replied the boy.

Teacher: "Wrong again. Now pay particular attention. What have I on each side of my nose?"

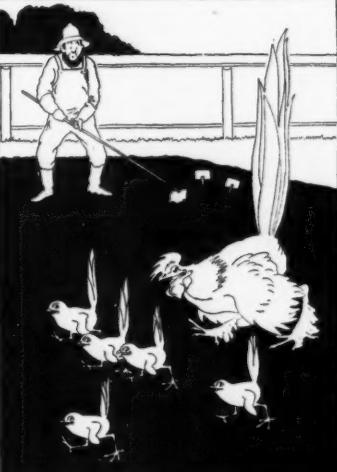
Billie: "Looks to me like powder."—Pauline Schumaker

BANG, WENT THE RULE!

THERE is a rule in grammar which condemns the practice of ending a sentence with a preposition. This rule was smashed to smithereens by a little sick boy we were recently told of. He had expressed a desire to have "Robinson Crusoe" read to him, but the nurse got "The Swiss Family Robinson" instead, whereupon the boy exclaimed: "What did you bring me that book to be read to out of from for?"

—Richard Murray

OUR VEGETABLE ZOO



Drawn by D. T. Carlisle

I. The Hendive

A PATIENT VICTIM

OLD FARMER LIGHTMONEY was not stingy, but mighty economical. One day he fell into the cistern. The water was over his head and cold, but he could swim. His wife, attracted by his cries, yelled excitedly down to him: "I'll ring the dinner-bell so the boys will come and pull you out." "What time is it?" the farmer called up. "About eleven o'clock."

"No, let 'em work on till dinner time. I'll just swim around till they come."

—Grace Sjaarda

SLIGHTLY MIXED

A BOY taking an examination in American history handed in the following amazing information about a well-known and unfortunate British Commander:

"General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

—Leonard Sweet

ENCOURAGING THE GOVERNOR

GOVERNOR speaking: "I have been standing on my feet for nearly ten minutes, and there is so much confusion I can hardly hear myself speak."

Voice from the rear: "Cheer up, Governor; you ain't missing much."

—Mildred Jewett

GENEROUS

A NEGRO minister was telling his congregation, one Sunday morning, of his resolution to donate one tenth of

his income to the Lord's work; also that he thought each person should do the same. One enthusiastic member rose in the back of the room and cried: "Give Him mo', give Him mo'; give Him a twentieth!"

—Helen Berfalk

NO DANGER AT ALL

ANGRY customer: "You call these safety matches? Why, none of them will strike!"

Storekeeper: "Well, you couldn't ask for anything safer than that, could you?"

—Harley T. Blake

NUTS TO CRACK

THE BEST PUZZLES OF THE MONTH

1. WORD-DIAMOND.

- 1. A letter. 2. A wash-cloth.
- 3. Things paired by nature. 4. Earthly.
- 5. Motor-cars. 6. A dish.
- 7. To deprecate. 8. To be mistaken. 9. A letter.

2. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a word of six letters, denoted by 1-2-3-4-5-6. In one sense I might 1-6 a 2-3-4-5-6 over which one might 2-3-5-6 from one 2-3-4-5-6 to another in some kind of 2-3-5; but in another sense I am a game in which a bashful 1-2-3-4-6 might well 1-3-4-6 her time before making a 1-3-5 1-3-4.

3. CHARADE.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
My first is found, and then you see
The second is his only heir.
The third's a common name in Ayr.
Three words this puzzle constitute;
They name a famous institute.

4. WORD-SQUARE.

- 1. To vary in direction. 2. A joint. 3. Unyielding. 4. A dress-material. 5. Finished.

5. LETTER CHANGING.

1. BOB	6. *****
2. ***	7. *****
3. ***	8. *****
4. ***	9. *****
5. ***	10. *****

11. CLIPPED

By means of the changes outlined it is possible to change BOB to CLIPPED by altering one letter at a time, except where a greater number of letters appears, in which case a letter is to be added without making any other change.

6. LETTER CHANGING.

1. MAST	4. ****
2. ***	5. ***
3. ***	6. HEAD

The mast-head is above a ship. Try to change MAST to HEAD by changing one letter at each step and forming a new word at each change.

7. ENIGMA.

The whole is always present; in fact, there is no whole like the present. You will find that I am not the first, but the second, coming after tea; yet you will also find me third. The second is the measure of the whole.

8. WORD-OBLONG.

4. Looks at. 6. Bundle of yarn.	2. 3
8. Town in Belgium.	4. 5
10. A large pipe. 12. Not at all. 13. Conducted.	6. 7
Down: 2. Possesses. 10. Hard and rough. 3. Be-moans. 5. A warning signal. 7. Stair-post. 9. To cut. 11. A color.	8. 9
12. 11	13.

9. MISSING WORDS.

When through the * * * * I saw the * * * tide, I seized him roughly by the * * * *.

"Here is * * * sign now," I cried,

"Before the schooner rounds the cape."

The missing groups are composed of the same four letters, differently arranged.

10. MISSING LETTERS.

G D C K S
D N T G T
K K M F R
M B S T N

By inserting one letter of the alphabet several times among the letters given a sensible sentence may be found.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES

1. Ill. (Sick) Illinois; Md. (Doctor) Maryland; Miss. (Young Lady) Mississippi; Wash. (Laundry) Washington.

2. Man-Drake.

3. Ambled, Bedlam, Beldam, Blamed.

4. Fan-Tan.

5. Bear, Seal, Emu, Tapir, Anteater, Monkey, Llama, Panther, Ape, Ostrich, Beaver, Ai, Boa, Otter.

6. An-Tri-Odes, Antipodes.

7. Bar-It-One, Baritone.

8. The sentence: WHO IS OHM reads the same upside down.

9. Withers, Tools, Rub, Era, Ale, Bar, Elsie, Tresses, Down, Tore, Elba, Able, Eris. The central word is HOURGLASS.

10. Roma, Mora, Amor, Omar, Roam.

11. Ball, Bald, Bard, Bird.

12. In-As-Much.

13. Maine, Mane, Man, Ma.



One good idea—one interesting experience can start your career as a writer.

If you would learn to write START WRITING

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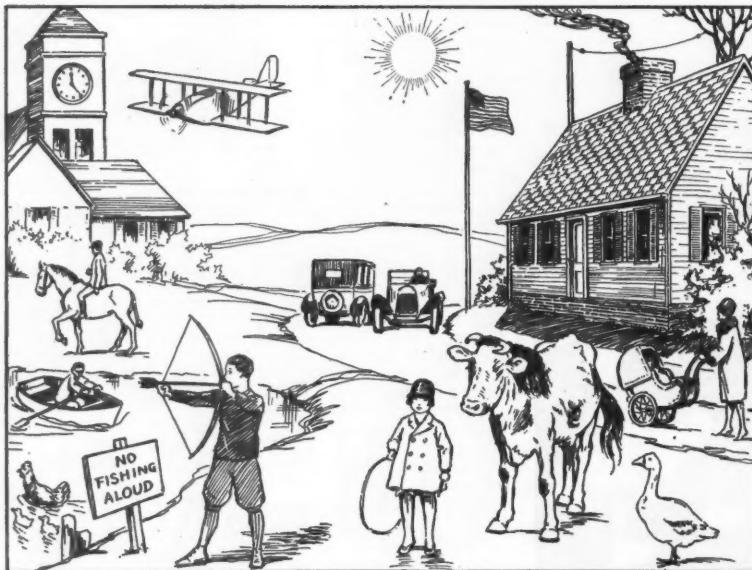
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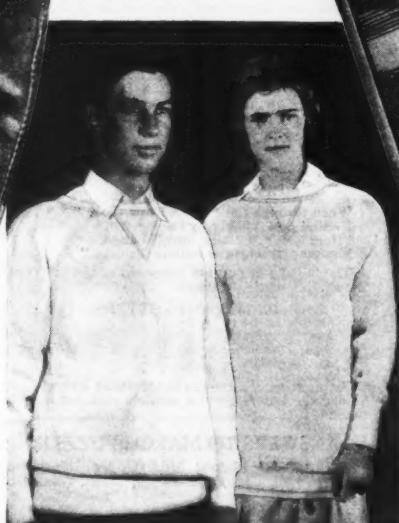
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CAMP NEWS

Recommended for a good coat of tan. Gypsying on horseback

Riding and Other Sports at Camp

By A. H. Mitchell

Director of Camp Skylark and Mitchell School



Cooling off on a summer afternoon

THE conscientious parent wants his boy to be a real boy, to be versatile in boys' activities. He wants him to learn how to swim, and how to read, to play ball, to handle a boat, and to know some of the secrets of camp life. The boy at a well-conducted camp learns to do these things, and with proper guidance he acquires many qualities.

What keen enjoyment and genuine pleasure come from riding and caring for a horse, one of man's most faithful friends! I had that fun in my boyhood, and for years I have been giving the boys of my camp and school the same joyful opportunity.

The great outdoors—good fresh air, the old swimming hole, days of good-fellowship with brother campers; what a thrill these virile activities have for the healthy, red-blooded boy!

The old saying that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man" is doubly true as applied to boys: there is no finer companionship than that of a boy and a horse. Qualities most valuable in the larger contacts and relations of life are developed in horsemanship. As instruction progresses, the first uncertainty gives way to confidence and a feeling of buoyant assurance. There is no other form of exercise which affords more physical and mental benefits.

Every rider should learn to bridle and saddle his horse, in addition to caring for his mount. By starting when young a boy naturally becomes careful and fearless, and his muscles respond more readily.

Many authorities believe that there is a distinct advantage in starting this training when young, and certainly this opinion is strengthened by our own experience at our camp, where boys are taught to ride with safety, and how to ride well.

Water Sports

Swimming is always a popular sport at camp, and the swimming period is undoubtedly one of the happiest parts of the day. Life-saving practice and instruction in the proper strokes give the boy a confidence in the water which he can gain in no other way. And then the days of competition in water sports! Camp swimming is not all instruction. Much of it is just plain fun.

The boy at camp has an abundance of outdoor sports and recreation. He plays baseball, tennis, quoits and other interesting games. Perhaps there is a rifle range up in the woods back of the camp, and the boys practice during certain periods until they can compete for "expert marksmen" medals.

Campfire evenings have a subtle charm for every boy. The dull glow lights up the lower branches of the big trees, and the boys gather around. Musical instruments begin to sound; youthful voices join in the familiar camp songs. Stories are told. A spirit of good-fellowship pervades the group. Taps sound, and another day at camp has come to a pleasant and fitting close.

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• THE CHILDREN'S PAGES •



Squirrel ran round and round until they both were dizzy, watching him

ONCE upon a time there was a nice cat named Jupie. He lived in a little red house, way out in the country. For a long time he lived there all alone. Then a little girl named Jean came to visit him.

After Jean had decided that she wanted to live for ever and ever in the little red house with Jupie, they both settled down to housekeeping, and Jupie stopped worrying about all the hard work.

"Because," said Jupie, "if you are going to stay for ever and ever, it really is your own home, and you aren't just visiting. And half the fun of having a home is working in it."

"Of course it is!" said Jean. "And with a great big cat like you, to help, it isn't any trouble at all."

So they had a very happy winter.

Now that the sun was getting warmer and warmer every day, Jupie would sit in a sunny window and purr and watch the snow melting away and leaving little bare brown spots of earth sticking through.

One day, Jean opened the front door. Over by the stone wall sat a little fat furry animal that she had never seen before.

"Oh, Jupie!" she called. "Come quick! Here is somebody I don't know! Maybe he is a friend of yours."

Jupie came hurrying out, wiping a drop of milk off his chin, for he had been eating his lunch.

"Why, upon my word!" said Jupie in surprise. "It's Ground Hog! And, oh, Jean, when he comes out of his house that means it's nearly spring! Hello, Ground Hog!" called Jupie, waving a paw.

Ground Hog sat up on his hind legs and looked sleepily around, until he saw Jupie.

"How do you do?" he said in a tired sort of voice, and then he yawned.

"How are you?" said Jupie.

"Sleepy," said Ground Hog. "Very sleepy indeed. In fact, I think I will go back to bed."

"Oh, come," said Jupie, "you've had enough sleep for one year."

"I don't agree with you at all,"

said Ground Hog. "And, besides, what's the use of getting up when you haven't even started taking the leaves off your garden? There won't be anything for me to eat for ages and ages."

"Why, I hadn't thought about a garden yet," said Jupie.

Ground Hog looked worried. "The place will look terrible without a garden," he said sadly. "You raised the prettiest lettuce I ever ate."

"Oh, I'll have a garden," said Jupie. "And this year it will be the best I've ever had, because Jean is going to help me with it."

"Who's Jean?" said Ground Hog.

"Oh, excuse me," said Jupie. "I forgot you didn't know her. This is Jean, and she's come to live with me. She's a very clever girl, and with both of us working I guess we'll have the finest garden you ever saw."

"That sounds much better," said Ground Hog. "Now I can go home and take a little nap in peace. Good-night. Don't forget the lettuce!"

And with a very wide yawn he turned around and waddled into the stone wall again.

"What a funny animal!" said Jean. "Where has he been all the time I've been living here?"

"His other name is Woodchuck," said Jupie. "He's been right here all the time, only, you see, as soon as the cold weather comes along

he goes into the stone wall and falls asleep and never comes out until he feels the ground beginning to get warm."

"But, Jupie, how can he sleep so long?" said Jean.

"It isn't any trouble at all for him," said Jupie. "In fact, I don't believe he's ever more than half awake. And, besides, you know even old Apple Tree has been sort of half asleep ever since the snow came."

"Yes, I've noticed that," said Jean. "Oh, let's go and see how she is!"

So they walked around to the back of the little red house, where Apple Tree was standing.

"Hello, Apple Tree!" they both called.

Apple Tree gave a little sigh, as if she had been asleep.

"Hello, Jean and Jupie!" she said. And then, as if she had just noticed it, she said: "Why, what a beautiful day! It almost feels like spring!"

"It is spring, Apple Tree," said Jupie. "We've just seen Ground Hog, and that's a real sign of spring."

"Well, now, that accounts for the funny noise I heard a while ago," said Apple Tree. "It sounded like the daffodils whispering under the earth and trying to push the ground up, but I thought I must be dreaming. I can't feel my sap starting to rise yet, but then I'm a little slow. I wonder if the willow trees can."

"I wonder if Skunk Cabbage is up, down by the river," said Jupie. "It always comes up before anything else. Come on, Jean, let's go down and see, and then come back and tell Apple Tree."

"I wish you would," said Apple Tree. "I declare, I'm all of a twitter!"

So off they went, and Apple Tree watched them go, trying to see over the hill where the river ran. But she wasn't quite tall enough, so she gave it up and took a little nap.

Down by the river there wasn't a sign of Skunk Cabbage; and the trees all looked dark and sleepy. But the little river was having a very exciting time. It had started taking its winter ice-coat off. It would pull pieces of ice away from the bank and pile them up and push them along. Then it would throw them against the rocks and break them into little pieces and carry them all the way down the stream, out of sight.

"Oh," said Jean, "what a wild-looking river! And what a noise it is making! Jupie, you don't think it will come all the way up to the house, do you?"

"Now, don't you worry, Jean," answered Jupie. "It always acts like this when it takes its winter coat off. But it never gets high enough to hurt anybody."

Just then there was a wild scurrying among the leaves, and out popped Squirrel!

He ran round and round Jean and Jupie until they both were dizzy, watching him. And then he climbed up right on Jean's shoulder and patted her cheek with his little front paw.

"My, oh, my! I am certainly glad to see you two," said Squirrel. "How have you been through all this terrible snow?"

"Oh, we've been just

as comfortable as we could be," said Jupie. "But we didn't get out much. You see, having Jean to keep me company in the long winter evenings, I didn't feel lonely at all. So I turned into a regular house-cat and sat in front of the fire, thinking, most of the time."

"Well, I didn't get around much myself," said Squirrel. "You see,

when I came back from your house the last time, I found a couple of Red Squirrels trying to break into my house and eat all my food. So I had to stay home a good deal and keep them away. My, but they are noisy fellows! I finally got Woodpecker to fly over to Owl's house

and ask for help. I tell you, they didn't stay long after Owl appeared! And I haven't seen them now for a long time. Once I did try to come up to your house, but the snow was so slippery that I could hardly keep my feet under me. Just as I got to the top of the hill, a breeze came along, and I slid all the way back to where I started from. So I went home and decided to wait until the snow melted a little bit."

"Well, it's almost all melted now, Squirrel," said Jean, patting his furry little back. "And you had better come home and have dinner with us."



Ground Hog looked worried



"Hello, Apple Tree!" they both called

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"A very good idea!" said Squirrel. And they all started up the hill to the little red house.

"We saw Ground Hog today," said Jupie, as they walked along.

"Did you?" said Squirrel, excitedly. "Then spring must be coming!"

"Yes," said Jupie, "and Apple Tree was wondering whether the sap was rising in the willow trees yet."

"You go on home," said Squirrel, "while I run over and find out. Then I'll meet you under Apple Tree." And he scurried into the woods.

"My, doesn't he go fast!" said Jean. "We'd better hurry, or he will

be there long, long before we are!"

"Well," said Apple Tree, when they reached her, "what did you find out?"

"There weren't any Skunk Cabbages," said Jupie, "and the river is behaving in a very wild way. But we met Squirrel, and he's gone to find out about the willows."

Just then they saw Squirrel jumping over the ground and turning handsprings and somersaults.

"It's rising, it's rising!" he called. "Spring has come! The sap has begun to rise!"

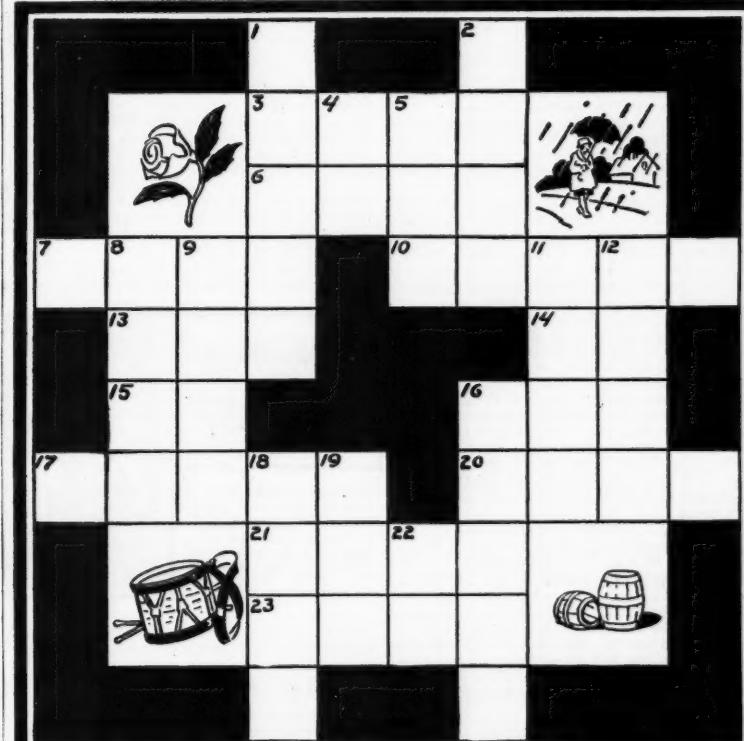
"Well!" said Apple Tree. "So that is why I feel all of a twitter!"



Get Aboard the Merry-Go-Round!

ALL ABOARD! All aboard the Magic Merry-Go-Round! There's lots of room for everybody. So which'll you ride, a camel or an elephant or maybe a tiger? Brrrr! I guess I'll take the pony cart. Sure enough, next month right here on this page you are going to find the Magic Merry-Go-Round. And such fun as we are going to have on it! The Merry-Go-Round Man is going to have all kinds of magic things for you—things to make and things to play

and lots of surprises. But surprises are always so exciting that of course I mustn't tell you what they are going to be! But the Merry-Go-Round Man is coming, sure as sure!



THE CHILDREN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

3. Picture (upper left)
6. Wiles
7. Picture (lower left)
10. What chimneys are
13. A small snake
14. A state (abbreviation)
15. That is (abbreviation)
16. Good in sandwiches
17. South American mountains
20. Butter substitute
21. Disagreeable smile
23. Picture (lower right)

DOWN

1. Sudden pain
2. Mexican coin
4. Goes with either
5. Thoroughfares (abbreviation)
8. Picture (upper right)
9. Not new
11. Spoken
12. Goes on forever
16. Farm animal

"Nuts to Crack" this month will be found on page 201

18. Kind of deer (plural)
19. What we do with our eyes
22. For example (abbreviation)

(Answers will appear next month)

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE



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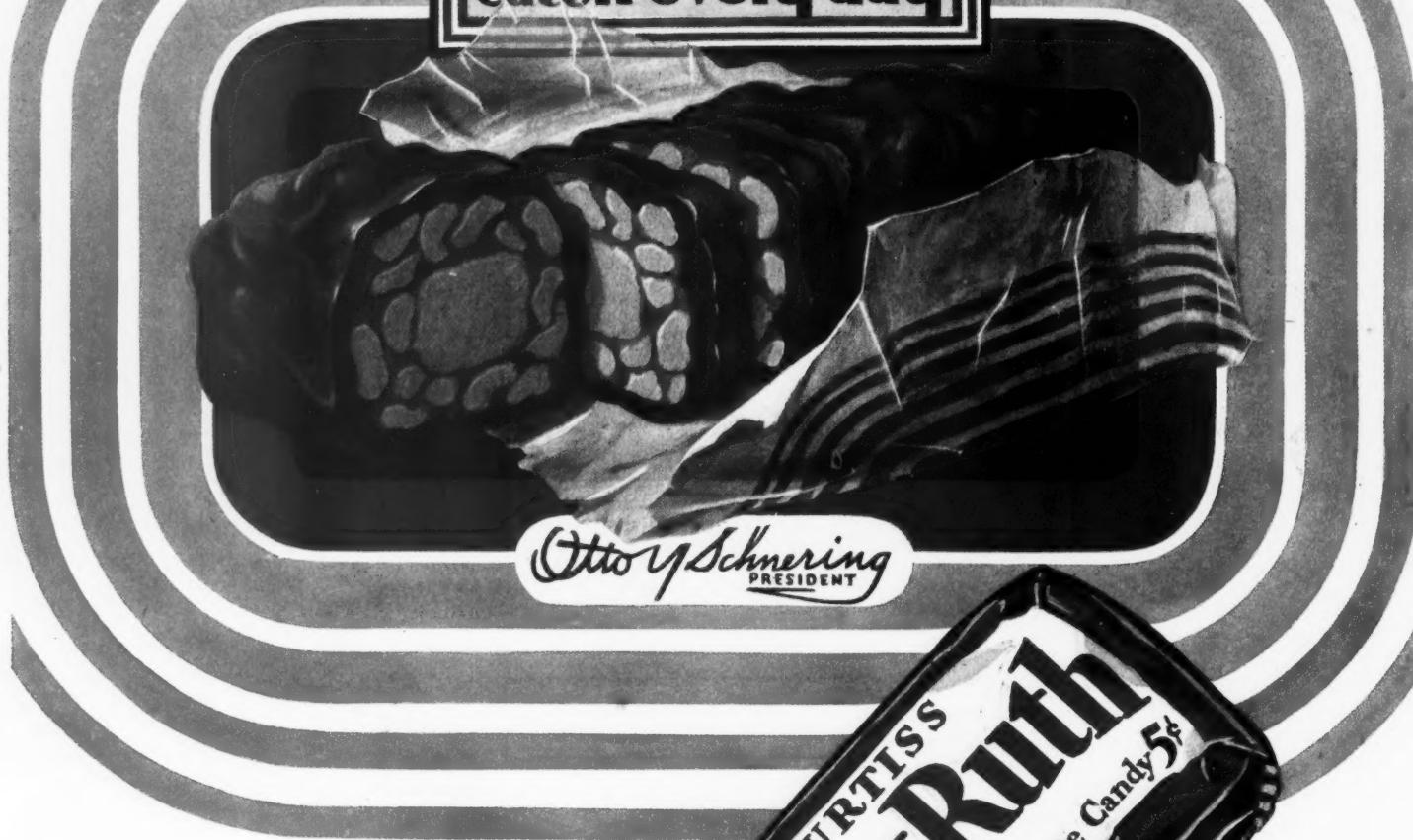
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